THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1914

THE LAST REFUGE OF THE SPOILSMAN

BY AN OBSERVER

I

A GREAT deal has been heard of the way in which the foreign service has been demoralized by the present administration. It is said that under the feet of spoilsmen, lean and hungry after sixteen years in opposition, the young plant of a real diplomatic service has been bruised and withered beyond recognition. The State Department is said to be in chaos, and the effectiveness of its servants abroad to have been gravely impaired by a cynical return to the spoils system as practiced in the bad old times.

This is a serious indictment. In days gone by the diplomatic service was the one government department where appointments 'unconnected with the good of the service' mattered least. If a state chairman or provincial editor liked to accept a diplomatic post in payment of a political debt, it was all to the good from the administrative point of view. Pressure upon the domestic spoils market was relieved, and the appropriate foreign representative in Washington could always take up with the State Department any serious questions that might arise. Things now are very different. The days of economic self-sufficiency have passed. Americans can no longer 'point with pride' to the fact that their country is the granary of the world and therefore likely to be courted by the world. A relatively dwindling food-supply and an increasing output of manufactures due mainly to a magnificently growing industrialism and its almost inevitable concomitant, stagnation of agriculture, have absolutely altered her position. She needs each year new markets in which to sell her manufactures and to buy her supplies. Signs of the change are everywhere. One may read them in Mr. Underwood's tariff-reform law, in the new currency law, in the Panama Canal, in the new Pan-Americanism, even in the general, and especially the commercial, intelligence supplied by the average daily organs of enlightened opinion.

Nor is that all. If economic pressure is driving the United States into world-politics, world-politics is becoming each year more a matter of commerce and finance. The Anglo-German relationship which, when all is said and done, is the central factor in European affairs, the power of cosmopolitan finance in the same field, the general trend of British imperialism, the nature of the activities of the Powers in the outlying parts of the world — everything, in fact, points to the substitution of economic forces for the forces of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dynastic, racial, religious, even territorial ambitions. To this the Balkan War with its barbarous interplay of the older passions is but the exception that illustrates the rule. There can still be no questioning of the wisdom of Washington's advice about the avoidance of political entanglements with Europe; there is still much force in the prohibition opposed by the Monroe Doctrine to European political aggression in this hemisphere. No thinking American could wish to see his country interfere in the Balkan muddle. Rather to their own surprise the European Powers have recognized that they have no political interest in the Mexican muddle. But even the old saw that trade follows the flag is at a discount. Inexorable forces are making diplomacy more and more part and parcel of the game of cosmopolitan finance and trade, and in that game the United States must take an effective part if she is to enjoy the destiny that physical geography and national character have mapped out for her.

A sometimes subconscious realization of that fact, together with a genuine desire for civil-service reform, seems to be at the bottom of the criticism to which Mr. Bryan and the President have been subjected. How far is that criticism justified by the facts? In the opinion of the writer there has been a tendency toward summary over-harshness. Not even his bitterest enemy can accuse the President of provincial blindness in regard to the necessity for a forward commercial policy. Such changes in that policy as he has made or favored concern means, and not ends. A notable example of this was his withdrawal last spring from the Chinese loan *consortium*. Upon the main proposition that it is the duty of a modern government to help its commerce there seem to be no two opinions in Washington. That in itself is a great deal for a party so hidebound in insular tradition as the Democrats used to be.

II

The next thing to notice is the fate of the consular service, which ought to be the closest link between traders and their government. It has been kept intact. Since March, thirty consular positions have been filled from within the service, or from a list furnished by official examiners of candidates. This is very different from what happened upon former occasions, when a change in administration has meant a change in party. To go back no further than President Cleveland's second administration, one finds that within a period of ten months, 30 out of a total of 35 consuls general, 133 out of a total of 183 consuls of the first class, besides the great majority of minor officials, were superseded by hastily selected Democrats. A similar course was followed by Mr. McKinley. Of the 272 consuls above the $1,000 grade whom he found in office, 238 were dismissed.

Debauches of this kind were in accord with the precedents of a century. The original consular act of 1792 did little except breed abuses. Whereas, by the early nineteenth century, most countries had their salaried consular services, American consuls, 'with very few exceptions, were commission merchants, anxious, like all other merchants, to increase their business. In many, perhaps the greater number of cases, the place is sought chiefly for the advantage and influence it will give to extend the commercial affairs of the officer.' (Report of Secretary of State Livingston to President Jackson.)

Neither President Jackson nor succeeding presidents or congresses were able to do much to correct this evil. There were some attempts at legisla-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Executive orders were promulgated, but without much effect.

Until 1906 there were wholesale changes in the service with each administration. Favorites of presidents had almost Verrine opportunities of enrichment in places like London; minor party hacks were sent with their families for a few years' sojourn abroad at the country's expense; and the work of fostering export trade and so on went usually by default. By 1905, however, public opinion had been aroused as to the necessity for a competent service. Mr. Root as Secretary of State drafted a comprehensive bill to classify and grade the consular service, to apply civil-service principles to the selection, appointment, and promotion of officers; and to provide, among other things, a system for the regular inspection of consulates. The measure was strongly supported by public opinion; but Congress was loath to part with one of its finest spoils preserves, and the law as finally enacted did not contain the provision regulating the selection, appointment, and promotion of officers.

Mr. Root was not to be beaten. By his advice, Mr. Roosevelt issued in 1906 an executive order which applied the principle of the civil service to all grades, created a board of examiners, and defined the system under which the service was to be made permanent.

An executive order can easily be reversed. It is known that much pressure was put upon President Wilson to reverse that of Mr. Roosevelt. That he should have withstood in this respect the clamor of political henchmen is a signal example of political courage, and one that should count for much in any effort that is made to apportion the blame for such spoils-mongering as the Democrats have been guilty of. So should the intelligent care with which Mr. Redfield, the Secretary of Commerce, has approached the question of the promotion of foreign trade. In an address delivered last April before the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, he outlined what he believed to be a serviceable policy.

'We have,' he said, 'the consular service scattered all over the earth, and greatly improved in the last few years in its efficiency. Every one who has read the Daily Consular and Trade Reports knows that they have practical value. For long I have been accustomed to look them over frequently and make extracts from them for use in my business. It is remarkable that this work should be so well done, and that it should be increasing in its practical value, when we consider how many other matters the consuls have under their care. . . . They must report upon the political affairs in the regions in which they reside, having thus important work of a national rather than a commercial character. They have to do with disputes between masters and seamen, and the relief of sailors in distress. They authenticate and legalize documents, grant various certificates, and deal with the registry of births, marriages, and deaths. They administer oaths and take testimony; act as protectors, and in some cases as guardians, of Americans; and even perform the duties of arbitrators, or in certain cases exercise a judicial authority. They assist to protect our people from the introduction of diseases, through their reports on sanitary conditions of vessels and ports; and they take a practical part in the enforcement of the pure-food law and of the customs laws by their care for merchandise about to be imported into this country. There are in addition certain special duties performed at particular points.

'The wonder is that amid these cares

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the consuls are doing such excellent service as all who are familiar with their work are glad to recognize them as performing.

'In addition to the limitations which their numerous duties place upon the consuls, they are also limited by the fact that their jurisdiction — or perhaps we would better say their opportunity — is strictly local. They are not supposed to travel in the countries where they live. Their outlook is in a large measure confined to the things which happen at, or near, or within the influence of, their place of residence. . . .

'As opposed to this local and almost stationary force, the Department of Commerce, through its Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, is represented by what are known as commercial agents. These are men who are always on the move. They do not deal with localities at all, and only in a limited sense with countries. Their duties commonly involve the investigation of one or more subjects, looked at in a general or international way rather than as confined to the limits of any one nation. Here we have the entire absence of the local view, or even of the national view; for the scope of these agents is such that their inquiries are supposed to include the whole world, so far as it relates to the development of the subjects they have in hand.

'It will doubtless be evident to you that between these two functions, the general one and the particular one, there is a third function which remains unfilled, and it is concerning that that I desire to speak now. Perhaps the best means of describing the commercial gap is to suggest how it seems possible to fill it.

'In our leading embassies are officers of the Army and Navy, called military and naval attachés. They are accredited by the Department of State to the respective nations, and their purpose is the study of the conditions in other nations within the lines of their professions. Would it not be possible to add what we may call a commercial attaché in, say, six or seven of our embassies? Let us suppose that this commercial attaché was a well-equipped man of business, who had no duties save that of studying carefully industrial and commercial subjects in the country to which he was accredited. He would be free from the office and local duties of the consul. He would not be limited to any locality. His scope would be as wide as that of the nation in which he resided. He would have nothing to do with diplomatic affairs. His service would be continuously and only that of studying carefully the commercial development and progress of the people among whom he lived. He could be an efficient factor in making clear to them American commercial and industrial interests, and in likewise making plain to us the similar interests in his foreign field. . . . For example, what clearer way could there be to learn of certain phases of South American commerce than to know thoroughly well how the great nations of Europe were dealing with that commerce?

'If I grasp at all clearly the possible functions of the supposed officer whose duties I am discussing, he would be able to coördinate the work that the consuls now do, and make a unified whole out of what is now necessarily a group of unrelated parts. Such an officer would be in touch with the various consuls in the ports of the nation where he lived — not as replacing them, but as supporting and correlating them. In like manner the work of the commercial agents would be supplemented and unified by such an organization, and the result would seem to be probable that we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should get no longer only monographs on special themes, and reports from diverse localities; but while these continue, we should also get the mature and well-digested results of a continued study which would take all these into account.'

There can be no doubt that as reorganized in recent years the consular service has been a great help to American exporters. It contrasts very favorably to-day with the English service, and bears comparison with Germany's infinitely more competent organization. Its general and special reports are disseminated daily among the business men of the country; its officers abroad are gradually evolving systematized plans for bringing foreign purchasers into closer contact with American firms. It has been estimated officially that in 1910 and 1911 the total export business that could be traced directly to the work of the Department of State amounted to over $100,000,000.

Though Mr. Redfield's plan for commercial attachés is still in the air, this administration has already been responsible for various executive improvements in the same direction. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce has opened an office in the Custom-house, New York, and will shortly open offices in Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco, to assist merchants and manufacturers in the development of foreign trade. Arrangements have been made for consuls on leave to visit these offices and to place their special knowledge at the disposal of local business men. Recently in New York the representatives of twenty-two houses interested in a particular field called upon the consul at the local office of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Another of Mr. Redfield's innovations is that the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce shall send its commercial agents, on their return to America, to trade conferences or conventions.

III

Thus in one very important direction the indictment that the administration has debauched the foreign service falls to the ground. There remains the diplomatic branch — the State Department at home and its foreign agencies in the shape of embassies and legations abroad. It must be admitted at once that nothing has been done for its betterment, and that a good deal has been done toward its deterioration. But here again it is unfair to do as most critics have done, and to ignore the traditions and precedents with which the President had to contend. There is a tendency to attack him for having allowed the sudden demoralization of a service, the effectiveness of which was as firmly rooted in history as, say, the British or French services. It need hardly be said that that is not the case. The American diplomatic body never got a fair start. All the traditions of its management make for incompetency. At its inception it was handicapped by a legislature as jealous of its prerogatives as it was careless of external relations. It was some years before the Congress of the Confederation even created a foreign department; and, after the adoption of the Constitution, the department soon lost its never very effective entity in the Department of State, at the head of which was a minister combining in one personality the usually distinct functions of Chancellor and Foreign Minister. In the words of Jefferson, the department embraced 'the whole domestic administration (war and finance excepted).' Even the mint was for a time under its management.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is recorded that one of Jefferson's earliest official acts was to submit to the President a bimetallic cent 'made by putting a silver plug worth three fourths of a cent into a copper coin worth one fourth of a cent.' (Address of Mr. Knox before the Civic Federation, New York, December 1911.)

Hence, when the changing needs of the new century began to press, the United States found herself practically without a diplomatic service. The Department of State had gradually sloughed off its domestic functions as new departments were created; but it remained a foreign office only in name. Its organization was amorphous. Its lower ranks, like those of the consular service, were filled by the protégés of the smaller fry of politics; its high places went to the friends of presidents and to the friends of those friends. *Esprit de corps* and special knowledge were at a discount. Such prestige as fell to American diplomacy was due to the genius of chance individuals and not at all to the system.

It was a state of affairs difficult to remedy. The prejudices of Congress, a majority of whose members were utterly ignorant and careless of foreign affairs, had to be removed; the dislike of the average member for spending public funds outside his constituency had to be overcome; and, what was more difficult still, parochial politicians had to be taught that a spoilsman in a European embassy might be as prejudicial to the common good as a spoilsman in a first-class post-office.

But, it will be argued, all that was brought to an end when, after the Spanish War, the country began to awake to the responsibilities of a nascent world-power. Under the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt the consular service was reformed, and a great deal was done to impress the diplomatic service with a sense of its new-found duties. Under Mr. Taft the diplomatic service was reformed. That is true: what people forget is the nature of those reforms and the methods by which they were enforced. They were due solely to the energy and foresight of a few men. They were almost entirely the result of administrative initiative. Congress did practically nothing to forward them; and if spoils politicians were practically powerless to hinder them, it was mainly because after Mr. Roosevelt came into power there were three successive administrations without a change of party.

Mr. Roosevelt's executive order concerning the consular service has already been described. In 1909 Mr. Taft promulgated a similar order by which civil-service rules and regulations, including a rigid entrance examination, such as is found in England and most large countries, were imposed upon all members of the diplomatic service up to heads of missions. Secretaries of embassies and legations were thus temporarily placed in the same position of security as their confrères of other countries. They felt safe; they began to take a new-found pride in their career; they no longer feared that the work of years might crumble overnight before the intrigues of some powerful but ignorant politician.

Nor did the process stop there. Almost simultaneously Mr. Knox prevailed upon Congress to appropriate $100,000, much of which could be used for the internal reorganization of the Department of State. The result was surprisingly satisfactory. Within a few months an amorphous and archaic organization was transformed in essentials. A number of geographical 'Divisions' were created, somewhat like the divisions of the English Foreign Office. They were those of the Far East, the near East, Latin America, and Western Europe. The latter was placed under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the charge of the Third Assistant Secretary of State. To preside over the others it was arranged that officials with local knowledge should be detached from foreign service, assisted as a rule by juniors similarly seconded. To relieve the Secretary of State and his three assistants, the posts of counselor for the department and of resident diplomatic officer were created. To deal with the reorganized consular service the post of director of the consular service was created. A better scheme could hardly have been devised. It adapted to the exigencies of the American service many of the features that in European chancelleries have been evolved through the centuries. The danger of a red-tape, sedentary bureaucracy was minimized; the foreign service was kept in close touch with home; and the appointment of a succession of trained diplomatists to the divisional posts was calculated to do something to make up for the want of permanent under-secretaries such as incoming ministers have at their elbows abroad.

This system the new administration has done much to upset. The best way to explain this is to examine the personnel of the department and of the embassies and legations as given in the registers of the department for 1912 and 1913. The ambassadorial posts may be quickly dismissed. There is no pretense that they are under civil-service rules. They cannot be until a trained American diplomacy has really been evolved, and until Congress raises the salaries of heads of missions and, by providing them with dwellings as well as offices, lowers their expenses. Even in foreign services 'outsiders' are sometimes appointed to be heads of missions. Mr. Bryce, for instance, came to Washington from the British Cabinet. Sir Mortimer Durand was originally in the Indian Civil Service. Of Mr. Taft's ten ambassadors, nevertheless, two had risen from the rank of secretary, namely, Mr. E. V. Morgan, in Brazil, and Mr. Rockhill, in Turkey; Mr. T. J. O'Brien, in Italy, had come up through the consular service; and three, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in England, Mr. C. P. Bryan, in Japan, and Mr. H. L. Wilson, in Mexico, had been ministers and had had considerable diplomatic experience. Of the remainder, Mr. Leishman (Berlin), whatever his qualifications may have been, had held a previous embassy (Rome); and of the other three appointments, political though they were, namely Mr. Myron Herrick to France, Mr. Curtis Guild to Russia, and Mr. Richard C. Kerens to Austria, only the latter was a really rotten spoils appointment.

But two of the ten ambassadors of a year ago now retain their posts, namely, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Herrick: the former, it is to be hoped, on his merits; the latter because the President's search for a successor has so far failed. In Russia Mr. Guild's resignation has been accepted. In Mexico, also, there is no ambassador, as there is no government recognized by the United States, and as Mr. H. L. Wilson fell out with the President and had his resignation accepted.

Of new ambassadors appointed, Mr. Penfield, in Vienna, is the only one with any diplomatic experience, and he is not a diplomatist *de carrière*. In England Mr. Whitelaw Reid (deceased) has been succeeded by Mr. W. H. Page, a publisher, but, it must be said at once, a worthy incumbent of the greatest American diplomatic post. The appointment to Rome of Mr. T. N. Page is also an excellent one, and compensates for the enforced resignation of Mr. O'Brien. Berlin, too, should profit by the change between Mr. Leishman and Mr. James W. Gerard, a member of the New York Bar and a Democratic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politician. In Tokyo Mr. Bryan has been succeeded by Mr. Guthrie, a prominent Pittsburger, though here again there is no reason to apprehend that disaster will follow the change.

Indeed, so far as ambassadors go, the only thing in regard to which the administration is open to severe censure is the acceptance of Mr. Rockhill's resignation. While his successor, Mr. Morgenthau, is up to the average of Constantinople appointments from outside the service, Mr. Rockhill's loss is a really great one. With nearly thirty years of diplomatic experience behind him, with a charming personality and unfailing tact, he is a diplomatist of whom the most polished service might well be proud. Yet his resignation was accepted offhand. But for this, even, there was a precedent in Mr. Taft's treatment of Mr. Henry White. The President's critics, in a word, cannot afford to be too severe on his ambassadorial appointments.

IV

A different story is told by the appointments to heads of legations. There are thirty-two ministers in the American service, including the minister to Liberia and the agent in Egypt. At the end of 1912 fifteen of these had worked their way up from the grade of secretary, for which some of them had passed the examination. Several of the remainder had had previous diplomatic experience of one sort and another, though they had not adopted the service as a career. All but eight of the thirty-two have 'resigned.' Of the survivors, curiously enough, only three are of the class of trained diplomatists.

Not one of the ministers appointed by the President is from the service. At least one, gossip says, has provoked smiles and even worse abroad. Thus instead of fifteen more or less trained diplomatists at the head of legations, the United States has to-day but three. Nor is that the worst. For practical purposes, the European legations, even when so inaptly filled as the one at Lisbon, may be dismissed. It is the legations in Latin America and China that count. Doubtful as it is on paper, the President's appointment to China seems to be turning out well. No such consolation is at hand in regard to Latin America.

The necessity for a good Latin-American service is obvious. Mr. Wilson himself has admitted the major premise. His action in regard to Mexico; Mr. Bryan's draft treaty for the imposition of something tantamount to a financial protectorate over Nicaragua; his interest in the commercial and social work of the Pan-American Union — everything proves that the administration realizes the political responsibilities of the United States in regard to the less stable Latin republics, and the advantage of good relationship with the great countries of the South. Everything, that is to say, except its diplomatic appointments. It is an astounding situation. The simplest way to gauge it is to take the different countries separately. In Mexico Mr. Wilson found a trained diplomatist as ambassador; he dismissed him, and for practical purposes replaced him by Mr. John Lind, a Scandinavian from the Northwest, a man of impeccable character but utterly ignorant of diplomacy, of the Spanish language, and of the Mexican temperament. To criticise Mr. Henry Lane Wilson's dismissal would be unfair. He could not have been retained. He backed the wrong horse none too tactfully. Nor does it matter whether the President's alternative policy be right or wrong. Mr. Lind also seems to be acquitting himself with dignity and tact. The point is whether there was any justifi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cation for sending, apparently upon the recommendation of Mr. Bryan, an untried politician from the Northwest to deal with, and to inform the President about, a politico-diplomatic situation of quite unusual difficulty and delicacy.

Next come the Central American Republics. Salvador is the only country in which the Republican appointee remains as minister. In Nicaragua a diplomatist who had in 1907 entered the service after examination, and who had spent his active career in Mexico and Central America, has been succeeded by Mr. Benjamin Lafayette Jefferson, of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, a politician whose highest office has been one term in the House of Representatives. In Costa Rica Mr. Lewis Einstein, a young diplomatist of wide experience and recognized intelligence, was replaced by Mr. E. J. Hale, a distinguished North Carolinian of seventy-four, whose wide commercial experience in consular and other capacities belongs to the last generation and was acquired practically everywhere except in Latin America. In Honduras a diplomatist trained largely in Latin America has been replaced by a gentleman whose life has been passed in petty offices in Mobile and in newspaper work in New Orleans. In Guatemala a trained diplomatist has been replaced by a Presbyterian pastor whose only venture into statesmanship was to vote for free silver.

In the Caribbean, one finds that in Cuba Mr. Arthur Beaupré, who had passed a long time in Latin-American diplomatic work, is succeeded by a South Carolina newspaper man who, it is true, did go to Cuba as a volunteer during the war. In Santo Domingo another trained diplomatist is succeeded by Mr. James Mark Sullivan, a Tammany retainer and criminal lawyer in New York, who has already brought unsavory rumor to roost in his legation. More important still, the personnel of the American customs administration established by Mr. Roosevelt has been upset in a way which smacks of the spoils system, and which cannot have given Dominicans a particularly favorable impression of 'American methods'—or of the possibilities of a somewhat similar financial protectorate such as the President advocates over Nicaragua and perhaps other Caribbean countries. In Haiti there has been a change of ministers of no particular importance. In Panama one finds American interests in the hands of a law professor from Kentucky, instead of a diplomatist with thirteen years of Latin-American experience behind him. The Colombian legation is occupied by a Texas rancher *vice* Mr. Dubois, who, after some service as a consul, had been a clerk in the State Department for over a decade. In Ecuador an ex-Congressman, a Republican who left his party to become a bimetallist, has succeeded a diplomatist *de carrière*. To Bolivia an obscure lawyer from Missouri has been sent in the place of a man who had already held two Latin-American legations. Only in Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile do Mr. Taft's appointees remain.

V

The situation in the State Department is even worse. It is to be feared that there is much foundation for the stories that chaos obtains there. Passing over for a moment Mr. Bryan, one finds that he has for Assistant Secretary Mr. J. E. Osborne, ex-Congressman, ex-Governor of Wyoming, and a member of the Democratic Committee; an excellent politician, no doubt, but a very different kind of assistant from Mr. Huntington Wilson, a diplomatist trained in the Far East and of consid-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erable cosmopolitan knowledge. The Second Assistant Secretary of State is still Mr. Adee, who, after twenty-five years in the office, is invaluable in matters of routine and etiquette, but his position does not give him powers of direction. The post of Third Assistant has been vacant since the departure for New York of Mr. Dudley Malone, the son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman. His predecessor was Mr. Chandler Hale, who, if he owed the place to the influence of his father, ex-Senator Hale, was a passable routine diplomatist. The subordinate offices, such as chiefs of divisions and bureaus, are, however, really more important for the smooth running of the department.

During the next four years the majority of European Countries will overhaul their commercial arrangements. It is certain that the United States will need intelligent diplomacy if she is not to be left out in the cold. Under Mr. Taft the trade adviser to the department was Mr. Charles M. Pepper, a trained thinker and writer upon commercial subjects. To his skill was largely due, among other things, the Canadian reciprocity agreement, which Canada refused on the plea that her representatives had given too much. One of Mr. Bryan's first acts was to replace Mr. Pepper by Mr. R. F. Rose, a newspaper man and skilled shorthand writer, whose only qualification for the post seems to have been the sympathetic skill with which he took Mr. Bryan's wingèd words during the campaigns of 1900 and 1908.

The most important State Department division is that of Latin America. Under Mr. Taft its chief was Mr. Doyle. Mr. Doyle had been counsel for the United States in an arbitration case with Mexico in 1902; assistant agent in the Venezuela case at Caracas in 1903; Mr. Root's private secretary during his South American tour in 1906; representative of the Department of State at the Central-American Peace Conference of 1907; secretary to special missions to Guatemala and Venezuela in 1908; a leading agent in the arrangement of the Venezuelan arbitration at The Hague in 1909; secretary of the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference of 1910; secretary to Mr. Knox on his Caribbean tour in 1912; and a special commissioner to the Dominican Republic in 1912. A man of these qualifications was not likely to escape the notice of the American commercial interests in Latin America.

When the shake-up of March began, a firm offered Mr. Doyle a lucrative position. Mr. Doyle told Mr. Bryan that, though it was his ambition to continue to serve the government, it was not an opening that he could afford to let slip if his position in the State Department was not assured. Mr. Bryan replied curtly to the effect that he had better go into trade. Mr. Doyle's successor is Mr. Boaz Walter Long, whose only special qualification seems to be that he was head of a commission company which happened to have an office in Mexico City. When the second Mexican revolution began last winter, Mr. Doyle's chief assistant in charge of Mexican affairs was Mr. Fred M. Dearing, a first secretary in the diplomatic service, of unusual ability and unusual experience in Mexican affairs. So that Mr. Long might have a free hand in the most difficult of his duties, Mr. Dearing was sent last summer to be secretary of embassy in Europe.

The other divisions may be passed over rapidly. That of the Far East — which used to be important before the President jettisoned the politico-commercial policy into which, under Mr. Taft, John Hay's Open-Door Policy in China developed — is still in experienced hands. The Division of the Near East, which used to be in diplo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matic hands, is now under a lawyer-professor from Chicago, with one year in the Philippines to his credit, so far as extra-American affairs are concerned. The Division of Western Europe is without a head pending the appointment of a Third Assistant Secretary. The junior personnel has in all cases been as much disarranged as is possible under the civil-service rules. The post of resident diplomatic officer no longer exists.

There remain the posts in the department which have not normally been filled by diplomatists. Of these, the most important is that of Counselor. Its incumbent is Mr. John Bassett Moore, one of the few members of the administration who, a year ago, would not have needed an introduction to the public. There can be no doubt about the brilliance of his qualifications. Could he have been a secretary of state he would have ranked intellectually with Mr. Hay and Mr. Root. There is reason to believe that he was appointed to offset the inexperience of Mr. Bryan, and was promised an unusually free hand; but if current gossip and indications count for anything, he is sorely handicapped by the incubus of Bryanism, and there will be relieved surprise if he does not shortly resign.[1] The Solicitor of the Department is Mr. Folk, ex-Governor of Missouri. Whatever his talents, he is not a lawyer of international experience, and his appointment smacks of partisanship.

Enough has been said to show that if there is inexperience in most of the important posts abroad, there is little chance for wise guidance from home. It is a deplorable state of affairs; but it is one that, especially in view of the recent agitation, should be scrutinized in the perspective of facts, and not of Utopian theories. As has been shown above, the United States never has had a real diplomatic service for the administration to destroy. What seems to have happened is that an enlightened President has found himself hopelessly, perhaps rather unexpectedly, handicapped by the force of circumstances. Politics being what they are, he had to make Mr. Bryan his Secretary of State.

Mr. Bryan is essentially a politician of the old school. He has an immense personal following whose loyalty has been tested in defeat after defeat. He may have aspirations of future leadership. At any rate, the first paragraph in his political creed is that to the victors belong the spoils. Of foreign affairs and their responsibilities his conceptions are of the Chautauqua variety. His patriotism seems to be prevented, by the warmth of a tremendous and optimistic sincerity, from congealing into a cold creed of practical politics. A popular leader of the interior West, he has no use for the pomp and vanities of old-world intercourse, but an immense faith in the old American tradition that the place creates the man. Hence, when he entered office, he did not scruple to reward his friends at the expense of a service for which he had neither sympathy nor understanding. 'How can I give you ten minutes,' he is said to have asked a subordinate with important business, 'when my office is crowded with men who have voted for me three times?' 'How can I trust a Republican appointee to carry out the policies of a Democratic administration with which he is out of sympathy?' has been the sense of his defense in regard to the political appointments that he has made. 'More weight should be given in official appointments generally to natural gifts than to acquisitions from education. Examinations have often proved an insufficient test for fitness.

[1] As the magazine goes to press, Mr. Moore's resignation is announced. — THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man who ranks highest may be one who ranks lowest in character to fill a public station well.' The latter words are not Mr. Bryan's; but with the other two sentences they explain what the President was 'up against.'

The President seems to have been forced to yield a good deal to save a good deal. He seems to have handed over the personnel of the State Department, and the appointment of most ministers, to the tender mercies of Mr. Bryan as the price of the protection of the consular service, the partial protection of the lower grades of the diplomatic service, and the nomination of his own candidates to certain important embassies and legations. There is, of course, no proof that such a bargain was actually struck; but it is difficult to examine the facts sketched above without a feeling that something of the sort has happened. Nor must it be overlooked that, however much its spirit has been abused on paper, the reform work of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt has been preserved. The executive orders of 1906 and 1909 still stand in spite of great pressure for their reversal by those who think like Mr. Bryan. It may be doubted whether in the circumstances the President could have done more than he has done. Nor, in the last resort, does it seem that Mr. Bryan is so much to blame as the national point of view which, directly and indirectly through Congress, still tolerates the abuses of which he has been guilty. During the last decade there has been effort after effort to get Congress to legalize the executive orders of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt and to enact reforms which were beyond the scope of administrative action. They all failed largely because they were not backed by an intelligent public opinion.

'Look to-day at the Diplomatic Service of the United States. No man who is not worth millions of money can hold a position in one of the great courts of Europe as ambassador or minister plenipotentiary of the United States. They are there giving a false light to the conditions in America. Your recent ambassador to the Court of St. James is said to have expended $300,000 per annum in maintaining his dignity as a representative of the United States. Yet there is scarcely an official international act to his credit. What are you going to do? Are you no longer to be represented in France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, and Great Britain by men imbued with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence? Are you no longer to be represented by true Republicans and true Democrats? Must the leaders of society, with the false glare and glitter of their position, falsely represent the feelings and sentiments of the American people? You have not the slightest use in this day and time for an ambassador or a minister plenipotentiary in any court on earth. In these days of cablegrams and close communication your Government, if it should have any trouble anywhere, might communicate with its business consuls, if it desired, or with the Governments direct, and so deal with all questions of international importance. Your Diplomatic Service is a superfluous appendage to a republic in this day, and your whole diplomatic corps, in the interest of economy and good government, and a decent conception by foreign people of the views and habits and conditions of the American people, ought to be abolished. [Applause.] They form a distinct class, so distinct, I understand, that they scarcely pay any regard to the Senators who vote for their confirmation when once they have approached the thrones of royalty. [Laughter.] It is that gang of political reprobates and society degenerates that we ought to wipe out of existence. [Applause and laughter.]'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So spoke a Congressman this winter in debate. As long as the country will listen quietly to that sort of thing and is ready to accept a party without definite pledges of constructive civil-service reform, there can be little surprise that, when a new party comes into power, the traditions of the past century tend to outweigh the needs of the present century. The question that really matters seems to be whether when the opportunity arrives, when in fact more immediate problems have been disposed of, the President will rise to the occasion and use his great influence with Congress to secure the necessary legislation once for all to put the foreign service upon a secure basis. If his party holds together he should, before he leaves office, have the opportunity of putting through reforms of incalculable value.

ADVENTURES WITH THE EDITORS

WITH A REËXAMINATION OF AN ANCIENT INQUIRY: WHY ARE MANUSCRIPTS REJECTED?

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

I

SOME may say that an unknown writer's manuscript is strictly his own affair; its inglorious rejection no more than a matter of a grievance, of fists feebly brandished, in somebody's hall-room. This, I venture, is to speak hastily. We, the Public, as Tooley Street would say, imaginably have an interest in that penurious youth who hangs so palely on the comings of the postman; and if we have, then so, we may be sure, has the great Editor himself, conceal it how he may. 'Your favorite magazine' — in the candid language of the publishers' announcement — cannot live by famous names alone; upon the editor's ability to find new wheat sometimes in the chaff-heap of a morning's mail depends, in no small degree, your readiness and mine to sit in at his periodical banquet. Surely it is not by chance that the most widely bought magazine in the world to-day is that one which has shown the greatest genius in the discovery of the meritorious unknown.

The meritorious unknown: it is to him, clearly, that our interest is confined. What, then, is there to discuss? Between us and the hordes of pale young men and women who thirst to get at us, the editors stand, as we know, as the necessary great wall, separating merit from its lack. And it is bread and meat to them that they shall be a good wall, — circulation and advertising and new parlor chairs to them to keep their gates in the right places, and never to become confused about the secret passwords. The discovery of a new star is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the editor's perpetual yearning, no less; this it is on which he bases his demand for a rise in salary, this that he will relate to his grandchildren in his declining years. And still is it charged that he bungles the great quest to which we, the Public, have assigned him? Well, we know better.

In 'With the Publishers' departments, in occasional 'write-ups' by friends of the management, even in solid books with cloth covers, we have actually been permitted to glimpse the editor at his labors. Wise, kind, a nourishing father and infallible, checks of vast denomination eternally in his hand, we see him toiling in divine patience over the meritless offerings of Chillicothe or Butte; and when, in a blue moon, his hawk-eye detects in some ten-thousandth manuscript the shy incipiences of merit, with what eagerness does he claim it for his own, with what passion of pride proceed to nurse it through the green-sicknesses of youth! Merit, it is observed, is a perfectly tangible and measurable thing, like blond hair or fifty per cent of alcohol; and the pale young man has n't got it, that's all. Where then is the problem?

Yet still the unknown Rejected continue their mutinous murmurings; and still their chant is that the evidences in the case have always come from a single side of the wall. Unlike the editors, they control no general media of self-expression, they say; if they claim merit unrecognized, how and where may they say so? And even when the lucky unknown has ceased to be unknown, when he has become courted and run after and might find listeners to any tale he cared to tell, it is alleged that he has generally remained silent here. Prosperity has soothed away the old insurgency: let bygones be bygones, as they say. Why then should we not voluntarily meet the complaint, offering these unknown, for once, the voice they crave, if only to be rid of them? In no other way, it seems, shall we hope to shut them up. Suppose we let them rail, this once, to their heart's content; and do we, for our part, honestly engage to listen, if perchance we may detect among their wild innuendoes some stray thought or concept of possible value to us: to us, the Public, that is, who shall read no word of print except what some editor has first approved.

II

Why are manuscripts rejected? First let the editor explain it to us, all in order.

Perhaps the fullest recent exposition of the editorial point of view, within my knowledge, appeared in *The Bookman* of 1911, in a series of contributed articles. An especially interesting paper launched this series, a paper called 'The Short Story Famine,' in which it was demonstrated that, since the death of O. Henry, the editors were finding it impossible to get even tolerable stories with which to fill their blank spaces. A succeeding article dealt briefly with editorial personalities; but a third struck straight to the heart of our present inquiry, by showing how totally unfit was the nameless material pouring daily upon the bowed head in the sanctum. Typical passages were cited from would-be contributors — ludicrous, human, true, incredible passages, completely showing up the strange popular delusion that anybody can write who is willing to take the time off from more important matters, The judicial compiler of these passages allowed his evidences to speak for themselves. But on the whole the irresistible inference emerged that manuscripts were rejected because they were written by seamstresses who had lately taken a correspondence course,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or hardware drummers who were willing to fill orders for wire-nails or epic poetry with equal promptness and dispatch.

Months later the writer returned to his thesis: perhaps himself feeling that his first effort had not quite exhausted its possibilities, perhaps prodded on by soured scriveners here or there. This time he went at his task in thoroughgoing fashion, under the caption, 'Why Manuscripts are Rejected.' To be positively fair and effective, he here gives to the army of the rejected space such as they have seldom enjoyed. He honorably records their bitter charges: —

1. That editors lack a reasonable faculty of discrimination.

2. That they have prostrated themselves before the wooden idol of Big Names.

3. That they have made arbitrary and prohibitive rules as to length, subject, endings, and so forth.

Further, he sets down, though with proper caution, that 'it cannot be gainsaid that once in a while' each of these arguments is valid 'in certain local applications.' Fairest of all, he quotes literatim from some anonymous militant in 'a western publication,' who denies passionately that he is speaking for 'writers of the chambermaid or hostler sort.' 'I am arguing,' says this one, 'about college graduates or of those widely experienced in life, of great writers who were continuously rejected for years, like Kipling, Porter, Conan Doyle, Jack London, and a dozen other immortals.[1] I am arguing for, I believe, thousands of real, virile, original authors, dead and living, who had to beat down the prohibitive requirements of modern fiction editors.'

And finally, our editorial spokesman, advancing considerably beyond the seamstress and hardware-drummer standpoint, surprises us by declaring: 'No impartial editor will deny that every now and then a short story revealing undoubted worth will be rejected by him.'

Here we have new thoughts, and complicating; the automatic acceptance of merit, and rejection of its lack, recedes a pace toward the theoretic ideal. Yet we know that if merit is rejected, even though only every now and then, there must be a sound reason for it; and our authority, having set up the fierce hints of the Rejected, at once proceeds to crush them with the editorial truth. We learn that the official reasons for the occasional rejection of merit are three in number, as follows: —

1. The editor has lately bought other fiction manuscripts of similar intrinsic character.

2. The editor is overstocked with fiction manuscripts of all characters.

3. The story, though meritorious, is unsuited to the policy of the editor's particular magazine.

Sound and intelligent reasons, I doubt not, long familiar to unlucky writers through the medium of the vague but courteous rejection-slip. And yet, in a directly controversial connection, I, for one, find the allegations somewhat disappointing. To silence the rebellious unknown forever, it was necessary merely to hold up their arguments one by one and destroy them in full view of the audience. But what I and the Western writer expected to learn specifically at this point was, why future immortals have so much trouble in getting over the wall, why London and the other fellows were 'continuously rejected for years.' Must we honestly try to feel that the reasons of

[1] The statement is printed as it is found; no doubt it is too sweeping. Contrary to what I had commonly heard, I was lately informed by good authority that Sydney Porter's 'acceptance was as rapid as one could normally expect.' — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overstock and policy assigned above completely answer us?

Suppose we seek to apply these reasons directly. Take the sufficiently common case, often enough brought to light: the case of a writer who at one moment, say in 1905, has a trunkful of manuscripts which he cannot sell, and a little later, say in 1908, has a trunkful of orders (more or less) which he cannot fill. Clearly there is food for inquiry in these cases, speculation genuinely interesting to students of such matters. But when we seek the official explanation of the lightning change, we are offered the surmise that the magazines of the world must have been, in 1905, all overstocked with manuscripts, or with manuscripts of this particular writer's 'intrinsic character,' while by 1908, they were so direly in need of just such manuscripts that they were eager to pay over the most enormous prices for them. Or else that, between 1905 and 1908, the magazines of the world completely revolutionized their policies (whatever they may be) — all heading, by some astonishing coincidence, straight for our writer and his peculiar 'type.' Or, if we find neither of these explanations fully satisfying, there is nothing for it but to fall back on the simple and lucid hypothesis from which we set out. That is to say, the writer under consideration had no merit in 1905, and so was properly rejected; but by 1908 he had acquired merit, and then the editors were glad to accept him.

To many, I dare say, this last surmise will seem the soundest of the three. Some of us, it is true, may question even this. We may have felt that writers grow slowly in sureness and technique; that they ripen gradually in wisdom; but that the courted genius to-day was rarely the ungrammatical hardware drummer of year before last. But perhaps we are wrong here; perhaps it is true that writers put on and off merit like a shirt, that they master their trade suddenly, like learning to ride a bicycle. But in that case, what must we say of instances where there has been not even an hour's interval for the acquisition of merit; where, in short, the editorial right-about-face has taken place upon a single identical manuscript?

Here is an item dealing with the first acceptance of a writer now well known. I found it straying in a newspaper, where it seems completely to have escaped the attention of the editorial explainers of the rejection of merit every now and then.

'The first real literary success of Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," was the acceptance of a story by the *Atlantic Monthly*. "This story," she says, "had been the rounds of the magazines, but when it finally appeared in the *Atlantic* I received four letters from editors, to whom it had previously been submitted and by whom it had been rejected, complimenting me upon my work and asking the privilege of considering my next story. One of these was Mr. ——, of ——*'s Magazine*. I wrote him thanking him for his praise, and told him that the story had been submitted to him on such and such a day, and had been returned with a printed note of thanks a fortnight later."'

Why were these things so? The gentleman's explanation of his interesting situation is unhappily lost to us. Somewhere here is clearly the heart of the whole matter, the soul of the Rejected's rebellion; and yet just here, most unfortunately, the editorial explanation shows a tendency to thin away into mist. Why, indeed, are manuscripts rejected? At a growing loss, we may find our eyes now reverting to the explanations set up by the editor's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enemies: in particular to that poisonous charge that he 'lacks the reasonable faculty of discrimination.' But this involves too complete a revolt from our point of departure to be entertained for a moment without the amplest evidence. The expert discriminator, in the grip of famine, deliberately spurning the food for which he starves! We shall require original facts to convince us of this.

I do not know where original facts of this sort could be searched for more fairly, or our inquiry better pursued, than in the log-book of a writer who has experienced the comedy from both sides of the wall, and has therefore viewed all these matters from various angles of vision. If the log-book here examined happens to be my own, that is only because this is the book with which I am most familiar. I, too, have felt some of that reticence and reluctance of good fortune which I mentioned above. Yet to make a contribution here, one must be personal, without apology; and I shall gladly forego my pleasant privacy and risk an appearance of ungraciousness which is far from my feeling, if some account of my own vicissitudes, by shedding light into the darkness, may hereafter make for sounder understanding among our great triumvirate — the seeking editor, the yet more seeking writer, and us, the Public, for whose edification all the trouble is being taken.

III

In the month of December, 1910, I found myself with two book-manuscripts accepted for publication. One of these manuscripts was an old story, begun five years earlier and much toiled over, which was to accomplish little except the painful cutting of my literary teeth. The other was *Queed*, then lately finished. Publication being still far off, no funds were coming into the till; and it is well known that the hoardings of a retired newspaper man are not indefinitely elastic. At this time, I had acquired considerable experience, over and above the two book-manuscripts. I had been writing fiction in leisure hours since my twentieth year, in which year I sold my first story for money; and in the decade following, though my output was much circumscribed by the necessities of earning a living, I had sold not less than a dozen or fifteen stories to magazines of good standing, out of perhaps twice as many written. So now, fortified by the publisher's cordial commendation of my latest work, I readdressed myself to the writing of short stories with positive expectations of results.

It very soon developed that I had reckoned entirely without my host. I discovered that I was not competent to earn my living by writing short stories: the reason being that the editors would not buy them. In the months between November, 1910, and May, 1911, I wrote and sent out, I find, eleven stories; and of these but three found acceptance anywhere — one going to a magazine of the second rate, and another, oddly enough, winning a prize in a 'blind' contest among some 15,000 manuscripts. But speaking in the large, I could not sell my stories. Few seemed to find them meritorious at all; throughout that winter of 1911 they were going begging the rounds of the leading magazine offices of the country. And by chance it was just at this time — namely in January, 1911, when I had not as yet sold a single story — that I read the first of the *Bookman* articles, and learned that there was a short-story famine abroad in the land.

The situation was calculated to interest me, economically and otherwise. Here was a story famine going on on one side of the wall; here was I, on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other side, staying out of bed to produce stories, the best and likeliest I could; and there, thirdly, were the editors, obviously preferring starvation to the consumption of my wares. Having devoted by now many years to trying to learn something about writing, and with some success behind me, I could not regard my case as completely disposed of by the examples of the seamstress and the hardware drummer. I could not assure myself that all the magazines were overstocked with fiction, hearing these loud complaints of just the contrary state. Nor could I flatter myself that all the magazines had lately bought stories of the same 'intrinsic character' as mine, or that they found mine, though meritorious, subversive of their policies: for if that had been the case, the editors could so easily have written me to that effect, thereby showing that they liked me. But the fact was that my stories, in this year 1911, commonly returned to me accompanied only by a printed slip: that mark which is (or should be) the clear intimation that the editor has seen in the would-be contributor no qualities worth his time to encourage.

This may be the place to make it clear that one unknown writer, at least, saw but little of that Ideal Editor, the wise *almus pater*, whose portrait we seem to catch in the editor's accounts of himself. In the scattering dealings of a dozen years, I came in contact with but a single editor who showed any direct or continuing interest in me. One other there was, indeed, who wrote me friendly letters with the stories he sent back; but unluckily this one made a point of explaining to me, toward the end, that his interest in me was due to the kindness of O. Henry (whom he discovered, he said), who had praised my published stories to him, and recommended me, back in 1907. This gentleman rather went out of his way, it seemed, to make me feel that so far as he could see, heaven knew, there was little in my work itself to say a good word for me. The only editor who seemed to feel on his own account, in those days, that I was capable of writing stories to help out the famine, was Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, whom (like O. Henry) I never saw, but to whom I here make grateful acknowledgment. Along among the confraternity, Mr. Towne consistently encouraged me, in years when editorial encouragement was considerably important to me.

But to return to 1911, it is time to face frankly that thought which must have been for some time swelling in the reader's mind. That is, that I have blindly passed over the obvious explanation of my situation, namely, that my stories of that time were actually devoid of all merit, and so were quite properly rejected. Now, it would be embarrassing to have to contest the native strength of this explanation, particularly as even to the writer's partial eye the work in question never seemed extraordinary in any way. But the fact is that I have found it impossible to believe that my stories that year were entirely contemptible; for in the following year, by one of those odd tricks of time and chance, these very stories were receiving high praise from the editors themselves.

The situation of a writer who suddenly emerges over the wall is well enough understood. It is full of humors. Here is Robinson, vainly knocking at editors' doors for years. He writes a book, which luckily lands among the best sellers: and lo, next morning, his ante-chamber is full of editors. He, the despised, learns the sweets of courtship: old lords and enemies have become his lovers. Robinson is pleased with the turn of affairs: for one thing, he can now pay his land-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lady; it is his triumph of vindication, succulent revenge. At the same time, being quite conscious that he is the same man he was last year and very much the same writer, he will naturally expect to hear some explanation of all this sudden adoration, some air of continuity preserved in the gratifying somersaulting. He will expect to hear his new admirers state frankly that they — or rather their assistants, who are always responsible, I find — must have been making some pretty bad mistakes last year; or at the least to find them contending that he, Robinson, having sallied out and won a large following for himself, is in a very different position, commercially speaking, from his position last year. But the editors, to Robinson's astonishment, say neither this nor anything else. They avoid the past altogether; or perhaps they have forgotten it, Robinson the unknown being merely effaced by a new entity, Robinson the 'headliner,' or 'top-notcher,' born full-grown. And Robinson, if he intends to cling to his own essential unity with himself, will have to set afoot his own investigations.

What will he ascertain then? From such overtures and correspondences as naturally follow what is called a 'sudden success,' let me adduce, from my own log-book, three exemplary episodes.

My book *Queed*, which I had finally completed in August, 1910, was published on the sixth of May, 1911. On the eleventh day of May, 1911, a distinguished editor in New York wrote to me expressing his pleasure in discovering a new writer, and desiring to know if I did not have some stories on hand. I did have some stories on hand: five of them I had but lately offered to him, and received back again, each with a printed slip bearing the editor's own signature in facsimile. So I pointed out these facts to my admirer; saying that, while I hoped to learn more and more about story-writing as I grew older, I could not feel that I had improved much since the preceding week, when one of my latest stories, as good as I knew how to make it, had been rejected by him without any signs of approbation.

Meanwhile, the slight lack of unity and coherence in its interior administration had been discovered in the magazine office; and I had a second letter from the editor, and then a third, suggesting that I should send back my rejected stories in order that he might determine whether or not he had a joke on his (anonymous) assistants. But I could not see, nor did he prove able to tell me, why, assuming that success had given my stories a sudden new merit, I should share these fruits of success with one who had so consistently declined to help me make it. So we parted, friendly. I did not send the stories back to him; the question of possible mistakes by his assistants was left open; and we have nothing positive to go on here but the editor's own instinctive assumption that the writer of the meritorious book — given technical equipment — would be quite likely to tuck away something or other meritorious into his shorter efforts.

My experience with a second magazine was much more illuminating. This magazine had actually accepted a story of mine in earlier days, underpaying me for it, I regret to report, after two months' wait. This was deemed by me to constitute an unusually favorable basis for further relations; so in September, 1911, I yielded to the blandishments of the editor — certainly one of the best known in America — and sent him three of my old stories, which he duly bought and published. Later, in asking for more, this editor wrote me that my stories, on publication in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magazine, had been 'tremendously successful.' Yet in the year before, he (or his assistants) had rejected one of these very stories, together with several others not, I think, inferior. I naturally wondered why, if my 1911 stories were of a sort calculated to make a tremendous success (as he said), he had not more clearly perceived these possibilities in 1911, when such perception would have been more valuable to us both. I asked the editor why this was, and I must say for him that he, alone among his peers, honestly and manfully set to work to resolve my doubts. And, because he was honest and manful, he did resolve them, fairly meeting the precise question raised by the Western insurgent quoted above. He wrote me in these words: —

'I think I can tell you why *editors so frequently reject the earlier and often the best work of writers* [italics mine]; it is because any new writer who sends in first-class work, sends in work that is very different from what editors are used to. That is the reason Kipling's work was rejected by the ——s, when he brought his great body of books from India.'

It was not easy indeed for me to think of myself as a writer of such bold and original genius that my merits went singing high over the editors' heads. Nevertheless, I felt, and I feel, that I was here laying hands upon a truth of the first interest to our inquiry. Here certainly was an explanation of why manuscripts are rejected, and of the prevailing short-story famine, which the editorial spokesman in the market-place had failed to give us. I deem it a matter of honorable obligation to pass it on to the Rejected, and to that public which as yet they cannot come at.

Nor does this candor lose anything by contrast with the attitude of my third sample editor, who felt somewhat more keenly his obligation to support the tradition of chief-editorial infallibility. This one addressed me in March, 1912, stating that he and his associates had been reading 'with a great deal of pleasure and envy' my stories in another publication. As a seeker of truth, I felt compelled to ask this editor why, then, had he and his associates rejected three of these very stories in the preceding year. His reply to my not, I trust, unnatural query proved to be a perfect statement of the official platform. He wrote: —

'The fact that three of the stories, which appeared in ——*s*, were returned by ——*s* [that is, by us] is probably not so much of a puzzling phenomenon to me as it is to you. Indeed there are several causes which may have been responsible for or have contributed to the return of the manuscripts. The most likely of these is that the limited space at the command of the fiction department at that time did not permit the use of stories of this length. It is also possible that there may have been on hand a number of stories of a similar character; and another reason might be attributed to the lack of judgment of our readers, as I have yet to find a reader who is infallible. Still another cause might be that the judgment of the editors in charge of the fiction at that time was opposed to this particular kind of story.'

Few will fail to note how religiously this schedule of reasons follows that laid down in the handbook articles quoted above. But what struck me most in the letter was the tendency of its author to refer the whole issue to somebody else — to 'the lack of judgment of *our readers*,' to the judgment of the editors 'at that time,' and so forth. For it chanced that four of my stories between January and May, 1911, had been rejected by this editor personally, with his initials on the rejectional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notes; and one of these four, at least, was one of those stories he now described himself as reading elsewhere 'with a great deal of pleasure and envy.' How could this editor (not his readers, associates, or assistants, but this man himself) read with pleasure and envy in 1912 the identical story which he had not thought worth printing in 1911? I could n't understand; nor has he ever told me. For when I wrote, in the scientific and researching spirit, to inquire, he withdrew in a dignified silence, designed, I fear, to show me up to myself as merely a bothersome crank, too full of petty rancors to let bygones be bygones.

But I did not mind the editor's stately rebuff particularly. I felt that I had now learned to thread my way for myself. Like the little boy who had prayed for help from above when he seemed to be lost in the woods, I felt that I could say, 'Nem' mind, Lord. I can see Aunt Jinny's house now.'

Let no one misunderstand this, or misconceive anything I have here written about my present good friends, the editors. I appreciate, and sympathize with, their many difficulties. I know, of course, that they do their best to be a good wall; and the stereotyped reasons they assign for the rejection of manuscripts do apply, I need hardly say, in the large majority of cases. All that we have been seeking to discover here was whether there was not still another reason, not sufficiently published and admitted by the editors, which yet applied in an important minority of cases. And irresistibly the conviction has been forced upon us that such a reason does, in fact exist, and that it does apply decisively and unfortunately.

Our conception of the editor has necessarily shifted as we have approached him closer. We see him at last as man, with man's incertitudes. We observe him vacillating, doing strange things. We watch him pursuing with fifteen cents a word the writer he kicked down stairs last year, showering encomiums to-day on the little tale he did not want at any price yesterday. And winning his confidence at last by the chance of success, we find him actually admitting certain little foibles, not mentioned in his public remarks on the dearth of good fiction; perhaps only conceding that his assistants are not infallible; perhaps going so far as to say that if a writer is very good, very original, the editors are apt not to notice his merits.

So we seem no longer able to avoid the truth of that unwelcome charge of the Rejected, namely, that the editor sometimes lacks the reasonable faculty of discrimination. By the authoritative evidences we seem compelled to state positively that the editor makes mistakes, — no one knows how often: bad mistakes, which deprive us, the Public, of the 'earlier and often the best work' — as the editor wrote me — of writers whom we should be very glad indeed to read; which deprive the editor himself of the new feather in his cap, the coveted pearl in his crown of glory; and which rob the meritorious unknown, not merely of the means to pay their keep, but of that recognition which is surely not less dear to them.

IV

And what then? To criticize people for being human, like the rest of us, is a waste of time, unless we are ready to point some remedy for their inadvertencies. What can good editors do to minimize their costly errors of judgment?

Obviously a difficult and delicate question, which I for one would not venture to answer with authority. And yet, from the evidences, certain suggestions for improvement do gradually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emerge, which perhaps might be roughly summarized as follows: —

1. That the publishers should secure as their editors and readers the most discriminating men securable.

2. That these editors, when they recognize merit, however disguised, however struggling or faulty, should forthwith cease to sit and mourn over the short-story famine, but actually proceed to encourage and foster the merit in question, according to the theory of the Ideal Editor.

3. That the editors shall at all times treat the unknown with scrupulous courtesy and fairness, never taking advantage of him just because, in that year, he happens to be unknown.

It might be worth while to amplify a little these three possible clauses of a new compact.

A magazine being, not an eleemosynary patron of the arts, but a business institution conducted for profit, its proper task, on the whole, is to supply what the public wants; and it is quite true that nobody on earth really knows what the public wants. But at least we can say that one trained man intuitively comes a little nearer to the priceless secret than another. One possesses a little more imagination than his brother, a little wider outlook and greater sensitiveness, a somewhat broader ability to enter into the tastes and feelings of people far other than himself. This trained man, having large and sound standards within himself, would make a more discriminating editor than his colleague. And if he would be a more expensive man, he would yet not be so expensive in the long run as his cheaper rival. In most businesses the importance of the buyer is fully recognized and rewarded; the buyers of manuscript are exceptions to an established principle in being, I believe, for the most part small-salaried men. It would seem that the magazine owner might do well to hold to the rule that goods well bought are half sold, rather than seek to economize at the source and origin of all his profits.

This more sensitive buyer of manuscript, free of the limitations and prepossessions of his narrower brother, would undoubtedly see merit sometimes where another would see nothing but an 'unhappy ending,' or 3000 words too long. And this merit — whether mathematically four-square with his so-called policy or not — would please him instinctively, and he would jump at the opportunity of encouraging and developing it. There is a contrary theory, I know well. Mr. Howells himself has told us that the editor, finding himself charmed by some unknown contributor, 'may hide his pleasure in a short stiff note of acceptance'; he speaks approvingly of the wholesome effects of 'a smart brisk snub'; while on the other hand certifying that 'the contributor may be sure that he [the editor] has missed no merit in his work.' If the contributor could indeed be sure of this, then doubtless the rest might follow. But unluckily there does not seem to be any such assurance.

From my own experience, and with due allowance made for the self-complacence usual to writers of the second and third grades, I feel sure that what the unknown of merit chiefly needs is direct editorial encouragement. He will get, doubtless has got, smart brisk snubs a-plenty; and an encouraging letter from the discerning editor will not only help to show him that the sanctum's choice among fictions is not altogether the sealed mystery it had sometimes seemed, but will directly aid him, by pointing out his errors, to do better, come nearer 'availability,' next time. And the editor, for his part, will be building up friendly personal relations with a growing circle of meritorious unknowns, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few of whom will be pretty sure some day to reward him well for all his trouble.

When the editor is discriminating, when he is systematically encouraging to merit of all sorts, he might — thirdly — be on his guard not to take too much advantage of the immense superiority of his position. This, unfortunately, does not follow axiomatically. Through strategic strength and association, the editors, as is well known, have evolved a code of procedure, binding as law and altogether in their own interests: a code under which, for instance, they take an unlimited free option on the young writer's capital, his manuscript, holding it up one month or ten, if they prefer, and paying him, in case of acceptance, after as long an interval as they like. These extremes, of course, have always been avoided by a few magazines of the better class; with the intensifying competition among publishers, to say nothing of such influences as the recently organized league or union of authors, they tend naturally to disappear. But unhappily there are other and subtler instances of an editor's willingness to take advantage: instances of downright bad treatment, I fear, bad faith even, understandings made and not kept — things the more galling to the unknown in that they so clearly betray the indifference of strength to the complaints of the weak and despised.

I have particularly not wanted to seem to be rolling up here a mere list of grievances against the editors, men who, I repeat, are usually doing the best they can under considerably perplexing circumstances. Citations are unnecessary; doubtless men's opinions will always differ as to what is just and equitable and what is not. I will merely risk the statement that if the now successful writers of the country chose to make public to-day some of the experiences and correspondences of their undiscovered days, some of them might give well-known editors some considerably embarrassing moments. And that surely is a pity; it is a pity for any man, in any business, to leave behind him a wake of bitterness or ill-feeling. And it is so absurdly easy for an editor to make a friend of an unknown writer; and they do say that sometimes the unknown of one year is next year very well known indeed.

There is one thing more. In the struggle of the unrecognized writer to get a hearing, it has seemed to me that the great weakness of his position is that the editor has always found it so easy to bury his mistakes. The successful writer, that is, too readily disconnects himself from his unsuccess. The editor, forgetting how he kicked Robinson about last year, approaches the new-famous one with an air of hearty geniality and an offer of $500 for the story he could have had at one tenth the price last year, and thank you very much besides. And Robinson gives a few flattered laughs and pockets the check. It is, of course, the human and pleasant thing for him to do; but undoubtedly it makes things harder for the brothers he has left on the other side of the wall. What is there here to make an editor search his heart?

Suppose, instead, that Robinson felt strongly his own uninterrupted continuity; that he retained his 'class-consciousness,' so to say, as a writer; and that he therefore addressed his distinguished visitors somewhat as follows: —

'Gentlemen, you come to me at last, impelled — may I say? — by the thought that you can make money out of me, and asking to share in a success which I should never have made if I had had to depend on you. I greet you and thank you for your few kind words. As a man, I must live, as a writer I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must write, and as a successful writer I must indeed have an outlet for my wares. But if you will excuse me, gentlemen, it is not my purpose to be bought and sold about like a sack of old potatoes. In short, such of my old stories as I still consider up to my best standard I shall now offer to the *Favorite Magazine*, which took an interest in me, was fair and friendly and kind to me, at a time when you made a different decision as to my general desirability as an acquaintance. Now, gentlemen — really, excuse me! There is no use telling me to let bygones be bygones, for, you see, nothing at all has really gone by. We're all the same men we were last year, and I am very much the same writer.'

I venture to say that the editors, after listening to such remarks as these, would return introspective to their sanctums, thinking Robinson indeed a queer grudging crank, yet unconsciously resolved to scrutinize all unknown manuscripts with a wider sympathy forever thenceforward.

Does that seem a fanciful hope? I have evidence that it is not.

From the record of the past as it occasionally comes to light here and there, I cannot doubt that there are today a considerable number of unknown young men and young women writing stories which you and I would be glad to read, who yet cannot succeed in getting these stories under our eye. Not by lack of merit, but only by somebody's misunderstanding of the secret passwords, they cannot get over the wall. I have felt, and I feel, my kinship with these unknown young men and women. I remember that the manuscript of *Queed*, which was destined to change my personal fortune as a writer, was rejected by the first two publishers to whom it was offered; and I must realize that if two more publishers, or four or six more, had similarly refused me, I might to this moment have remained on the unhappy side of the wall. Hence I have felt it a matter of duty to contribute my experiences to my unknown brothers, believing as I do that with light alone comes better understanding.

The conflict between editors and undiscovered writers is age-long and irretrievable, like that of cattlemen and sheepmen. I have no hope of seeing a millennium in which editors shall speak fulsomely of the daily offerings of manuscript, and the Rejected praise with one voice the editor's justice, mercy, and acumen. Much smaller gains would be acceptable here; but these we have a right to hope for. One of those editors whom I mentioned above told me long afterward that my letters to him — commonplace enough letters, as we have seen, pointed only in stating plainly what every writer thinks or has thought — had furnished him with the jolt of his career. He said that he had always been a better reader of manuscript because of them. And I felt that this statement from that solitary man had justified all my researches, and rewarded me for all my pains.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROTESTANT PARADOX

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE Protestant whose eyes have been opened to the significance of the Catholic faith finds that he has gained not so much a revelation of new truth as a new point of view from which to survey the whole of life. His surprise is insidious, and frequently quite paradoxical. In the first place, he is astonished at the familiarity of the substance of what his Puritan training had taught him to regard as being flagrantly alien. In the second place, acting on the unexpected recognition of long accepted truths and proceeding joyously to make himself at home among them, he is brought up short by a counter current of inexplicable strangeness. It is all very bewildering to him. A double back action of wonder completes the spell of humility which the whole experience has laid upon him; and he stands off and holds his breath, afraid of blundering.

Well may he hesitate. It almost seems that there is a greater difference between two points of view of the same thing than between two different things. The Protestant and Catholic tempers are worlds apart; and the Protestant, bringing his native disposition to bear on Catholic matters, runs a risk of creating deplorable havoc and confusion. Much as they desire him, the Catholics must tremble a little when they see the Protestant coming. Get out the chains and the handcuffs of love, prepare the straight jacket, open the cell. The first thing to do with this zealous friend is to lock him up.

Part of the trouble seems to lie in the fact that we Protestants do not always realize the nature of our own temperaments until we are startled into self-recognition. The even tenor of our denominational life leaves us largely unchallenged. We think that we are, of all people, the most reasonable; but the truth is that we are very impatient and undisciplined. As a class, we have never been able to stand the not giving free voice and action to our beliefs the minute they were born in us. That is why we became Protestants in the first place; the assertion is in our name and in our blood. Moreover, in spite of our frequent boast to the contrary, we are generally tolerant only in such degree as we are likewise indifferent; and those of us who are deeply in earnest are as eager as human nature would have us to share our convictions with all the world.

Luther was not very tolerant, or Calvin, or John Huss. Therefore it happens that, just as we would once have had everybody protest with us, so now, in these latter days, when we surprise ourselves by rediscovering the beauty of Catholicism, our rapid instinct is to run and show it to all the people we know, crying, 'Look! look! It is not paste and tinsel, it is the real thing; it is the same thing we cherish, only richer and brighter because of the work of the countless generations, because of the noble old setting. Look, and love and worship.'

Whereupon, of course, our astonished friends turn away with as much distrust of us as of our incredible discov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ery; and we lose what chance we may have had of gradually disarming them.

This is very stupid in us; and, on the surface, it is surprising. Would one not think that, having been born and bred in the stronghold of Puritan prejudice, having slowly and painfully issued thence and groped our way to a new understanding, we should be sure to remember our position of two or three years ago and to sympathize with those who still maintain it? Not so. We are apt to be much less tender with our Protestant brethren than the most inexorable Jesuit priest. There must be some reason for this, some natural impulse which over-rides our intelligence. Perhaps (paradoxically) it has its root in that very tolerance which, however poorly we practice it, still remains the ideal of modern Protestantism. The idea of change is more familiar to the Protestant than to the Catholic; and, once having changed himself, the former sees no reason why his friends should not change too. Independence of thought is very exacting. It cannot win its conclusions without a sort of fierce personal glory in them; and it offers them to others on its own self-sufficient authority. 'This is true; I have proved it.' But the Catholic — oh! the Catholic thinks that change is a tremendous thing. He holds his own convictions with such a cosmic sort of profundity — or, rather, he is so held by them, interpenetrated — that he deeply respects the convictions of others and deals with them very gently if he deals with them at all. He has proved nothing himself, but the world has proved everything for him; and so he is impersonally sure and very patient. World-truth will come to its own by and by; there is no doubt or hurry. Meanwhile, the way to further its coming is not by rashness, but by consideration and delay.

Protestant tolerance will not stand the test of enthusiasm, but Catholic patience is one of the firmest and most magnificent developments of the human race. It is cosmic — that bottomless word has to be used again to describe it; it has caught the spirit of time and creation and eternity. Nothing ever dismays or shocks it — no raging of the heathen, no dissension or catastrophe, no injury or insult. It is not tolerant, for it holds that truth must be absolute, one truth for all humanity; but it is full of forbearance and pity, ready to make allowances, to wait, to turn back, to begin all over again. There is no coldness about it; instead, there is a passion. 'The passion of patience' — somewhere or other that phrase has lately crept into religious discussion, and it admirably describes the marvelous temper of the Catholic Church. Caring so mightily that he would die for his faith and would suffer anything to promote its cause, a good Catholic yet remains undisturbed in the face of calumny.

Of course this has not always been so. Patience is the slowest fruit of time; it is the great lesson which parents generally have to receive at the hands of their children. The Catholic Church was proud and impatient enough in her younger days. But her children humbled her — we Protestants — rebelling and breaking away from her, wounding her bitterly. She tried to punish us ere we fled; she was quite as cruel with us as we were with her. Perhaps it is no wonder that we hated her for a time. But she never hated us (shall mothers hate?), and when we had left her, she set herself to take her discipline, learn her lesson, revealing thereby a native grandeur of soul which ought to call forth the love of the world. She is patient now, very patient and wise. She yearns over us, but she understands us; she will wait for us.

We, meanwhile, do we understand?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not in the least. Instead of learning patience, we have been busy with quite other matters, lessons of dignity and self-respect which have accorded well with our independence. We are now very critical and confident. We have proved or disproved pretty much everything that concerns our spiritual life, and we have taken our stand on our conclusions. Our attitude is defensive rather than offensive, but it is very positive and suspicious of attack. We are quick to resent any interference and to repudiate, with indignation, anything that can affect our 'integrity.' This militant quiescence makes us a touchy and difficult lot. Our Catholic friends may well have learned by experience to keep their hands off us.

We keep our hands off them too, supposing that our rampant loyalty is a universally human trait, and that a Catholic would be as deeply outraged as a Methodist by a criticism of his faith. There is a significant story about a Protestant woman who for years shielded her Catholic maid from the sound of religious discussion. Whenever, at luncheon or dinner-table, the conversation turned in the direction of the Catholic Church, the mistress was prompt in checking it and diverting it into what she thought safer channels. She took it for granted that the faithful heart of the silent waitress would be seared with burning, smouldering indignation at hearing her Church disparaged. Burning indignation, indeed! That is what the Protestant mistress felt when, after some time spent abroad under the slowly deepening spell of the Catholic Church, she returned home, filled with love for the long neglected Mother, and tried to explain to her fellow Puritans the nature of the revelation which she had had. Nobody would listen to her. Probably she was not very wise. The subject possessed her, and she had never learned the difficult lesson of holding her peace under possession. At any rate, she and all her friends had an unhappy time. The latter plied her with protests as fast as she plied them with entreaties; they showered her with pamphlets, 'exposing' the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman; they labored and pleaded with her. They said such severe things that, in true Protestant fashion, she vexed herself beyond measure. One morning she was spoiling her breakfast by outspoken lamentations over a letter which she had just received, when her maid paused and looked at her, hesitated, then shook her head and said slowly, —

'Oh, Miss Jane, you're not a very good Catholic yet. Don't you know that nothing can hurt the Church?'

The rebuke was potent. The mistress received it with wide-open eyes and mouth slowly closing from an abandoned vituperation.

'Why, Betty,' she replied very meekly, —a gasp caught in her throat, — 'do you mean to say that you're not angry when you hear the Church criticized?'

'Oh, no, Miss Jane!' The girl smiled and once more shook her head. 'The Church can stand it.'

A lesson like that is never forgotten. The mistress finished her breakfast in a mood of chastened sobriety and went about her daily tasks, revolving many thoughts.

The miracle of this Catholic patience grows the more stupendous, the more one comes to understand the natural strength of the temptation to dispense with it. The awakened Protestant learns the two lessons at once. With all our assurance of doctrine, we denominationalists have been brought up to regard all forms of proselytism as serious offenses. We are glad to see our sects grow, and we welcome all new recruits with a full conviction of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wisdom in casting in their lot with us. It would undoubtedly be well if all the world saw its way clear to follow their example. But 'Hands off!' is our motto. People must choose for themselves; no one must urge his particular manner of thinking upon anyone else. So strong is our feeling, that the very word 'proselytism' has come to connote all that we disparage in our conception of Catholicism.

But surely this is a strange sentiment — quite ungenerous and unhuman. As has been already suggested, it is not native to us; the instigators of our rebellion did their best to proselytize the world. Our unconcern for the creeds of our fellows has grown with the gradual growth of our tolerance; and that famous plant, as has also been hinted, has its roots in no other soil than indifference. We do not care enough — that is the bottom truth of the matter. We like our denominations, and we insist on being let alone in them; but our reasons for adhering to them are not inevitable. If they were — unless we were mountains of selfishness — we should want at least to suggest their significance to other people. Our sectarian promptings are partial, particular, peculiar only to ourselves and a few others; therefore of course they are unimportant, frankly to be taken or left according to the working of individual intelligence.

Quite otherwise is it with the soul that thinks that its faith has reached down below individual distinctions and has laid hold on a truth which is absolute in itself and therefore of utter importance to the universe. Granting it any generous impulse at all, such a soul cannot fail to burn to share this truth with every other soul it encounters. The desire is a possession, a passion, the most utterly selfless longing that a heart can know. It is to be reverenced, not criticized. The only real wonder about Catholics is, not that they ever proselytize, but that they ever contain themselves.

The Protestant's mantle of tolerance drops from his shoulders the minute he catches the spirit of Catholicism; and in its place, next his heart, he discovers a flaming garment of enthusiasm. Clad in this, he is a conspicuous object; and no one with whom he comes in contact can long be in doubt as to the nature of his interest. He does not want to convert anybody — he is not converted himself; but he desperately wants to prick prejudice, to open blind eyes to rare beauty, to heal the rancor of misunderstanding. If, to these mild ends, he can hardly keep his hands off every person he meets, what must be the urging of the priest who does want to convert people, to whom it seems that every Protestant suffers a radical deprivation? Truly, they pay for their patience, these enduring ones.

With the collapse of his tolerance comes an abundant frankness of speech which greatly surprises the Protestant touched with Catholicism. The tradition of modern Protestantism is all in favor of reserve on spiritual subjects. To wear one's religious heart on one's sleeve is considered not only indecent, but even suggestive of insincerity. Religious convictions are not to be talked about, but are to be felt and acted upon. One does not profane the sanctuary of God in the soul by opening it to any mortal eye. All this seems profoundly true.

The Protestant, accustomed to the restrained services of his church and to the religious remoteness of all his acquaintances, accepts the situation as universally natural; and a different state of things never occurs to him as possible until, coming under new influence, he suddenly finds himself talking about God and eternity, life and death, to all the world. The dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covery is a great shock to him — all the more so as it probably comes too late to enable him to recover any shreds of his old reserve. He has generally been talking an hour or two before he realizes what he is doing. Then he is arrested, startled, perhaps very much mortified. What an offense against dignity and good taste he has been committing! But he could not, cannot help himself. Convicted and pleading guilty, he is conscious only of a desire to begin talking again; even in a state of mortification, he must still go on talking. A bewildering conflict ensues.

Honestly troubled, the Protestant tries to take himself in hand, to restrain his amazing new proclivity for outspokenness. He does not like it. It seems to him to hurt everything that he has held sacred. He does not recognize his old reticent self in this eager talker, and he is ashamed. Time and again, before going out into the world, he sets a guard upon his lips, resolves earnestly not to speak one word on religious matters during the afternoon or evening. But he might as well try to restrain the breath that comes through his nostrils, the blood that flows through his veins. Better, he might as well set a guard upon the wind. At dinner tables, during the opera intermissions, in lecture-rooms, clubs, streets, drawing-rooms — anywhere, everywhere, he is sure to find himself seizing upon some turn in the conversation and using it as a point of departure for a disquisition on the significance of the Catholic faith. Before he knows it, he is talking fast, and everybody is looking at him with coldly astonished eyes. Then once more he recollects himself, stops short, and is vainly mortified. The experience, often repeated, comes at last to be accepted as humbly and as humorously as possible.

The reason for it, as well as for many Catholic peculiarities, is touched upon by the illustration of the wind in the last paragraph. Protestant religion comes from within; it is the relation between the particular soul and its God, and is individualistic. Therefore it can be controlled from within. Everybody can set a guard upon that which pertains to himself alone. But the Catholic faith is general. It proceeds from the Church, the Body of Christ, and informs each one of its members according to its own sweet will and their receptiveness. The Protestant builds up a lonely creed, painfully challenging every statement of the creeds of tradition, refusing to accept any of them until he has squared it with his own experience. The Catholic throws himself upon the creeds of the ages and the multitudes, feeling that what so many men have believed must have a larger measure of truth than any limited doctrine which he can fashion for himself; and, instead of fitting the creed to his experience, he fits the experience to the creed. Little by little, if he keeps his eyes faithfully on the pattern, he finds that his life unrolls an explanation of every intricacy. A Catholic creed is a puzzle, yes; but life is the key to it.

This expectant attitude gives the Catholic more real freedom than the Protestant. The latter is a slave to his doubts. He never dares take a step until he has first looked carefully all about him, sounded the ground, calculated the distance and all the consequences. But the former lets himself go, making endless experiments in faith, giving himself every possible chance to appropriate not only his own particular beliefs but also the beliefs of others. The result (which is also a cause) is a community of experience which squeezes the whole richness of life into each separate cup. Drink it, drink it, believer! It is compounded of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visions and aspirations which, singly, thou art not great enough to discover, but which the saints of the Church have had for thee and now share with thee; it makes thee wise with the wisdom and love of all the ages.

The externality of the Catholic faith is a characteristic which we Protestants criticize severely. It seems to us that the love of God cannot be imposed from without, but must spring up from the individual soul. That is true in a sense; not even the Catholic Church can unite men with God against their will. But, granted a right disposition, how much more worth while, how necessarily fuller in truth is the God of a world-wide Church, comprising millions of people, than the God of one solitary, groping soul! God is not for the one but the many; and the more people utter the same prayer, the more fully comes the answer. Moreover, it is worth much to stand allied with a body which holds its members always, inexorably, in the right attitude. Individual souls are uncertain affairs, often incorrigible in their moods. Sometimes they will not and sometimes they will solicit Heaven. But the Church never wavers. Steadfast she stands, facing Jerusalem, and with firm hand she holds her children facing with her. She knows that practice often induces the spirit, that the prayer of the body sinks into the soul and waters it as rain an arid plant. She knows that the will of the many is stronger than the will of the one, and that it better reflects the great Will in which is our peace. She knows that humility has clearer, braver eyes than self-confidence. Therefore she commands; or, rather, Heaven commands through her.

It all comes to this: particles of the Eternal Being as we are, the sum of the truth of things is outside of and beyond us. No man can comprehend it alone. Only by submitting ourselves to one another, only by learning and sharing alike, can we know anything, can we escape from the burdensome ignorance of our individuality. The Church offers us the common cup into which to empty ourselves and from which to drink.

Why should there be such a paradox in the situation of the Protestant enamored of Catholicism? He finds himself at the same time prompted to unprecedented eloquence and warned into silence. He is kindled with eagerness and cooled with delay. Experience does not often involve an honestly questing heart in such difficulties. The reason seems to lie chiefly at our own Protestant doors. We have broken away not only from the mistakes of the past, but also from its grand, slow processes of growth; we have brought violence upon ourselves. Doubtless, we cleared the air, purged religion; the world could hardly have gotten along without our Reformation. But we also shattered a very precious unity, we rent the seamless robe. This unity must be recovered, this robe must be woven again. For unity is the goal of creation. We are restlessly eager for it now; we make all sorts of experiments in adjustment and compromise, hoping to regain it; we bring our best intelligence to bear on the matter. But Protestant methods are better adapted to disruption than to unity, and we do not seem to be able to lay our old habits aside. Obedience, patience, humility — these are the fruits, bearing the seed, of true unity. We shall have to learn to go slowly again, to defer to one another and to the august tradition of our common past; we shall have to get back in line with the ages, instead of trying to hold ourselves apart. Does this mean return? Not fully. There is no such thing as a real return in the universe. Christendom can never again be what it was before the Reformation. But it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can be better than it was then, and better than it is now; it must be better. Lovers and followers of the same Lord must love one another, must go hand in hand, must see eye to eye.

Have not we Protestants had our fling now? We have reformed and changed and upset until the very walls of our creeds totter around us. Are we not rather tired at last? Both our fretfulness and our indifference would seem to indicate that we are. We cannot yield our conclusions — perhaps not. But can we not yield our methods a little? They have been excellent for surgery and purification; now for binding up and healing we might allow the Catholic spirit a chance. Patience, humility, love — those gentle virtues would go far toward gathering up the threads of the robe and reweaving them. We have gone our own ways and may perhaps never return to the home of our Mother. But she lingers there still, and at her knees waits a blessing for every wandering child who will stoop to receive it. There can be naught but good for us in loving her.

THE LEOPARD OF THE SEA

A STAMBOUL NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY H. G. DWIGHT

After it was quite dark, a man who strolled by happened to catch sight of my camera. He stopped and began to examine it. I discreetly lit a cigarette in order to show him that the camera had a proprietor. He continued his inspection, as much as to show me that he had known I was there. Then he took out his tobacco box, rolled a cigarette with deliberation, came up to me, saluted me politely, and lighted his cigarette from mine. It is the custom of the country, you know. Nobody has any matches. I suppose somebody did once, but since then everybody has gone on taking the sacred fire from everybody else.

Having made the second salutation of usage, the stranger showed no haste to be off. Indeed, after standing a moment, he sat down on another stone near me — not so near as a Greek would have done. From that, and from his silence, and from a certain easy awkwardness about him, I guessed that he was a Turk.

'Do you make postcards?' he asked at last.

'No,' I said, 'I am just taking a picture.'

'Ah, you have a whim.'

'Yes,' I assented, 'I have a whim.' And I smiled to myself in the dark at the pleasant idiom.

'Why do you take pictures now, when it is dark?' pursued my companion. 'There is a very pretty view from here in the daytime, but can your machine see it at night?'

I did not mind his inquisitiveness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was nothing eager or insistent about it. It was simple and natural, and there was a quality in it that I often feel in the Turks, of being able to take the preliminaries of life for granted. The man was evidently not of the higher classes, but neither was he of the lowest. I could make out that he wore European clothes and no collar.

'I want to get the lights of Ramazan,' I explained to him. 'I took one picture at sunset, so as to get the shape of Yeni Jami and the way the Golden Horn lies behind it, and afterwards I shall take another on the same plate, for the lights.'

'Ah!' he uttered, as if perfectly comprehending my whim. And after a pause he added, 'They must make a great feast at Yeni Jami to-night. They have not lighted one lamp yet.'

It was true. The minarets of St. Sophia, the Suleïmanieh, all the other great mosques that ride the crest of Stamboul, already wore their necklaces of gold beads, while mysterious pendants began to twinkle between them. We watched one spark after another spell 'O Mohammed!' above the dome of St. Sophia, and a golden flower grew out of the dark between the minarets of Baïezid.

'Do you come from far?' suddenly asked my companion.

'Yes,' I said, 'from America.'

'From America,' he repeated. I could see by his tone that the name did not suggest very much to him. 'I have been to many countries, but I have not been to America. How many days does it take to go?'

'Eh,' I replied, 'if you pay very much and go half the way by train you can do it in eight or nine days. If you go all the way by steamer it takes about three weeks.'

'Then it is not so far as Yemen,' remarked my companion.

'Oh, have you been to Yemen?' I asked in turn. 'I have been to many countries too, but I have never been to Yemen.'

'I never would have gone if I had known. But now they go most of the way by train.'

'Did n't you like the sea?' I ventured.

'Fire is for the brazier and water is for the cup,' returned my companion somewhat enigmatically.

A flicker came out against one of the dark lances of Yeni Jami, and then three small lamps — which were glass cups of oil with a floating wick — dropped into place one above another. Presently three more appeared beside them, and three more, until the lower gallery of the minaret was set off with its triple circlet of light. There was an interval, during which one could imagine a turbaned person picking his way up a corkscrew stair of stone, and the second gallery put on a similar ornament. I was wondering whether the turbaned person would have to climb all the way down to the ground and up into the other minaret, when lights began to flicker there too. But what I really wondered was what my companion meant by his odd proverb.

'Have you been much on the sea?' I asked, hoping to find out.

'Eh, my father was a stoker on the Leopard of the Sea, and when I was thirteen or fourteen I went on board too. The captain took a fancy to me, and when I grew up they made me a lieutenant. But we only went outside once; that time we went to Yemen.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, beginning to be interested in my man and resolving to seize him by the leg if he got up from his stone. 'What sort of a ship was the Leopard of the Sea?'

'Did n't you ever hear of her?' he asked in surprise. I did n't answer and he went on, 'She was not a battleship, if that is what you mean. They called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her a cruiser. She was an old steamer they bought in Europe. Sometimes she carried soldiers to the Dardanelles, but most of the time she lay in the Golden Horn.'

'How did she happen to go to Yemen?'

The experience of a lengthening career has taught me that information may sometimes be obtained by asking for it, and this time my strategy was successful.

'It was an idea of Sultan Hamid. One night, late, late, an aide-de-camp from the Palace came on board with an officer in chains, and said that we were to take him at once to Yemen. Ten minutes later another aide-de-camp came to say good-bye to the officer, from the Sultan, and to give him his promotion as general and to make him a present of five hundred pounds. They said he was a Circassian prince and that he had been plotting. It was a lie. But Sultan Hamid believed it. And how was he to know that you cannot start for Yemen like that, in ten minutes? It was not his trade. It was ours; but none of us were on board, and we had no coal, and no food, and nothing, and the people from the Palace said we must be gone before morning. So sailors came to wake us up — as many of us as they could find — and there was great calamity. And we did start before morning. We got a tug to pull us, and we went around to Küchük Chekmejeh, in the Marmora, and there we staid till we were ready to start. It took us two or three weeks. The machine was old and broken, and we had to get an Englishman to mend it. And the Leopard of the Sea had been lying so long in the harbor that no one could find her bottom. It was all grown with bushes and trees, like a garden. And what mussels grew in the garden! And what *pilaf* they made! We picked off all we could, and we ate them ourselves till we were sick of them, and we sold the rest. The mussels of the Leopard of the Sea were famous in Constantinople. Afterwards we were sorry we had sold the mussels though. When at last we started for Yemen each one of us had ten loaves of bread and some olives and cheese. We did n't know how long we would be on the way. At the end of three days we had only just passed the Dardanelles and the cheese and olives were gone. A day or two later the bread was gone too, though we were still far from Yemen.'

'How about water?' I asked.

'Water we had, thanks to God! We had a machine for making the water of the sea sweet. It was only food we did n't have. We had to stop at an island and get some.'

'What island was it?' pursued I, in curiosity, wondering how far the Leopard of the Sea got on ten loaves of bread a man.

'How should I know? It was an island in the White Sea.' By which he meant not our White Sea but the Mediterranean. 'I did n't ask the name. Greeks lived on it. The governor of course was a Turk. We were very sorry when we left it. The sea began to show himself after that. Until then we had not known him.'

'Were you sick?'

The darkness hid on my face the grin without which this question may not be asked.

'My soul! Who is not sick when the wind blows on the sea — unless he is accustomed? We were not accustomed. How should we be? We had never put our noses outside the Dardanelles. It was worst for the captain and me, because we had to stay on deck and steer whether we were sick or not. But we got accustomed by-and-by. And the captain taught me a little about the machine which points its finger at the Great Bear, and about the papers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wherein are written all the lands and islands of the earth. And after two or three weeks we found Egypt. It seemed to me a miracle. When I saw it lying white and flat on the edge of the sea and the captain said it was Egypt, I said to myself, How do we know that it is Egypt? It may be Persia. It may be England. But it was Egypt, thanks to God! And if it had not been for the Circassian I don't know what we would have done. He was a very good man. The aide-de-camp who brought him from the Palace said that he was to be kept shut up in a small room and that he was to eat nothing but bread and water. But we were all shut up and none of us had anything but bread and water, and not always that. And so the captain very soon let the Circassian do what he liked. And when we got to Egypt the Circassian bought food and coal for us, out of the money the Sultan had given him. For we had none. We had spent all we had at Küchük Chekmejeh and at the island. Then we went on, through the river that goes into the Arabian Sea. We had orders to take the Circassian to Jeddah, but at Suez they brought us a telegram telling us to go on without stopping to Hodeidah, and afterwards to bring the Circassian back to Jeddah. At Hodeidah however we found another telegram which said that we were to go on to Bassorah, for some soldiers.'

'To Bassorah!' I exclaimed.

I began to feel hopelessly choked up with questions. I wanted to know more about the Circassian. I wanted to know more about the captain. I wanted to know more about everything. The man whom chance had brought for a moment to a stone beside me had an Odyssey in him, if one could only get at it.

'To Bassorah, ya!' he said before I could stop him. 'And a time we had getting to Bassorah — more than two months. It was so hot we could not sleep at night, and again we had nothing to eat. And worst of all, the machine that made the water of the sea sweet got a hole in it, we used it so much, and after that the water was only partly sweet. And it was so bad we tried to find water on the land, and one night we went too near and sat.' (By which the lieutenant of the Leopard of the Sea meant that they ran aground.)

'We sat for two weeks, trying to get away. It was good that the wind did not blow in that time. In the end I don't know whether more water came into the sea or what happened, but all of a sudden we found that we could move. Then another calamity came on our heads. Although we had been sitting for two weeks we had been burning coal most of the time, trying to get away. So before we got to Bassorah no coal was left. The Circassian had bought more than we needed to get to Jeddah or even to Hodeidah, but we never expected to go any farther. So we spent all our time finding wood for the machine. We burned up all the doors, all the chairs, all the tables, all the boats. We cut down walls in the ship, we tore up decks. And then we only just got into the river of Bassorah.

'At Bassorah how good it was to put our feet on the earth! And if you knew what a country that is — hot, flat, dirty! They speak Arabic too, which none of us could understand but the Circassian. And thieves! We had already burned up most of the ship, but they would have stolen the rest if we had let them. So although we had come to land we still had no peace. And twelve hundred soldiers were waiting for us and expected to be taken away immediately. They had been in Arabia seven years, poor things, although when they went the government promised that they should stay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only three. There had been three thousand of them in the beginning. More than half of them had died, not from bullets but from the sun of that country and its poisonous air. And not one of them had been paid or had had a new uniform in seven years. You would have wept to see them — how ragged and thin they were, and how they begged us to pay them and take them away.

'How could we take them away or pay them? We had not been paid ourselves for four or five months, and we had no food or water or coal, and nobody would give us any. We went to the governor, we went to the general, we went to everybody; but not a *para* could we get. The Circassian still had a little money, most of which we used in telegraphing to Constantinople. And still no money came. We had to sell our watches, our clothes, anything we had left. One day we even sold two windows — you know the little round windows in the wall of a ship? A fat Arab wanted them for his house. What could we do? We had to live. We could n't find any others to take their places and so we nailed kerosene tins over the holes — one inside and one outside. They looked very funny, like blind eyes. They were at the bow, one on each side.'

My companion paused a moment, as if musing over the blind eyes of the Leopard of the Sea. Then he rolled himself another cigarette. I noticed for the first time that the minarets of Yeni Jami were fully alight, and that other lights were beginning to hang in the darkness between them.

'In the end it was the Circassian again who got us away from Bassorah. He gave the captain the last money he had and told him to telegraph to Sultan Hamid and say five hundred pounds must be sent to us immediately or we would go to Europe and set the Circassian free. How was Sultan Hamid in his palace to know that we had no coal and could not go to Europe if we wanted to? But the next day the governor came to the captain with five hundred pounds and a decoration, which he pinned on his coat with much speech, and invited him not to let the dangerous Circassian go. The dangerous Circassian was there listening with the others, and the governor liked to speak with him more than with any of us, because he was an *effendi* and knew all the people of the Palace. The governor after all, poor man, was no better than an exile himself.

'So at last we started back to Jeddah, with money in our pockets and bread in the cupboard and coal in the machine. The captain took care to put a lot in the place where the windows had been that he sold, to keep the tin tight against the wall of the ship. We got along very well that time. We reached Jeddah in forty-five days. Before we got there the captain told the Circassian that he would not give him to the governor but that he would give another man, one of the soldiers, and say it was the Circassian, and bring the Circassian back to Egypt and let him go. But the Circassian would not allow him. He said it was not just that another man should be punished in his place, and that they would find it out in Constantinople and punish the captain and the governor and there would be many calamities. Even when the captain wept and kissed his feet, the Circassian would not allow him. You see they had lived together for so many months and had suffered so much together that they had become friends. Ah, he was a very good man. Because he was a good man God rewarded him, as you will see.'

I did not see at once, however, for my companion stopped again. And when he went on it was not to give me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any essential light on the history of the mysterious Circassian.

'I told you about the soldiers we brought from Bassorah, who had been in Arabia seven years and who had never been paid. They were so glad to leave Bassorah that they made little noise about their money, and the general promised them that they would get it in Jeddah. But when they heard the story of the Circassian, how he telegraphed to Sultan Hamid and got money for us, they said it was a shame that he did n't get money for them too: they had gone seven years without a para. And when the general of Jeddah told them that they would be paid in Constantinople they made much noise. They would not believe that the general had no money, and they brought the Circassian into it again and said he must telegraph to Sultan Hamid. They could not understand! It was only when the general threatened to keep them in Yemen and send the Leopard of the Sea home without them that they were quiet.

'We were sorry to leave the Circassian in Jeddah, but we were glad to start away at last. It is the country of the Prophet, but, *vallah!* it is a dirty country! We came quickly enough up to Egypt. The Leopard of the Sea walked more slowly than ever, because the hole in the machine for making the water of the sea sweet spoiled the water, and the bad water spoiled the machine of the ship. Still, we went forward all the time. And in Egypt, thanks to God, there was no telegram. And our hearts became light when we came once more into the White Sea, where it seemed cold to us after Yemen. The captain said he would stop nowhere till we got to the Dardanelles, lest he should find a telegram. But our calamities were not quite done. It was because of the soldiers again. After they smelled the air of their country once more and ate bread every day, something came to them. They went to the captain one morning and said, "We wish to go to Beirout." The captain told them he could n't go to Beirout. He had orders to go to Constantinople. What did they wish in Beirout? They merely answered, "We wish to go to Beirout." And in the end they went to Beirout. What could the captain do? They were a thousand, with guns, and we were forty or fifty; and they were very angry. They said they were fools ever to have left Arabia without their money and they were tired of promises.

'So we went to Beirout. The soldiers told the captain that he need not mix in their business: they had thought of a thing to do. Only let him wait till they were ready to go. And half of them staid on the steamer to see that he did not go away and leave them. The other half went on shore and asked where was the governor's palace. Every one was much surprised to see six hundred ragged soldiers going to the governor's palace, and many followed them. When they reached the palace the soldiers asked for the governor. A servant told them that the governor was not there. "Never mind," said the soldiers, "we are six hundred, and on the ship there are six hundred more, and we will find the governor." Then they were told to wait a little and the governor would come. And the governor did come. For I suppose he was not pleased that there should be scandal in the city. Also it happened that he had very few soldiers of his own, because there was fighting in the Lebanon. He received the six hundred very politely, and gave them coffee and cigarettes, and asked them what he could do for them. And they told him their story, and what they had suffered, and how many of them had died, and that they had never been paid, and they said their hearts were broken and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they wished their money. The governor said they were right, and it was hard for a man to go seven years without being paid; still, he was not their general; how could he pay them? "You can telegraph to Sultan Hamid," they said, "and he will send you the money. We shall wait here till the answer comes." And they waited, the six hundred of them.

'They made no noise and frightened no one, but they sat there on the floor with their rifles on their knees, and smoked cigarettes with the soldiers of the governor — who pitied them and said they would never drive them away. And by and by the governor came back and said he had heard from Sultan Hamid, who said it was a sin that his children should be treated in that way, and they should have their money. And then he called a scribe, and they made an account, and the soldiers took the money. It came to eight or nine thousand pounds. And a mistake was made by the scribe, and some soldiers got too little, and the governor gave them what was owed. And the soldiers said they were glad they had not been paid in seven years — to get so much now.

'The captain was not pleased by this work, for it put us back many days and he thought Sultan Hamid might be angry if he got too many telegrams asking for money. However, the captain was pleased and we were all pleased to get away from Beirout with no more trouble. But of course the soldiers were the most pleased, who smelled their own country again after seven years, and who had their money at last. They sat on the deck all day counting it, and singing, and some had pipes which they played, and those who were Laz or Kurds or Albanians danced the dances of their country. But before long the sea began to dance, and then they stopped. And by-and-by, the wind blew so hard they could not stay on deck. We did not mind, because we were accustomed; and the wind was from the south, which helped us. But they were not accustomed, and they were very sick. The ship was so small and they were so many that downstairs there was no room to turn without stepping on a sick soldier. And water poured down from above, and they all got soaked as they lay on the floor. If we had not burned up all the sofas and tables and chairs in the sea of Bassorah there never would have been beds enough for them. And at last there came a night when even the captain and I began to think. The ship went this side, the ship went the other side, waves rolled back and forth in the cabin, everywhere there were cracks and macks till we thought the Leopard of the Sea would crack in two. By God, it was a night of much fear. But what is there more than *kismet?* It was our kismet that that also should pass.'

I saw it was time to open the shutter of my camera, for the lights between the minarets of Yeni Jami had grouped themselves into the image of a ship. It seemed an odd coincidence. When I sat down again on my stone, after pinching the bulb, the lieutenant of the Leopard of the Sea continued to stare abstractedly at the little bark of gold sailing in the dark sky.

'Who shall escape his destiny?' he uttered at length. 'For six months we had had no peace. We had lacked bread. We had suffered storms. We had sat on the floor of the sea. We had been burned and frozen. We had been robbed. We had been worse off than beggars. We had been unjustly treated. We had eaten all manner of dung. But no harm had come to us, thanks to God! And the morning after that night was like a morning of paradise. The sun was bright and warm. The sea was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blue, blue. There was no wind. There were hardly any waves, for we were among the islands again. We could see on them the flowers of almond trees and peach trees. The soldiers said they heard the birds. They had forgotten all their calamities, the soldiers, and were sitting on the deck again, counting their gold, singing, playing pipes, dancing. And in front of us we could see the mountains of the Dardanelles.'

He sighed, telling the beads of the string he carried as he went over the memory in his mind.

'There was only one thing. The Leopard of the Sea sat very low in the water. Why not, after the rivers that came in the night before? I thought nothing of it. We pumped, but we did n't mind because we were so near home. I saw, though, that the captain was thinking. I asked him if he was afraid they would make trouble for us about the telegrams and the money. Sultan Hamid often did things for reasons that were not apparent, and he never forgot.

'"God love you!" said the captain. "I think nothing of that. But do you remember those windows we sold in Bassorah? Those are what make me think. We needed bread then, it is true, and no one can blame us. Also we nailed the tin on very tightly. But in the storm I kept thinking of them. And you see the bow now is lower than the stern. Those blind eyes are under water."

'"They will still see the way to Stamboul," I told him. "There is plenty of coal behind the tin."

'"Yes," he said, "but coal is like rice. It drinks up water, more and more, without your knowing it."

'"Eh, if we have a *pilaf* of coal in the ship, what matter?" I said.

'He laughed.

'"I would not mind so much if we had not burned the boats. Just look downstairs and see if there is much water about."

'I looked, and I could n't find any to speak of. I went down to the engine room, without telling them why I came, and there was very little. What they were thinking of down there was the machine. It had become more and more rotten, from the bad water, till it would hardly work. The door of our house was open in front of us, but when we would have run to it like boys, the Leopard of the Sea could only walk, slowly, slowly, like an old man.'

He had left out enormously, and I realized in the end that I had small notion what manner of man he was himself. But I am bound to say that he did make vivid, as we squatted there on our neighborly stones, the final case of the Leopard of the Sea.

'Why should I make much speech? The old man never found the door of his house. It was because of his blind eyes. But until the last moment we hoped we might get to the Dardanelles. The sea became more and more quiet. It was more beautiful than anything I have ever seen, like blue jewels with light shining through them. A great purple island stood not far away, and white houses were on it. And sails played like children on the floor of the sea. It was so beautiful and so still that the soldiers were not frightened. They noticed that the ship settled in the water, but the captain told them it was nothing. He asked me what we should do — whether we should let off steam to keep the machine from blowing up. We finally decided not to. We might reach land after all, and steamers and ships were all about us. While if we let off steam and signaled for help, there would be much confusion and the soldiers might make another calamity; for they were very simple. "*Akh!* if they only had n't made us go to Beirout!" the captain said. "We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have been at home by this time." But we were very sorry for them.'

He stopped again for a moment, yet I knew in my perverted literary heart that it was wholly without melodramatic intent.

'The sun set. Night came — a warm night of stars. I remember how they looked, and how the soldiers sang on the deck, and then how the Leopard of the Sea suddenly began to run — but down, pitching forward.'

I wondered many things, but chiefly if he would say anything more. It seemed indecent to ask him. Presently he did, though not just what I hoped. First, however, he leaned over and patted the ground.

'The earth!' he said. 'The earth! I like to feel that under my feet!'

Then he got up, made me a courteous salaam, and left me on my stone to stare at the little ship of light hanging over the dark mosque.

THE FALLACY OF ETHICS

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

A YEAR ago I received a printed letter from America which contained a problem in ethics, and the sender proposed that I should answer it. He added that he had sent the same conundrum to many notable people and that he hoped that by collating the replies he would arrive at an absolute answer. I have unfortunately lost the printed letter, but it ran something like this:—

'A is a good boy, B is a bad boy. When A and B are together, B breaks a window notwithstanding A's remonstrance. The teacher finds the broken window and suspects that A knows who broke it. Should A tell? And should the teacher bring pressure to bear on A to make him tell?'

My correspondent supposed there was an answer that was always true; he was in search of the absolute.

There is, I suppose, nothing that men have searched for, hoped for, tried for, from the beginning as they have for the absolute. They have dreamed of an absolute happiness; they have imagined an absolute ethic as a means to that happiness.

Very early man began it by making proverbs and wise sayings. These are some of them common to most peoples:

Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Well begun is half done.

Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

A burnt child dreads the fire.

It is better to be lucky than wise.

These proverbs rejoiced him for a time. They seemed so true. He could see that in experience they were sometimes true, and he closed his eyes to the fact that the exceptions were as numerous as the examples. He hoped that he was finding absolute truth, that he was reducing life to formulæ so that he need not think about anything, and the idea made him happy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfortunately there were other proverb-makers as true as the first, and they made these proverbs: —

More haste, less speed.

Happy the wooing that's not long in doing.

Fine before seven, wet before eleven.

Point de zéle.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

Fortune's best gift is wisdom.

All his truths were thus contradicted by other truths. For unfortunately these second proverbs were as good as the former. They were just as true, had just as many examples and just as many exceptions. It was exasperating to be thus driven out of his complacency, and early man was angry. 'Neither of them is completely true,' he declared, 'therefore both are false. They are false because they are both exaggerations. The truth lies between. A curse on both your houses; "in medio tutissimus ibo."'

That was a saying that filled him with delight because of its evident soundness and balance. 'That is matured wisdom,' he thought: 'avoid all extremes; go slowly and carefully and safely.' It was in fact the beginning of philosophy, though unfortunately not the end of it.

It was, however, the end of every early man who believed and practiced it.

Fighting was common in those days, and there were only two kinds of early man who survived at all. One kind was he who went into battle determined to conquer or to die; the second was he who was equally determined, if he could not conquer, to run away. The philosopher who went to battle half-heartedly had it in him neither to conquer nor run away, but was always killed and was generally eaten afterwards. So that fixed ethics led a precarious existence in those stirring times. Still they did not die, and ever with increasing civilization they increased as well.

Then they took the form of religions taught by priests.

They came to him in one form or another and said, 'You have not found the absolute truth? No, of course you have not. You could not. Absolute truth cannot be found. It can only be revealed. It has been so revealed to us. We know the absolute. Do what we tell you and all will be well.'

And man at first willingly resigned himself. 'It is hard work thinking, therefore let the priests do it for me. It seems an endless labor, saving myself; let the priests save me. Now responsibility is off my shoulders I shall be happy and free.'

But he soon found that he was neither. He had sold himself into a spiritual bondage, and to his surprise this did not make him happy. However hard he tried, there was something in his soul that would not accept this state of things. There was a criticizing spirit that would not accept as truth what it was told, a spirit of independence that kept whispering in his ear, 'You alone are a true judge of what is true for you. No one can judge for you because no one can *be* you. Can't you feel that a great deal of what they tell you is n't true?'

But this was not all. It was not merely, or even mainly, that what faiths told him and priests bade him and ethics directed was not true, for sometimes it was true; it was that it was as bad when it was true as when it was untrue.

For the same inner voice he feared so much would not be still, would not submit. It wanted the mastery of itself, not that others should have it. 'Think,' it said aloud. 'Say you do well. If others bade you, to whom the profit? Not to you. Obedience profiteth nothing. That which profiteth a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man is what he himself thinks, what his soul determines and no other. If you obey others you kill me, because I must have air and exercise and see the light. Would you sell your soul for a lot of maxims? What will it profit you if you go safely through life by listening to others? The object of life is accomplishment, not safety; yet again, at the end it is not what you have done or left undone that avails, but what you are, what your soul is. And what shall I be if you make me a slave, bind me in chains and drive me down into the dark? I am the Inward Light. If you put me out, wherewith can you be lighted?'

Man was afraid and tried to kill this critic, tried with all his might, and the faiths helped him with all *their* might.

Yet it lived.

And not only lived but forced him, willy-nilly, from the enervating air of these soul-lethal chambers back into the outer air again.

He would much rather not have gone, but he had to go.

Therefore faiths failed him, but he would not learn from that. 'Truth is evidently not revealed,' he admitted, reverting to his first idea; 'it must be found. The world must find it, for no doubt it's there. I want an absolute rule of conduct, so that in every difficulty I shall only have to turn to it and find out what to do. It must be fixed and absolute, the same for all. No doubt there is such a rule.'

That was his ideal. He did not wish the daily labor of thought, of sight. He did not want to guide himself; he was afraid to do so. He wanted rigid rails of conduct on which to run as a locomotive does: rails he would never leave even to avoid collision, rails leading only to a bourne where thought and freedom never come, where eyes are useless in that dark, and the ideal is the machine.

Then arose philosophies and systems of ethics. 'Wise' men worked at these, work at them yet, and make out systems for the world to follow. These systems are innumerable.

Man has found not one but hundreds of ethics, and then has gone on to find that they were no good. The wrong turned out right quite as often as wrong. The more surely he found absolute truth, the more certainly he discovered it to be absolute falsehood. There was once a great philosopher, greatest, they say, of modern times; he found one ethic — 'Always speak the truth.' It sounded well, for truth is truth. But is it possible? That carping critic in Man's soul would not be silent. 'If,' he asked, 'when you were walking on a moor you met a fugitive, an honest honorable man, escaping from would-be murderers, and you saw him hide; then came the murderers and demanded from you where their victim hid, — would you declare the truth?'

'I would,' he answered, stubbornly refusing to leave his rails of conduct.

'And make yourself accessory to a vile murder?'

'I would.'

But the world cried scorn upon him, forced thereto by that within souls which never will be killed.

Yet again there are cases where truth would stand higher even than a man's life.

Systems of ethics! How many have we seen which have been true? Not one, nor in one detail. If in any part a half-truth was obtained it was exceptional. Any ethic is partly true sometimes, a few are true often, and none always.

Do not kill? Must not the soldier kill, the policeman, the man acting in self-defense? And there are still more exceptions, which can never be reduced to rule.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Must the soldier always kill, the policeman, or he who acts in self-defense? Go out into the world and see. The nearest you can get to any rule in this matter is this: 'You must not kill unless by killing you prevent a greater evil.' But what is a greater evil, and whether killing will prevent it, depends on time and place and persons.

I suppose no man has sought more insistently, more sincerely, and more carefully for a system of right and wrong than did the author of Ecclesiastes. Did he find it? Hear what he said: —

'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

'A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

'A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

'A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

'A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

'A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.'

So wrote he that was the Preacher, that there is no emotion that is not good in its place and in its time.

And did he say how that place and time could be discovered? Did he lay down any rule for discovering the time to love and the time to hate, the time to kill and the time to save alive? He did not; he knew that there is no such rule, nor can be.

There are no ethics worth a thought; there cannot be. At the best any generalization is but an average, therefore never quite true even of one instance, and it will have as many exceptions as inclusions. And *prima facie* no one can tell which is an inclusion or which an exception, because there never have been, never are, and never can be two cases quite the same. Life is not dead but living; it has no fixed data; change is life and life is change. How can there be finality in change?

Then there is law.

To those who have had no experience of courts and laws, they seem most excellent. Are they not courts of justice? Are not the laws the wisdom of the wisest men distilled in wisest words? Are not offenses all defined with the greatest care, made absolute, so that there can be no doubt when a man has committed a crime, that it is a crime and even a specially labeled crime? To the public of most countries their laws stand for wisdom and their courts for justice, — but to those within them, it is not so.

'I do not sit here to administer justice but law,' a great judge said. They are two very different things, as different as a body and a soul. Let us consider the body.

If law were justice, why a jury? The law is clear; a judge can tell far better than a jury when according to law a crime is proved or not. He has no bias. No one doubts that our judges are honest, able, honorable men; why then a jury?

To stand between the accused person and the law.

If the law were justice there would be no need, but the law is not justice. No one who knows it thinks it is or can be.

'The law is a ass, a idiot,' complained Bumble when he found himself confronted with one of the assumptions which underlie law, which are supposed to be true always and which are so only sometimes. And every one who has had to go to law echoes his complaint. You cannot apply the absolute to human affairs because you cannot standardize humanity. It changes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it evolves, and what was true yesterday is not so to-day; what is true for you is not so for me.

Therefore the world has failed, must always fail, to find the absolute. Because the absolute means death, and only death. It is the end, but life has never any end.

You cannot standardize human conduct because that would destroy life. You cannot have a fixed ethic because that would do away with thought and judgment.

There may at the best be generalizations which are useful if it be remembered that they are never completely true. Man's true guide is his conscience, that which is in him when he is born, which should be cultivated all his life.

That is the Inward Light, and this is what was written about it, maybe three thousand years ago: —

'What light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Sun's light, O King,' said he; ''t is with the sun for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, and cometh back.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Moon's light, O King,' said he; ''t is with the moon for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work and cometh back.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down, when the moon hath gone down, what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Fire's light, O King,' said he; ''t is with fire for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, and cometh back.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down, when the moon hath gone down, when the fire is stilled, what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Voice's light, O King. 'T is with Voice for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, cometh back. Therefore when a voice is uplifted thither he goeth, albeit he cannot behold there his own hand.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down, when the moon hath gone down, when the fire is stilled, when the voice is hushed, what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'The light of Self, O King,' said he; ''t is with self for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, cometh back.'

'What is the Self?'

'It is the Man-Soul made of understanding amid the Breaths, the Inward Light within the heart; he becometh an understanding dream and fareth beyond this world.'

But if you have never cultivated this Inward Light, if you have no oil for that lamp, wherein it burns, no judgment, no self-confidence, with what will you light yourself?

And there is no better way to kill it than by teaching any fixed ethic as the absolute.

That brings me back to the conundrum with which I started. What is the answer? There is of course no answer. It would depend on A's, on B's, on the teacher's personalities, on innumerable circumstances of time and place and other persons, on antecedents and on probable consequences. How can you have a fixed answer to meet all contingencies? Men are not machines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DESERTED PASTURE

BY BLISS CARMAN

I LOVE the stony pasture
That no one else will have.
The old gray rocks so friendly seem,
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation
It watches through the year,
Seeing the frosty stars arise,
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,
Its choristers the birds,
And there are secrets in its heart
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls,
Though long ago its milking herds
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,
For buttercups in May,
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given
To making good increase,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And now its soul is turned again
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime
The violets are blue,
And adder-tongues in coats of gold
Are garmented anew.

There bayberry and aster
Are crowded on its floors,
When marching summer halts to praise
The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes
In gorgeous livery, —
In purple ash, and crimson oak,
And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter
Their bugle blasts begin,
I watch the white battalions come
To pitch their tents therein.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FASHIONS IN MEN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

NEVER, I fancy, has it been more true than it is to-day, that fiction reflects life. The best fiction has always given us a kind of precipitate of human nature — *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones* are equally 'true,' and true, in a sense, for all time; but our modern books give us every quirk and turn of the popular ideal, and fifty years hence, if read at all, may be too 'quaint' for words. And to any one who has been reading fiction for the last twenty years, it is cryingly obvious that fashions in human nature have changed.

My first novel was *Jane Eyre;* and at the age of eight, I fell desperately in love with Fairfax Rochester. No instance could serve better to point the distance we have come. I was not an extraordinary little girl (except that, perhaps, I was extraordinarily fortunate in being permitted to encounter the classics in infancy), and I dare say that if I had not met Mr. Rochester, I should have succumbed to some imaginary gentleman of a quite different stamp. It may be that I should have fallen in love — had time and chance permitted — with 'V. V.' or The Beloved Vagabond. But I doubt it. In the first place, novels no longer assume that it is the prime business of the female heart (at whatever age) to surrender itself completely to some man. Consequently, the men in the novels of to-day are not calculated, as they once were, to hit the fluttering mark. The emotions are the last redoubt to be taken, as modern tactics direct the assault.

People are always telling us that fashions in women have changed: what seems to me almost more interesting is that fashions in men (the stable sex) have changed to match. The new woman (by which I mean the very newest) would not fall in love with Mr. Rochester. It is therefore 'up to' the novelists to create heroes whom the modern heroine will fall in love with. This, to the popular satisfaction, they have done. And not only in fiction have the men changed; in life, too, the men of to-day are quite different. I know, because my friends marry them.

It is immensely interesting, this difference. One by one, the man has sloughed off his most masculine (as we knew them) characteristics. Gone are Mr. Rochester, who fought the duel with the vicomte at dawn, and Burgo Fitzgerald (the only love of that incomparable woman, Lady Glencora Palliser), who breakfasted on curaçao and pâté de foie gras. No longer does Blanche Ingram declare, 'An English hero of the road would be the next best thing to an Italian bandit, and that could only be surpassed by a Levantine pirate.' Blanche Ingram wants — and gets — the Humanitarian Hero: some one who has particular respect for convicts and fallen women, and whose favorite author is Tolstoï. He must qualify for the possession of her hand by long, voluntary residence in the slums; he may inherit ancestral acres only if he has, concerning them, socialistic intentions. He must be too altruistic to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kill grouse, and if he is to be wholly up-to-date, he must refuse to eat them. He must never order 'pistols and coffee': his only permitted weapon is benevolent legislation.

I do not mean that he is to be a milksop — 'muscular Christianity' has at least taught us that it is well for the hero to be in the pink of condition, as he may any day have a street fight on his hands. And he should have the tongue of men and of angels. Gone is the inarticulate Guardsman — gone forever. The modern hero has read books that Burgo Fitzgerald and Guy Livingstone and Mr. Rochester never heard of. He is ready to address any gathering, and to argue with any antagonist, until dawn. He is, preferably, personally unconscious of sex until the heroine arrives; but he is by no means effeminate. He is a very complicated and interesting creature. Some mediæval traits are discernible in him; but the eighteenth century would not have known him for human.

What has he lost, this hero, and what has he gained? How did it all begin? In life, doubtless, it began with a feminine change of taste. Brilliant plumage has ceased to allure; and, I suspect, the peacock's tail, as much as the anthropoid ape's, is destined to elimination. We women of to-day are distrustful of the peacock's tail. We are mortally afraid of being misled by it, and of discovering, too late, that the peacock's soul is not quite the thing. Never has there been among the feminine young more scientific talk about sex, and never among the feminine young such a scientific distrust of it. Before a young woman suspects that she wants to marry a young man, she has probably discussed with him, exhaustively, the penal code, white slavery, eugenics, and race-suicide. The miracle — the everlasting miracle of Nature — is that she should want, in these circumstances, to marry him at all. She probably does not, unless his views have been wholly to her satisfaction. And with those views, what has the perpetual glory of the peacock's tail to do?

So much for life. In our English fiction, I am inclined to believe that George Eliot began it with Daniel Deronda. But, in our own day, Meredith did more. Up to the time of Meredith, the dominant male was the fashionable hero. Tom Jones, and Sir Charles Grandison, and Fairfax Rochester, and 'Stunning' Warrington are as different as possible; but all of them, in their several ways, keep up one male tradition in fiction. It is within our own day that that tradition has entirely changed. Have you ever noticed how inveterately, in Meredith's novels, the schoolmaster or his spiritual kinsman comes out on top? Lord Ormont cannot stand against Matey Weyburn, Lord Fleetwood against Owain Wythan, Sir Willoughby Patterne against Vernon Whitford. The little girl who fell in love with Mr. Rochester would have preferred any one of these gentlemen (yes, even Sir Willoughby!) to his rival; but I dare say the event would have proved her wrong. Certainly the wisdom of the ladies' choice was never doubtful to Meredith himself. The soldier and the aristocrat cannot endure the test they are put to by the sympathetic male with a penchant for the enfranchised woman. Vain for Lord Ormont to accede to Aminta's taste for publicity; vain for Lord Fleetwood to become the humble wooer of Carinthia Jane: each has previously been convicted of pride.

Now, in an earlier day, no woman would have looked at a man who was not proud — who was not, even, a little too proud. Pride, by which Lucifer fell, was the chief hall-mark of the gentleman. Moreover, in that earlier day,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women did not expect their heroes to explain everything to them: a certain amount of reticence, a measure of silence, was also one of the hall-marks of the gentleman. If a bit of mystery could be thrown in, so much the better. It gave her something to exercise her imagination on. Think of the Byronic males — Conrad, Lara, and the rest! If they had told all, where would they have been? Think of Lovelace and Heathcote and Darcy and Brian de Bois Guilbert!

Heroes, once, were always disdaining to speak, and spurning their foes. Nowadays, no hero disdains to speak, and no hero ventures to spurn anyone — least of all, his foes. He is humble of heart and very loquacious. Mrs. Humphry Ward has inherited from George Eliot; and the latest heroes of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Hewlett, for example, are the children of Vernon Whitford, Matey Weyburn, and Owain Wythan (of whom it is not explicitly written that they had any others). They are humanitarian and democratic; they are ignorant of hatred; they are inclined to think the ill-born necessarily better than the well-born; and they are quite sure that women are superior to men. True, Mr. Galsworthy always seems to be looking backward; he never forgets the ancient tradition that he is combating. His young aristocrats who eschew the ways of aristocracy are unhappy, and virtue in their case is 'its only reward.' Perhaps that is why his novels always leave us with the medicinal taste of inconclusion in our mouths. But take a handful of heroes elsewhere: the Reverend John Hodder, the ex-convict, 'Daniel Smith,' 'V. V.', or even Coryston, the Socialist peer. Where, in the lot of them, do you find either pride or reticence in the old sense? Where, in any one of them, do you find the Satanic charm? Which one would Harriet Byron, or Jane Eyre, or Catherine Earnshaw, or Elizabeth Bennett, have looked at with eyes of love?

The 'Satanic charm.' The phrase is out. Milton, I suspect, is responsible for the tradition that has lasted so long, and is now being broken utterly to pieces. Milton made Satan delightful, and our good Protestant novelists for a long time followed his lead, in that they gave their delightful men some of the Satanic traits. Proud they were and scornfully silent, as we have recalled; and conventional to the last degree. 'Conventional,' that is, in the stricter sense; by which it is not meant that as portraits they were unconvincing, or that, as men, they never offended Mrs. Grundy. They were conventional in that they followed a convention; in that they were, to a large extent, predicable. They were jealous of their honor, and believed it vindicable by the duel; they had no doubt that good women were better than bad, and that pedigree in human beings was as important as pedigree in animals; and though they might be quixotic on occasion, they were not democratic *pour deux sous*. The barmaid was not their sister, nor the stevedore their brother. (The Satan of *Paradise Lost*, as we all remember, was a splendid snob.)

Moreover, they were sophisticated — and not merely out of books. The Faust idea, having prevailed for many centuries, has at last been abandoned — and perhaps, our sober sense may tell us, rightly; but not so long ago there was still something more repellent to the female imagination about the man who chose not to know, than about the man who chose not to abstain. I do not mean that we were supposed always to be looking for a Tom Jones or a Roderick Random — we might be looking for a Sir Charles Grandison, no less; but at least, when we found our hero, we expected to find

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him wiser than we. Nowadays, a girl rather likes to give a man points — and often (in fiction, at least) has to. Meredith railed against the 'veiled virginal doll' as heroine. Well: our heroines now are never veiled virginal dolls; but sometimes our heroes are. Lancelot has gone out, and Galahad has come in. I suspect that there is a literary law of compensation, and that, Ibsen and Strindberg to the contrary notwithstanding, there has to be a veiled virginal doll somewhere in a really taking romance. Perhaps it is fair that the sterner sex should have its turn at guarding ideals by the hearthstone, while women make the grand tour.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not referring particularly to that knowledge which any man is better without, but to the Odyssean experience which, in their respective measures, heroes were wont to have behind them: —

> 'And saw the cities, and the counsels knew
> . . . . . .
> Of many men, and many a time at sea
> Within his heart he bore calamity.'

They had at least seen the towns and the minds of men, and their morals were the less likely to be upset by a conventional assault upon them. Does any one chance to remember, I wonder, Theron Ware, led to his 'damnation' by his first experience of a Chopin nocturne? It would have taken more than a Chopin nocturne to make any of our seasoned heroes do something that he did not wish to. They knew something of society, and *ergo* of women; they had experienced, directly or vicariously, human romance; and they had read history. Nowadays, they are apt to know little or nothing — to begin with — of society, women, or romance, except what may be got from brand-new books on sociology; and they pride themselves on knowing no history. History, with its eternal stresses and selections, is nothing if not aristocratic, and our heroes nowadays must be democratic or they die. It is an age of complete faith in the superiority of the lower classes — the swing of the pendulum, no doubt, from the other extreme of thinking the lower classes morally and æsthetically negligible. 'Privilege' is as detestable now in matters of intellect and breeding as in matters of finance and politics. The man with the muck-rake has got past the office into the drawing-room. If your hero has the bad luck not to have been born in the slums, he must at least have the wit to take up his habitation there as soon as he comes of age. We have learned that riches are corrupting, but (except in the special sense of vice-commission reports) we have not yet learned that poverty is rather more corrupting than wealth.

Sophistication, whether social, intellectual, or æsthetic, is now the deadly sin. If we are sophisticated, we may not be good enough for Ellis Island. And there goes another of the hall-marks of the gentleman as he was once known to fiction. Our hero in old days might not have condescended to the glittering assemblies of fashion, but there was never any doubt that, if he had, he would, in spite of himself, have been king of his company as soon as he entered the room. He might have been hard up, but his necktie would not have been 'a black sea holding for life a school of fat white fish.' He might have been lonely or gloomy, but he would not have been diffident, and he would never, never, *never* have 'blinked' at the heroine. 'My godlike friend had carelessly put his hair-brush into the butter,' says Asticot, at the outset, of the Beloved Vagabond. Now in picaresque novels, we were always meeting people who did that sort of thing; but they were not gentlemen. Whereas, the Beloved Vagabond is of noble birth, and despite his ten years'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abeyance, finds the countess quite ready to marry him. She does not marry him in the end, to be sure, but we are permitted to feel that there was something lacking in her because Paragot's manners at tea did not please her.

The hero of old had what used to be called 'a sense of fitness,' and a saving sense of humor, which combined to prevent his entering a ballroom as John the Baptist. The same lucky combination would have prevented him — in literature, at least — from wooing the millionaire's child with dusty commonplaces of the Higher Criticism or jeremiads against the daughters of Heth. But perhaps millionaires' children today take that sort of thing for manners. To the argument that a performance of the kind takes courage, one can only reply that, judging from the enthusiasm with which the preaching hero is received by the heroine, it apparently does not. And in any case, the hero is too sublimely ignorant of what socially constitutes courage to deserve any credit for it.

Sometimes, of course, like Mr. Galsworthy's men, he perceives, with some inherited sense, that his kind of thing is not likely to be welcomed; and then he goes sadly and sternly away, leaving the girl to accept a wooer with more technique. But usually he cuts out everybody. For the chief hall-mark of a gentleman, now, is the desire to reform his own class out of all recognition.

Women, as we know, have long wanted to be talked to as if they were men; and the result is that heroines now let themselves be lectured at in a way that very few men would endure. Alison Parr marries the Rev. John Hodder, and Carlisle Heth would have married V. V. if he had lived. Well: Clara Middleton married Vernon Whitford, and Carinthia Jane married Owain Wythan, and Aminta married Matey Weyburn.

I may have seemed to be speaking cynically. That, I can give my word of honor, I am not. It is well that we have come to realize that there are some adventures which, in themselves, add no lustre to a man's name. It is well that we take thought for the lower strata of humanity — though our actual reforms, I fancy, show their authors as taking thought not for to-morrow but for to-day. Certainly brutality, or the indifference which is negative brutality, is not a beautiful or a moral thing; and certainly we do not particularly sympathize with Thackeray shedding tears as he went away from his publishers because they had obliged him to save Pendennis's chastity. That dreadful person, Arthur Pendennis, would surely not have been made any less dreadful by being permitted to seduce Fanny Bolton.

It is right to think of the poor; it is right to bend our energies, as citizens, to the economic bettering of their lot. No one could sanely regret our doing so. But there is always danger in saying the thing which is not, and in pretending that because some virtues have hitherto not been recognized, the virtues that have been recognized are no good. One sympathizes with Towneley (in that incomparable novel *The Way of All Flesh*) when Ernest asks him, —

'"Don't you like poor people very much yourself?"

'Towneley gave his face a comical but good-natured screw and said quietly, but slowly and decidedly, "No, no, no," and escaped.

'Of course, some poor people were very nice, and always would be so, but as though scales had fallen suddenly from his eyes he saw that no one was nicer for being poor, and that between the upper and lower classes there was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gulf which amounted practically to an impassable barrier.'

It is a great pity that Samuel Butler did not live longer and write more novels. But in regretting him, we shall do well to remember that though publication was delayed until some time after the author's death, the bulk of *The Way of All Flesh* was written in the '70's. *The Way of all Flesh* is not sympathetic to the contemporary mood; it is one of those books so much ahead of its time (except perhaps in ecclesiastical matters) that the time has not yet caught up with it. It was doomed inevitably to an interval of oblivion. The case reminds one of *Richard Feverel.*

Only in one way is *The Way of All Flesh* quite contemporary. The hero thinks so well of the prostitute that he marries her. On the other hand, to be sure, he bitterly regrets it, which is not contemporary. I do not mean that the hero's marrying her is especially in the literary fashion, but his thinking well of her is. You will notice that in our moral fever we do not leave the prostitute out of our novels — no, indeed: she must be there to give spice, as of old. Only now, instead of being entangled with her, the young gentleman preaches to her; and she loves him for it. Perhaps this is what happens nowadays in real life. I do not pretend to know; but I suspect it is true, for I fancy the only kind of person who could invent the contemporary plot is the kind who would live it. The wildest imaginings of the people who are made differently would hardly stretch to it. And not only does the hero find himself immensely touched by the tragedy of the disreputable woman, — which is, after all, in certain cases plausible enough, — he burns to introduce his fiancée to her. Now that, again, may be life, — Mr. Winston Churchill, for example, should know better than I, — but it is certainly a world with the sense of values gone wrong. And when we have lost our sense of values, we shall presently lose the values as well. The girl herself is often to blame: did not the fiancée of Simon de Gex go of her own initiative to see the animal-tamer, and come away to renounce him, convinced that the animal-tamer was the nobler woman? Which, emphatically, she was not. But then, as we know from long experience of Mr. Locke, he cannot keep his head with circus-people about; and sawdust is incense to him. Let Mr. Locke have his little foibles by all means; but even Mr. Locke should not have made the spoiled darling of society marry the animal-tamer (one side of her face having been nearly clawed off) and *then* go with her into city missionary work. Yet I do not believe it is really Mr. Locke's fault. The public at present loves as a sister the woman with a past; and loves city missionary work, if possible, more.

The fact is that with all our imitation of Meredith — and every one who is not imitating Tolstoï is imitating Meredith — he has failed to save us. We have taken all his prescriptions blindly — except one. We have emancipated our women and emasculated our men; we have cast down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree; we have learned all the Radical shibboleths and say them for our morning prayers; and we have faced the fact of sex so squarely that we can hardly see anything else. But we have not learned his saving hatred of the sentimentalist. Miss May Sinclair has admirably pointed out in her study of the *Three Brontës* that Charlotte Brontë was exceedingly modern in her detestation of sentimentality. Modern she may have been — with Meredith; but not modern with the present novelists, for they are almost too sentimental to be endured. And there is the whole trouble. We think

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thackeray an old fool for being sentimental over Amelia Sedley; but how does it better the case to be sentimental, instead, over the heroine of *The Promised Land?* Amelia Sedley was all in all a much nicer person, if not half so clever. She may have sniveled a good deal, but she was capable of loving some one else better than herself.

Of course, I have cited only a few instances — those that happened to come most easily to mind. But let any reader of fiction run over mentally a group of contemporary heroes, and see if the substitutions I have named have not pretty generally taken place. Has not pride given way to humility, reticence to glibness, class-consciousness to a wild democracy, the code of manners to an uncouth unworldliness, and honor in the old sense to a burning passion for reform — 'any old' reform? Do not these men lead us into the heterogeneous company of the unclassed of both sexes — and ask us to look upon them as saints in motley? Has not the world of fiction changed in the last twenty years? The hero in old days sometimes fell foul of the law by getting into debt. But we were not supposed, therefore, to be on his side against the law. Now, the hero does not, perhaps, get into legal difficulties himself, but he is always passionately on the side of the people whom laws were devised to protect the respectable from. The scientific tendency to consider that aristocracy consists merely in freedom from certain physical taints has permeated fiction. 'Is not one man as good as another?' asked the demagogue. 'Of course he is, and a great deal better!' replied the excited Irishman in the crowd. We are in the thick of a popular mania for thinking all the undesirables 'a good deal better.' The modern hero is, to my mind, in intention, if not in execution, an admirable figure; and though one rather expects him any day to give his whole fortune for a gross of green spectacles, one will not, for that, find him any less likable. Some day he will rediscover the Dantesque hierarchy of souls implicit in humanity. And then, perhaps, he will get back his charm.

Some one is probably bursting to observe that we have a school of realists at hand; and that no one can accuse Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett of sentimentality — also that we have Mr. Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Masefield as mounted auxiliaries in the field. I grant Mr. Bennett; I am not so sure about Mr. Wells. But certainly Mr. Wells is not sentimental as Mr. William de Morgan, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Meredith Nicholson, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. H. S. Harrison, and Miss Ellen Glasgow are sentimental. If he is sentimental at all, it is rather over ideas than people. (Mr. Masefield, I am inclined to think, is simply catering to the special audience that Thomas Hardy, by his silence, has left gaping and empty.) Let us look into the matter a little. 'Sentimental' is one of the most difficult catchwords in the world to define; and you can get a roomful of intelligent people quarreling over it any time. Perhaps, for our purposes, it will serve merely to say that the sentimentalist is always, in one way or another, disloyal to facts. He cannot be trusted to give a straight account, because his own sense of things is more valuable to him than the truth. He has come in on the top of the pragmatic wave, and the sands of Anglo-Saxondom are strewn thick with him. He serves, in Kipling's phrase, the God of Things as They Ought to Be (according to his private feeling). His own perversion may be æsthetic, or intellectual, or moral, or sociological, but he is always recognizable by his tampering with truth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, Mr. Wells does tamper with truth. He did it, for example, in the case of Ann Veronica. He wanted Ann Veronica to be a nice girl under twenty, and he wanted her, even more, to be unduly awakened to certain physical aspects of sex. It was sentimentality that made him draw her as he did: determination to prove that the girl who loved as he wanted her to love was just as conventional as any one else. You cannot have your cake and eat it too; but the sentimentalist blindly refuses to accept that. Accordingly, we get the unconvincing creature that Mr. Wells wanted to believe existed. Mr. Wells's heroes may not seem to bear out my argument so well as Mr. Galsworthy's. To be sure, Mr. Wells is not so sentimental as Mr. Galsworthy, and he has not, like the author of *The Man of Property*, and *Fraternity*, and *Justice*, one — just one — fixed idea. Mr. Galsworthy always deals with a man who is in love with some other man's wife; and his world is thereby narrowed. Mr. Wells is interested in a good many things, and his politics are not purely philanthropic as most of our novelists' politics are. But Mr. Wells's heroes, even when they are fairly fortunate, are preoccupied with their own notions of sociological duty, even more than they are preoccupied with passion, though their passion is 'special' enough when it comes. Would any one except a Wells hero take a trip to India and come away having seen nothing but the sweat-shops of Bombay? Always the author's sympathy is with the under dog; whether it is Kipps or Mr. Polly living out his long foredoomed existence, or George Ponderevo analyzing Bladesover with diabolic keenness and aching contempt. 'I'm a spiritual guttersnipe in love with unimaginable goddesses,' says Ponderevo in a burst of frankness. There you have the Wells hero to the life. And Mr. Bennett's people are only spiritual guttersnipes who are *not* in love with unimaginable goddesses.

The point is that the guttersnipe is having his turn in fiction: if our American heroes are not guttersnipes themselves, it is their sign of grace to be supremely interested in guttersnipes. In one way or the other, the guttersnipe must have his proper prominence. Of course, there are differences and degrees: a few heroes get no nearer the lower classes than a passionate desire for reform tickets and municipal sanitation. But ordinarily they must go through Ernest Pontifex's state of believing that poor people are not only more important, but in every way nicer than rich people; and few of them go back utterly on that belief, as Ernest did. Perhaps that, more than anything else, marks the change of fashion in men. For gentlemen were always, in their way, benevolent; but formerly they had not achieved the paradox that the object of benevolence is *ex officio* more interesting than the bestower.

Books have been written before now in the interest of reform. They tell us that *Justice* set the Home Secretary to thinking. Well: Marcus Clarke actually caused the reform of the Australian penal settlements by his now forgotten novel, *For the Term of His Natural Life*. The hero of Marcus Clarke's book was innocent and unjustly condemned; the hero of *Justice* is guilty. Wanton cruelty is wicked whether the victim be a bad man or a good one; but the difference between these two heroes is not so purely accidental as, at first blush, it may seem. The author of *His Natural Life* starting out to capture sympathy, showed the brutal system wreaking itself on an innocent man, of good family, condemned for another's guilt. Mr. Galsworthy, equally eager to capture sym-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathy, makes his protagonist guilty of the theft, having tried in vain to incriminate an innocent person. Each writer depended, doubtless, on public sentiment for his effect. In Marcus Clarke's time, public sentiment — however unfortunate the fact may be — simply could not have been aroused to such a pitch by the sufferings of a liar and a thief as by the sufferings of an innocent man who is consciously paying another person's penalty. The Humanitarian Hero had not come into fashion — nor yet the guttersnipe. But Marcus Clarke's book did its work — proof that even in the '50's we were not so callous as we seemed.

I said earlier that in life, as well as in literature, men had changed. One's instances, obviously, must be from books, and not from one's acquaintance; but I spoke truth. Philanthropy is the latest social ladder, but it would not be so if the people on the top rung were not interested in philanthropy. There has been, for whatever reason, a tremendous spurt of interest in sociological questions. Our hard-headed young men, of high ideals, find themselves fighting, of necessity, on a different battlefield from any that strategists would have chosen thirty years ago. Moreover, philanthropy being woman's way into politics, women have been giving their calm, or hysterical, attention to problems which, thirty years since, did not, as problems, exist for them. I said that the change of taste in women would probably account for much of the change of fashion in men. A schoolmate of mine, writing me some years since of her engagement, said (in nearly these words), 'He is tremendously interested in city missionary work; it would n't have been quite perfect if we had n't had that in common.' Both were spoiled darlings of fortune, but the statement was quite sincere. Undoubtedly, without that, it would not have been 'quite perfect' in the eyes of either.

The mere conversation of the marriageable young has changed past belief. 'Social service' has usurped so many subjects! Have many people stopped to realize, I wonder, how completely the psychological novel and the 'problem' play (in the old sense) have gone out of date? The psychology of hero and heroine, their emotional attitudes to each other, are largely worked out now in terms of their attitudes to impersonal questions, their religious or their sociological 'principles.' The individual personal reaction counts less and less. If they agree on the same panacea for the social evils, the author can usually patch up a passion sufficient for them to marry on. Gone, for the most part, are the pages of intimate analysis. No intimate analysis is needed any longer. As for the 'problem play,' we have it still with us, but in another form. *The Doll's House* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are both antiquated: we do not call a drama a problem play now unless it preaches a new kind of legislation. And as for sex, — in its finer aspects it no longer interests us.

There was a great deal more sex, in its subtler manifestations, in the old novels and plays, than in the new ones. Not so long ago, a novel was a love-story; and it was of supreme importance to a hero whether or not he could make the heroine care for him. It was also of supreme importance to the heroine. The romance was all founded on sex; and yet sex was hardly mentioned. Our heroes and heroines still marry; but when they consider sex at all, they are apt to consider it biologically, not romantically. We, as a public, are more frankly interested in sex than ever; but we think of it objectively, and a little brutally, in terms of demand and supply. And so we get often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pathetic spectacle of the hero and heroine having no time to make love to each other in the good old-fashioned way, because they are so busy suppressing the red-light district and compiling statistics of disease. Much of the frankness, doubtless, is a good thing; but beyond a doubt, it has cheapened passion. For passion among civilized people is a subtle thing: it is wrapped about with dreams and imaginings; and can bring human beings to salvation as well as to perdition. But when it is shown to us as the mere province of courtesans, small wonder that we turn from it to the hero who will have difficulty in feeling or inspiring it. Especially since we are told, at the same time, that even the courtesan plies her trade only from direst necessity.

After all, the only safe person to fall in love with nowadays *is* a reformer: socially, financially, and sentimentally. And most women, at least, could (if they would) say with the Princesse Mathilde, 'Je n'aime que les romans dont je voudrais être l'héroïne.' Certainly, unless for some special reason, no novel of which one would not like to be the heroine — in love with the hero — will reach the hundred thousand mark. If there are any of us left who regret the gentlemen of old — who still prefer our Darcy or even our Plantagenet Palliser — we must write our own novels, and divine our own heroes under the protective coloring of their conventional breeding. For they are not being 'featured,' at present, either in life or in literature.

SEMAPHORE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

EVERY night, at exactly eight minutes past nine, the limited roars through the village. I can see it coming several miles away, its powerful headlight fingering rails and telegraph wires with a shimmer of light. Silently and slowly it seems to draw nearer; then suddenly, it is almost above me. A wild roar of steam and driving wheels, the wail of its hoarse whistle at the crossing, and then, looming black against the night sky, it smashes past, and in the swing of drivers and connecting rods I think of a greyhound, or a racehorse thundering the final stretch. High in the cab window a motionless figure peers ahead into the night; suddenly he is blackly silhouetted by the glare of the opened fire-door, and in the orange light I can see the fireman swing back and forth as he feeds his fire. The light burns against the flying steam and smoke above; then blackness — and now the white windows of the Pullmans flicker past, and through the swirl of dust and smoke I watch the two red lights sink down the track.

Every time I see that black figure in the cab I wonder how far he can peer ahead into the night, and I wonder at the perfect faith that is his: faith in silent men who keep the semaphores lighted and true, and in those humble

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servants whose constant watchfulness guards him from broken rail and loosened fish-plate. Last night I sat beside him.

It was not my limited that I boarded, but a faster, greater engine that helps to rush half across the continent — a train before which all others wait and all tracks are cleared. I stood with the Division Superintendent on the platform of the little station where it must pause for water. Beyond the yard-lights its song rose clear and vibrant. With a flare of lofty headlight and the grind of brakes it was beside us, steel lungs panting heavily, a reek of oil sweating from heated sides.

The engineer, a torch in his hand, swung down, and we shook hands before I climbed the iron rungs to the cab. From the high windows I watched him oil and stroke the sinews of his monster. Behind, on the top of the tender, the fireman was filling the tanks with a torrent of water. Then they joined me, and in the torchlight I saw the black studded end of the boiler, like a giant cask-head, a tangle of pipes across its face; water-gauge and steam dial dimly illumined by shaded bulls-eyes. The engineer blew out the torch and climbed into his seat. Opposite him, I settled into mine, the fireman behind me.

There was the thin piping of a whistle in the cab and the engineer slowly opened the throttle. We were off. Rumbling and swaying we passed the upper windows of the station. Telegraphers in shirtsleeves were fingering their instruments beneath shaded lights. The chill of the frosty night air penetrated the cab, and I buttoned my coat about me and looked ahead into the darkness. We were gathering headway. A string of freight cars on a siding swept behind us; already the lights of the village were far behind. Ahead of the long body of the locomotive, extending incredibly beyond the small front windows of the cab, the track, hardly visible in the ray of the headlight, terminated suddenly in the darkness. The roar of drivers and machinery was deafening. From side to side the engine rocked like a plunging derelict. The crashing roar grew louder, loud beyond belief, and the rocking and trembling almost threw me from the seat.

The fireman slid open the jaws of the fire-box, flooding the cab with light and heat. Within, the flame, white to pale daffodil in its intensity, twisted like streams of fluid in the draught. Behind the cab the black end of the tender rose high above my line of vision, rocking and swaying in contrary motion to the engine, like a bulldog twisting on a stick. Balancing on the smooth steel floor, the fireman stoked his grate-bars, his shovel feeding spots where the coal was thinnest. Then darkness as he closed the doors with his foot. Only the two dim lights on gauge and indicator; and on each side, and above, the stars racing evenly beside us. I looked down at the road bed: it was flooding past us like a torrent.

'Green.' I caught the word above the tumult.

'Green,' echoed the fireman.

Far ahead, four colored lights gleamed like gems against the sky. Two rubies below; above, another ruby and beside it the pale green of an emerald. The green light was in the upper right-hand corner of the square.

'Seventy-five to eighty.' The fireman shouted in my ear.

'Block's clear. That green light gives us a clear track.'

Already the block semaphores were behind us. Blinded by the rush of air I tried to see the track ahead. Like a dark avalanche the world seemed pouring under our pilot, and beneath I felt the road-bed, at last in motion, shiver-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and swirling like a mill-race. From under the engine puffs of steam shredded into fog-rift, white in the light from the round holes beneath the grate bars. And through the two great circles of light projected by them, as from a stereopticon, flickered embankments, telegraph-poles, hills and houses, like a reeling cinematograph.

'Green.'

'Green,' came the confirmation.

The fixed green star shone for a minute and flashed past.

Faintly I heard the fireman at my ear.

'Almost ninety.'

Long ago the headlight had become useless except as a warning of our approach; we were past the farthest range of its illumination before the eye could discern what lay before us. Blind and helpless we tore on. Broken rail, a train on the crossing, or open switch, — we would never see it. But 'green' shone the light, and wholly trusting in the silent men who flashed to us their word of safety we never faltered. I thought of a stalled train that might lie sleeping on our rails. But 'green' was the light, — their thin cry through the long night watches.

The engineer, silent, his hand fingering throttle and air-brake, sat huddled high on his seat. Through his goggles he watched the blackness ahead. A brief second's time to set his brakes was all he asked. Far off in the great city the chief dispatcher was following our flight mile by mile, block to block. Over the wires his voice and the voices of his helpers told the rapid story of our progress. In the lonely tower at the next curve some one would flash the green beacon to our straining eyes, and report us on our way. To him others were now reporting, giving him the certain knowledge that our way was safe. Keepers of the safety of our path; how perfectly we trusted them; how great and unrewarded is their perfect service.

I looked back. Behind, the Pullmans cast steady squares of light on the racing cut. Here was our freight. Sons of Mary; even more blindly they trusted, 'peacefully sleeping and unaware.'

Sons of Martha; they were beside me.

'Green,' they chorused.

Out of the night came the instant crash of the westbound express. With a blast of air and a slamming roar it seemed to brush us. It was gone.

Through a sleeping village we tore on with a wild hoarse cry. Darkened windows flashed reflected light. A station platform whipped past our heels; huddled groups of people pressed back against the building.

'Green!'

Like brilliant stars from a rocket gleamed a constellation at a double crossing. Ruby drops of fire; but the pale green light shone steadily above. The wheels hammered on the crossing.

Thicker and thicker, like colored fire-flies, the switch-lights tangled in a maze. We were entering the city. There was the constant rattle of switch points, and I felt the growing murmur of the streets. On either side buildings piled up in shapeless walls like a canyon; there were sudden glimpses of interrupted streets, waiting street cars, and the glare of arc lights. We were slowing down.

Cleveland. The station echoed with the iron coughing of engines. Men and women surged between waiting trains; their voices mingled in the uproar. The departing, the returning; men staggering with bags and suitcases, women with little children in their arms. In the green star they trusted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

THE human heart has an unlimited appetite for tales with triumphantly happy endings. Not in cheap melodrama alone are thwarted villainy and rewarded virtue beloved. I sometimes please myself by fancying that this taste, like most of our deep, unreasoned preferences, may be both a forecast and the means of its own fulfillment. Certain schools of 'new thought' claim, I believe, that the Universal Mind of our long belief is a subconscious mind, compelled by the law of its being to respond to human suggestion almost as unerringly as our own submerged selves may respond. While this notion strikes us old-fashioned folk as distinctly impious, a kind of magic not to dabble in rashly, it yet has the fascination of suggesting to audacious wits a plausible method of remoulding this sorry scheme of things closer to the heart's desire. Perhaps we all would be glad to believe that novelists, by setting Providence a frequently repeated example of stories with happy endings, were really doing something toward making this world a place where such endings are the rule.

All this is prefatory to saying that in the matter of suggesting to Providence the great desirability of confounding vice and recompensing virtue, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has long been one of the most active of our writers of fiction. Her earliest efforts appeared on the 'sitting-room' tables of the late sixties, between the covers of *Peterson's* and *Godey's*. Unreasoned and immature as they were, those very girl-y stories of Fanny Hodgson were warmed with the same optimism that warms *T. Tembarom*[1] to-day. If there was a slight falling-off in that cheer later, it has returned, mellow, seasoned, assured, comforting. We may find this world a region of a very different quality from the straightforward place of rewards and punishments which she represents it to be, and yet enjoy that representation to the full.

T. Tembarom, who is a self-supporting and self-respecting waif on the streets of New York, from the tender age of ten, rises from selling newspapers to writing for them. Just as he achieves this brilliant success, he inherits a large fortune and a fine old English country-seat. Of course there is a missing heir, who turns out to be Tembarom's own protégé, a man who has forgotten his own identity. Of course, too, while helping the heroine's father to sell an invention, Tembarom makes a fortune for himself that renders him independent of the inheritance he is destined to lose. These outlines sound crudely romantic, but the book is written with so much energy and affection, such a lavish amount of good detail and characterization, that the skeleton of the story is draped almost as closely as Dickens used to drape it, and with something of the same beguilement. No modern writer would dare to trifle with his reader's patience as the master-magician did, nor does Mrs. Burnett attempt it, but her unstinted detail is all cheerful, comforting, humanly pleasant stuff. One feels the better for it, just as one feels the better for a cup of hot tea in front of a blazing fire after a cold and windy walk. Good

[1] *T. Tembarom.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: The Century Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheer, of which the Victorian age made so much, is, in fact, the prevalent note of her work.

This good cheer has 'gone out' of late years in life as well as in literature. It has been done to death by steam-heat, apartment-houses, over-eating at restaurants, and feminism. Reading Miss Johnston's *Hagar*,[1] one says to one's self, 'especially feminism.' For never was there a book by so able a writer more lacking in vitality, spirit, fresh air, faith, and charity than this. It is excruciatingly uninteresting.

The present writer is merely a critic and is saying nothing about the feminist cause; its strength and its weaknesses are all beside the point. But as a critic, one is entitled to complain bitterly if a favorite artist, becoming entangled in the parasitic mesh of a 'cause,' loses vision, loses charm, loses touch. Everybody who reads at all, knows of what admirable work Miss Johnston is capable. I have not seen *To Have and To Hold* since it came out in the *Atlantic* fourteen years ago, but across those years, and among two thousand odd novels read since then, there remains to me still the sense of its grace and wit, its gay excitement, its intensity. The diction of *Audrey* was even more distinguished and beautiful, while *Lewis Rand* was a fine, substantial piece of work. But *Hagar* — there are no living people in *Hagar*, no adorable phrases, no joy of life or art, not even any sadness that is poignant and compelling. Hagar is a Southern girl of talent, at war with her environment and its traditions. She is pictured as a graven image, a solemn prig. She does her domestic duty with an injured air, and successfully secures a 'life of her own' on the side. We are told that she enjoys this, but there is no atmosphere of enjoyment in all the dreary book. It is infinitely sad to get so little fun out of doing your duty as Hagar does. Ultimately she becomes a feminist propagandist. The hero first enters on page 345 of a book of 390 pages. He makes a very pallid appearance, and it is just as impossible to see why anybody should love him as to see why he should love Hagar. He vanishes, to reappear on page 383, when impending death leads Hagar to mention that she is glad they are going to die together. Unfortunately this does not occur. Presumably they live to marry.

This is Hagar's idea of an adequate love-scene: 'I wish a child. While it needs me and when it needs me, I shall be there. . . . Generally speaking, the Woman Movement has me for keeps.'

The immediate answer of normal man to such a pronouncement at such a moment should be: 'It is entirely welcome to you so far as I am concerned!'

I am not saying that the Creator could not make a feminist whom a man could love, — his power is infinite, — but that Miss Johnston has failed to do so. Surely one must continue to prefer, as a specimen of vows exchanged, the classical example offered by the Prayer-Book: '*To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.*'

Do not these words knock at the door of the heart more strongly than Hagar's mitigated pledge? And will it not be a day of doom for all the hearts of all the world if they shall cease to do so? One is tempted to say to Hagar's sponsor, —

'Dear Miss Johnston, whose work we have loved in the past and hope to love in the future, why do you suppose God creates artists? The subject deserves your reflection, since He has made you one!'

[1] *Hagar*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The note of feminine revolt recurs insistently in the winter's fiction. The clever girl in *A Modern Eve* [1] says, 'Freedom is the word I like best in the world, as the word constitution is the one I hate best.' Her not-at-all-clever father answers simply, 'God and nature are very constitutional,'—a statement which revolters would do well to investigate carefully. There may be something in it. The book also contains an admirable picture of a Victorian mother, frail and dying, who wonders wistfully who will pick up her little domestic burdens, 'too trivial and too many for masculinity or for splendid strong young women like Ellen.'

In *Anna Borden's Career*,[2] a well-placed and attractive girl who has had social success on two continents, wrecks her life in a fevered search for those marvelous 'moments' that come to all young things. She is a spectacular example of the misery a maid's free will may make for her. The author's material is very interesting, but not as yet entirely plastic in her grasp. Nevertheless she achieves a presentation of caprice that is rather terrifying to the reader, who asks himself in a panic if the whimsical and attractive girls he knows in the actual world can really be so destitute of an inner life and guiding principles as this one.

In Fatima's career,[3] Rowland Thomas works out an amusing inspiration. He translates militant modern womanhood into Egyptian, with distinguished success. Fatima is one of the restless, self-seeking dames who must be served. They are much alike, whether they flower on the banks of the Nile or the Charles, these tiger-lilies. Fatima marries a Fool who can amuse the populace, that he may earn money for her, but she makes the mistake of teaching him to admire her, which is fatal to his unconscious art. What other things Fatima does and how she achieves contentment with her life and her Fool are recorded with a satire too humorous to be biting. The flavor of the book is a compound of *Arabian Nights*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, and the *Saturday Evening Post!* The mixture is decidedly unlike anything else we have had. It can be recommended to any masculine reader with whom *Hagar* has disagreed.

Undeniably, there is literature in revolt; undeniably also the revolt should be seen with a certain humor and detachment in order to make anything worthy the name of literature, unless of course, you happen to have the passion of a prophet, which, however, is as rare as humor among our feminine reformers.

The *Coryston Family*,[4] Mrs. Ward's new novel, literally seethes with revolt of every description. Lady Coryston, the fine old self-willed mother, is up in arms because her children are not more obedient and considerate. All the children rebel more or less against their mother's tyranny; but Lord Coryston, the eldest son, also revolts with equal violence against property in general and against the fact that his mother withholds from him the estates in her gift. This is inconsistent, but not more so than revolutionaries usually are. Marcia, the daughter, revolts against the deep spirituality, tending to fanaticism, of her *fiancé*. The youngest son berates his mother like a bargee because the girl he loves refuses to marry him. This girl, the daughter of a politician who began life as a pit-boy, revolts against the ordered traditions of English society, yet delights in achieving a personal and political standing in

[1] *A Modern Eve*. By May Edginton. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[2] *Anna Borden's Career*. By Margarethe Munsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[3] *Fatima*. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[4] *The Coryston Family*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Bros.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that society while she plays gadfly to as many of its members as she may. John Betts and his wife revolt, to the point of giving up their lives, against the logical outcome of the sacramental theory of marriage. All this tumult and shouting which arrive nowhither, Mrs. Ward transcribes faithfully, without taking sides. Each point of view is shown to have its own justice; the things that are Cæsar's are rendered unto him. No one can say that Mrs. Ward preaches, in this novel. Faintly across the background trails the mist of the author's own belief that love is the fulfilling of the law and will appease the quarrel between the young generation and the old as well as between the warring classes of society; but even this preëminently justifiable view is not insisted upon.

This surplusage of speculation and rebellion in the winter's fiction tempts one to issue a Bulletin of Tranquilizing Tales, — for a few such may still be found. Very comfortable, as well as substantial, are Weir Mitchell's *Westways*,[1] Meredith Nicholson's *Otherwise Phyllis*,[2] and Mrs. Watts's *Van Cleve*.[3]

Westways, which has an especial interest as the last work of a most genial and versatile mind, is a leisurely story of companionable people of good quality who lived in Pennsylvania during the fifties and sixties. *Westways* is a typical country home of that period, and it is good to linger there with a simple, dignified, likable family. These consoling characteristics belong to Mr. Nicholson's dear modern Indiana people also. It is elderly and old-fashioned to like nice people in novels, and one steels one's self to accept a great many other kinds, sedulously concealing one's taste for the decently born and behaved; but the taste will out occasionally. Those who are conscious of a similar weakness should read the volumes just mentioned. The author of *Van Cleve* admits more foibles and exposes more pretensions than Dr. Mitchell or Mr. Nicholson, but the social scheme of which she writes is founded on the stability of the Van Cleve Kendricks and the Lorrie Gilberts as on a rock. They are as fine-grained as good black walnut, and have the wearing qualities of the excellent body-Brussels upon which they were reared.

One is tempted to add to these volumes about nice people, *The Truth About Camilla*,[4] for, while Camilla is frankly an adventuress and undeniably a liar, she is so hard-working, devoted, reliable and patient, that these qualities stand her instead of more shining virtues, while the restrained and delicate humor with which her tale is told achieves for her unusual distinction.

All these books offer a carefully wrought realism as well as refreshment. There are several stories of slighter texture that are sane and sweet. *The Taste of Apples*,[5] boldly avows wholesomeness in its very name, and the flavor does not belie the title. *Mother's Son* [6] is the brightest love-story of the season. *Dave's Daughter* [7] is a billion-dollar girl whose happiness is wrapped up in a three-thousand-dollar man. It takes two romantic New England spinsters to pilot them across the desert of dollars between, and bring them to their joy. *Merrilie Dawes* [8] is also, approxi-

[1] *Westways*. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *Otherwise Phyllis*. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *Van Cleve*. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[4] *The Truth About Camilla*. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Co.

[5] *The Taste of Apples*. By Jennette Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[6] *Mother's Son*. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[7] *Dave's Daughter*. By Patience Bevier Cole. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

[8] *Merrilie Dawes*. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mately, a billion-dollar girl, but she is able to bring her own love-affair to a satisfactory conclusion by using up her fortune to support a 'bear' market when her lover's stocks are raided. *The House of Happiness* [1] bravely proclaims that sanitariums for 'Resters,' and even 'Tubers,' need not be wholly destitute of cheer. *The Golden Rule Dollivers* [2] are rampant optimists and very good company.

Jack London and Robert Hichens have not hitherto pointedly aspired to be classified as sweet and sane, but *The Way of Ambition* [3] and *The Valley of the Moon* [4] undeniably deserve these gentle adjectives. Shall an orchid bear apples? — inquires the puzzled reader of *The Way of Ambition*. Here is nothing flame-spotted, unholy, decadent. It is domestic literature, a forcible exposition of the fact that an artist's work, to be impressive, must be direct from his spirit; the way of ambition being the path of failure.

I would not make oath that *The Valley of the Moon* is not something of a fairy-tale, yet if it is not true, it ought to be. Billy Roberts, a sweet-tempered teamster who occasionally works at prize-fighting, and his wife, a pretty girl who does 'fancy starch' in an Oakland laundry, sicken of the town. The wife discovers that 'poor people can't be happy in the city where they have labor-troubles all the time,' so, being of sound country stock, the two set out with knapsacks on their backs to find their way home to the soil. They are not yet, you see, true city-dwellers, or they would throw stones, explode bombs, and demand that somebody better their condition. The book is a chapter from the pilgrimage of our nation back to the land, which it has so lately, yet already so disastrously, left. There are many thousand chapters to be written in that book. The more convincingly they are indited, the better for us all. Perhaps Jack London paints the blessings of ranching in California in high colors, but the subject is one that tempts to emphasis. The book is the most refreshing its author has written, and even if over-roseate, it is really practical. When Billy Roberts remarks, after sleeping a few nights in the open, 'Gee! I don't care if I never see a moving-picture show again!' he puts his finger in one sentence upon the disease of our city-ridden age and its cure. Only as we escape the horrors that we ourselves have created in the towns can we free ourselves from need for the opiate we have devised to deaden them.

The serious-mindedness so marked in the winter's fiction implies a falling-off in the quantity and quality of novels that are merely entertaining, as compared with the output of a year ago. There are only a few of them this year. Rex Beach has a new adventure-story, *The Iron Trail*,[5] and Francis Lynde a lively story of Western politics, *The Honorable Senator Sage-brush*.[6] *The Poison Belt* [7] by Conan Doyle gives a hair-raising account of the earth's passage through a streak of tainted ether. Grant Richards has another graceful and amusing story, *Valentine*.[8] This does not read as if the author found it such a lark to write as *Caviare*, but it is light-hearted and entertaining.

[1] *The House of Happiness*. By KATE LANGLEY BOSHER. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] *The Golden Rule Dollivers*. By MARGARET CAMERON. New York: Harper & Bros.

[3] *The Way of Ambition*. By ROBERT HICHENS. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[4] *The Valley of the Moon*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[5] *The Iron Trail*. By REX BEACH. New York: Harper & Bros.

[6] *The Honorable Senator Sage-brush*. By FRANCIS LYNDE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *The Poison Belt*. By A. CONAN DOYLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[8] *Valentine*. By GRANT RICHARDS. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maurice Hewlett is not usually reckoned as a stern moralist, but the final effect of *Bendish*[1] is to sicken the reader of egotism. The book is a study of the Byronic type and period. To the twentieth century, both seem remote and alien. What a tiny world it was, one reflects, in which a character of such imperceptible substance could create so much disturbance as the real Byron did, or as Hewlett attributes to the imaginary Bendish. But perhaps the real Byron weighed more than Bendish. The latter is Sir Willoughby Patterne greatly enfeebled. We are told that Bendish has brains and ability, but we remain unconvinced. He appears merely a shallow egotist living in a world of one dimension. It takes a novelist as great as Meredith to interest us very keenly in such a personality. Even Hewlett's customary allurements of style fail to engage the reader's loyal attention.

Has any one said that Galsworthy is not a novelist at all, but a poet? The life of man is a complicated piece of tapestry made up of many interwoven threads; a novelist usually attempts to convey something of the pattern, coloring, and intricacy of the whole; a lyric poet unravels and holds up to view a detached filament. We encourage in the poet the single eye that we deprecate in the novelist. *The Dark Flower*[2] is an attempt to isolate the passional life of a man from all the other elements that go to make up normal human existence; to present a moving-picture of the heart of an individual of temperament and talent under that influence sometimes so sinister, sometimes so benign, but always, while it endures, so potent. All objective interests, affairs, art, the world of men, are practically eliminated from consideration. The book divides itself into three episodes, spring, summer, autumn. It exhibits Mark Lennan the lad, waking to his first knowledge of the authority of sex under the influence of a woman much older than himself. Her personality is nothing to him — for a pair of tearful blue eyes and a mass of gold hair turn his heart from his first worship as smoothly as the rising sun turns the sunflower's head. In the tragic passion of Mark Lennan's maturity we are left in doubt as to whether personality really counts as a determinant; and, assuredly, it does not so enter into the autumn incident, where his blood is stirred to answer the adoration of a girl because she is young, and because he too would fain be young again, — did the gods allow, — or, failing that, would draw Youth to him and drink again from its enchanted cup.

For the purposes of *The Dark Flower*, Anna, Olive, and Nell are but vessels that hold the wine of feeling. This is in the classic tradition. Galsworthy here signifies allegiance to the Greek view of passion; the breath of the gods blows in from the void, and man goes mad in consequence. A poet is always entitled to this view, I take it, but to argue its validity for a twentieth-century novelist is to proclaim a paganism that humanity has fought long, if intermittently. The flesh of man with its vast desires has been moulded by the slow effort of the centuries upon a frame-work of duties, principles, and occupations, even as these our muscles are moulded upon our very bones. If you withdraw that skeleton, the helpless tendons, the strings of flesh remaining, are left quivering, shapeless, unseemly. They no longer keep the likeness of a man.

The fault of *The Dark Flower* as a novel, then, is that Mark Lennan is not drawn in the image of complete, active

[1] *Bendish*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *The Dark Flower*. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man. None of his passions save the last are represented as holding any imperative relation to the rest of his life. If it be argued that this lack of relation is the *cachet* of passion, the answer is obvious. His case is not typical, for not many men are called upon to fight the call of the blood with sheer, unaided will. Doubtless if they were, life would contain even more such tragedies than we already know it to have; but in the hour when a man's will is as the wind's will and reason weak as water, there are thousands of unconsidered stays and ties, threads in the tapestry or tendons in the flesh, whichever simile you like, that serve to hold him *if he chooses so to be held*, until the 'brief madness' has blown into the void again.

Of course a lyric poet may unravel whatever thread he selects for contemplation, but a candid novelist must admit that into the very texture of life there are still woven more restraints than emancipations. The authors of *Youth's Encounter*[1] and *The Garden Without Walls*,[2] who occupy themselves with themes somewhat similar, are more novelists than poets, by which token their work is less poignant and moving than Galsworthy's, although truer to the whole aspect of life.

If Mark Lennan's loves are in the classical tradition, the love of Melicent and Perion, brought together from scattered fragments in old chronicles and retold by James Branch Cabell in *The Soul of Melicent*,[3] is a very perfect specimen of mediæval love. The real content of classical love is subjective, its effect on the lover; the real content of mediæval love is objective, the service rendered to the beloved. And the logical climax of the former is the piercing instant in *The Dark Flower* when Olive Cramier's husband and her lover crouch at the head and feet of her drowned body, 'like dark creatures of the woods and waters over that which with their hunting they had slain.' The logical climax of the latter is the instant when Perion and Melicent come face to face at last, after long hardships suffered, death outfaced and dishonor endured in the name of their young love, and Perion, seeing in her another than the wondrous girl whose image he had cherished through hard years, is disappointed first, and then is swiftly smitten with a new and finer love, reward of his suffering and hers, which may safely be counted on to recompense the faithful and unselfish servants of an ideal.

The solid value of romance, its actual worth in increasing the efficiency and stability of human nature, is very clearly indicated in the contrast between these two studies of two widely varying ways of love. One would prefer, on the whole, for the good of the race, that young lovers should imitate the case of Perion and Melicent. Mr. Cabell is more than a very cunning artificer in lovely words and a student of old chronicles. He knows, one guesses, why God made artists — that high deeds may not be quite forgotten, that high loves may be kept alive, that the way of the flesh may sometimes be shown as a sun-path to us, not always as a dull morass beneath the moon.

It is H. G. Wells's chief crime against humanity that he also is utterly ignorant of the civilizing value of romance! In *The Passionate Friends*,[4] he essays the theme of a man's whole life as, looking back upon it in maturity, the man writes it out for his young son to see some day. It is a book of conclu-

[1] *Youth's Encounter*. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[2] *The Garden Without Walls*. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[3] *The Soul of Melicent*. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[4] *The Passionate Friends*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Harper & Bros.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions. It is a little mellower, more nearly stable, than anything Wells has yet offered us. And yet, with all the man Stratton's cogitation over his own history, and his desire to record its meaning clearly, he misses what is, for the American reader, the *crux* of the whole story. One wonders if Wells did not miss it too?

As a boy, Stratton loves a girl who refuses, later, to consider him as a marriageable possibility, because of his limited means. They are comrades in mind and spirit, perpetual refreshment and stimulus to each other, yet she deliberately marries a man of great wealth who is repugnant to her, because she wants a life splendid with all the richness, variety, and interest that wealth added to position can command in England. She accuses Stratton of being 'greedy and ignoble' because he desires marriage with her. They do not meet for years, but become lovers when they are finally thrown together. The jealous husband demands an entire separation of their lives, which is necessarily accorded. Time, travel, the effort to help other people to a better understanding of life than he himself possesses, finally restore Stratton to a certain poise. He sees at last that 'all our lives we must struggle out of our pits; that to struggle out of our pits is this life. There is no individual life but that, and there comes no escape here, no end to that effort but the release of death. Continually or frequently we may taste salvation, but never may we achieve it while we are things of substance. Each moment in our lives we come to the test and are lost again or saved again. To be assured of one's security is to forget and fall away.'

This is greater insight than any other of Wells's characters has yet attained. Stratton finds work to do and a woman to love; he marries, has children, makes a life and a home. Later an accidental meeting with Lady Mary Justin is misinterpreted by the jealous husband, who begins suit for divorce. The 'splendid life' for which she married no longer satisfies Lady Mary and the scandal would ruin Stratton's political career, so she kills herself. The husband and Stratton, meeting, realize that between them, they have done her to death, torn her to pieces no less than if they had murdered her with their hands. Stratton arraigns jealousy for having done this thing, arraigns woman's position in the world, 'the vast tradition that sustains and enforces the subjugation of her sex.' He therefore devotes his life 'to the destruction of jealousy, and of the forms and shelters and instruments of jealousy, both in my own self and in the thoughts and laws and usages of the world.'

This is impressive, but not rational. For if woman is really to be man's equal, she must accept, no less than he, the burden of her own mistakes. She must pay her own penalties. In the beginning of her sordid story, Lady Mary deliberately chose to sacrifice young love and comradeship to her conception of what was a suitable life for a person of her birth and capacities. In the end she paid the price demanded for that initial mistake. Her life was not thrown away because she was a woman and her husband was a jealous brute, but because as a girl she was avid and greedy of splendid living — and greed in those who should know better is the unpardonable sin. Stratton never suspects this fundamental truth, and neither, one judges, does Wells. For all the free play of her fine intelligence, for all her birth, breeding, bravery, and ability, Lady Mary is blood-sister to Undine Spragg of Apex, Mrs. Wharton's latest heroine. Undine wants things; Lady Mary also wanted things, but she paid for having them as Undine did not do. The mighty merchant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with whom we do our bargaining has no fixed price. He asks most from those to whom most has been given.

No doubt Wells would scorn mediæval love and the fantastic loyalties of Perion and Melicent, but out of his own work we may convict him. It was a wiser than Wells who wrote of Romance, —

> Thou art, in sooth, that utter Truth
> The careless angels know!

In *The Custom of the Country*,[1] we have neither revolt nor passion. The emotion lying under Mrs. Wharton's powerful lens is feminine greediness. Undine Spragg is embodied, indiscriminate appetite. From first to last, her desires are the only determining factors in her evolution. Undine not only did not have a soul, but, unlike her namesake, she never acquired one, although if the love of mortal man could have bestowed this grace upon her, she might have possessed an indefinite number. Her marital career she began in Apex, with one Elmer Moffatt for a partner, so early in life that her rich but respectable parents were able to have the marriage dissolved speedily by sheer force of their objections to the match. After three divorces and a death, the cycle of Undine's experiences returns upon itself, and in the end she remarries Elmer Moffatt, who has become a railroad king.

In lavishing her undoubted competence as a novelist upon this unseemly history, Mrs. Wharton exercises a restraint that is really marvelous. She reports without comment and without rancor a checkered career, leaving it for the reader to say that Undine is a monster because nothing she achieves is valued by her after she discovers that other people have things they value more. Undine herself always believes that she 'wants the best.' Strange doors open to her beauty. Her second marriage allies her to a poet and places her in the inner circle, 'dowdy and exclusive,' of old New York; and her third gives her assured position in the Faubourg St. Germain. But she understands the prejudices of the latter community as little as she understood the principles and passwords of the former, and only her fourth marriage gives her what she really desires, namely, the power to buy everything in the world that can be bought. On the last page she is seized with a sudden ambition to be an ambassadress, and learns to her discomfiture that neither beauty nor influence nor millions can procure for her this distinction, because 'they won't have divorced ambassadresses.' The author leaves her gnawed by the conviction that the rôle denied her is the one part she was really created to play. Not all Mrs. Wharton's art can make Undine agreeable company. She is a horrible warning, but perhaps will only seem so to those who need no such admonition.

Down Among Men[2] is one of those books whereof the perceptive critic speaks eagerly yet reluctantly. There is so much real fire in it — the fire of youth that has seen and suffered — so much vitality and passion, that one grows chary of petty comments. When you visit a sick soldier in a hospital, you do not tell him that he is unshaven or that he would be a better warrior if he had a different hair-cut. And yet words and phrases are the weapons of him who wars with the pen, and, especially in the first quarter of this book, before the writer thoroughly warms to his work, there are so many instances of the wrong word carefully sought for, so many sentences made awkward and difficult with the evident intention of

[1] *The Custom of the Country*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *Down Among Men*. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. New York: George H. Doran Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making them piercing and impressive, that the reader cries abruptly to the writer, 'Man! Sharpen your tools! Don't try to carve with dull chisels! You want to do a big thing. You have here a big thing to do. Don't mess about with inadequate instruments!' As the story sweeps on, however, the reader forgets his carping; the style becomes simpler and more vivid, the affectations fall away. About the author's conception there is never any lack of vividness.

This is the story of the making of a man from a youth of extreme sensitiveness and talent. Being a war-correspondent in Asia, he is made by the roughest and hardest means Asia has at command. War shapes him, and hardships; insults and injustice; the sight of blood and death and corruption; wounds, fever, and fear of failure. He is steeped in the unspeakable mire of the Orient, trampled under the feet of herded coolies, fouled with their loathsome rags. Yet he experiences also friendship and favor; he achieves the thing he is fiercely struggling to achieve, and, later, he is shaped by success, by clubs and comrades, cards and alcohol; later still by God's out-of-doors and the gift of a great affection. All this brings him to a conception of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood. Up to this point all the emotion of the tale is genuine and very strong. The writer offers us the cup of life, and there is blood in the cup. But the latter part of the book rings false.

The girl who loves this youth — and their idyl is as genuine as John Morning's suffering — is told by a man who believes that John Morning has in him the making of a 'world-man,' that love, marriage, and consequent contentment (yet why assume contentment as the sequel of marriage?) will ruin the work of brotherhood to which he is called, while the torture of a withheld love will complete his experience of human suffering. At the cost of melancholia and finally death to herself, the girl offers him, as she believes, to humanity. He is an unwilling and uncomprehending victim of this experiment, but one feels that the writer accepts the sacrifice for him and has faith in the arbitrary making of prophets after this fashion. This climax is repellent and unreal, mawkish, in fact. Because of it, the reader refuses to believe in John Morning as a world-man, and the reader is right.

I am not going to tell the author of *Down Among Men* how God does make his prophets. For one thing, it would take too long; for a second, I do not profess to know all the facts; for a third, he would not believe me. But I can tell him that the finishing touches are not put on competent prophets in the fashion he represents. To be indeed a brother to all the world, one must share in all respects the common lot. If he knew this and falsified the values of his story purposely, he deserves the abatement thus occasioned in his work's worth. If he does not know it, one can only be sorry that he wrote this book now instead of a dozen years hence, when the mental ferment will be over and the wine of his thought run clear from the lees. Nevertheless, one does not cavil in this fashion at insignificant or feeble work. Whatever distortions or diminutions one may perceive in *Down Among Men*, it has much of both beauty and virility. The writer is searching for an explanation of life and comes close to finding one that has satisfied many saints and many sages.

The author of *The Yoke of Pity* [1] perceives very clearly that philosophers are created by one process and prophets by another, but, unlike the historian of John Morning's development, he has

[1] *The Yoke of Pity*. By JULIEN BENDA. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small use for prophets. The book is a wonderfully vivid presentation of the simple fact that profound mental activity of the creative type cannot coexist with that strong, selfless emotion for which we have no better name than pity. The hero twice experiences pity as a passion. In the first instance, he suffers vicariously for the mistress he has ceased to love, but, aided by natural fickleness he overcomes his own compassion and pursues his intense mental life, undisturbed, through marriage and fatherhood, until his only child becomes a victim of hopeless, though not fatal, disease. Then, indeed, the heart takes its revenge. In spite of himself, he lives in and for the child. The concentrated life of the mind becomes less and less possible to him as he gives himself more and more to paternal love and passionate sympathy. He accepts this new and selfless life, acknowledging that as love wills, so it must be, but in his secret soul he is still of the school of Nietzsche. Had it been possible for him to remain self-centred, neglectful of the child, he would be glad, for the old life of ideas calls him still, and seems to him more beautiful, more valuable, than the existence of abnegation he has accepted in his own despite.

Many of M. Benda's French and English critics have denied the life-and-death opposition he maintains between 'the religion of ideas' and 'the religion of pity,' but such denial is really a confession of ignorance as to the conditions of intellectual creation and the selfless life. The plain truth is that one must pay the price demanded for any supreme experience, whether intellectual or emotional. Choose as Nietzsche did, and you will doubtless end as he in the mad-house. Choose as M. Benda's hero, and you will never be an epoch-making philosopher. On the whole the race needs tender fathers more than mad philosophers, and what the race needs, we become. Why, then, such a fuss about it? M. Benda is in revolt, as Nietzsche was, against the laws of the spirit's very life. It is possible to pick a very pretty quarrel with these conditions, but it is not possible to overthrow them.

When books are like these, full of the color, the sharpness, the pang of living, criticism of them speedily passes into criticism of life itself — which, perhaps, is always vain. To turn from *The Yoke of Pity* to *Roads from Rome* [1] is to pass from a sun-beaten, white high-road into the coolness and peace of a high-hedged, ancient garden. If you tire of reading-matter that surrounds you with the atmosphere of crude revolt, of feministic egotism, of half-baked altruism, of pitiful greed, of spiritual uncertainty and feebleness, of the philosophy of self-assertion, — in short, if the faithful reflection of our modern world wearies you, as well it may, take up this little book. It is exquisitely written; it has the disregarded charms of delicacy, simplicity, and ethical certainty; it handles fragments of the life of ancient Rome somewhat as Pater handled them in *Marius*. Mrs. Allinson is more tenderly human and less fantastic than the Pater of *Imaginary Portraits*, whom she of course recalls. One does not know how many readers there are left upon our noisy, dusty, smoke-stained, hotel-and-factory-spotted earth for little books like this one, but one hopes, wistfully, that there are more than casually appear.

[1] *Roads from Rome*. By ANNE C. E. ALLINSON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PATH OF LEARNING

BY MARGARET LYNN

We could go to school by either of two ways. We could follow the drive down to the gate and take the road east for nearly quarter of a mile and then turn south for a mile, at the end of which, where the section roads crossed, we should find the schoolhouse. Taking this way, we would go along between barb-wire fences, bordered with a shaving of scant prairie grass, and when we got to the top of one hill we saw another just like it before us. The advantages of this way were almost entirely social. Other children came and went along the road, and we had the pleasure of exchanging views on current topics with them — they knew a great deal that we did not know — and of getting tags at successive gates. The scanty traffic of the road afforded varied interests, too, as well as a chance of rides with the good-natured drivers who overtook us. Many different kinds of men went along that road, but there was rarely one who, if he had any room at all to spare or any horse-strength, did not pull up when he was beside us, with a 'Whoa' and a push on the creaking brake, and a cordial 'Want a ride?' — the word we had been waiting for. If it did not come, he was a mean thing, and the boys made demonstrations in the rear of the wagon to illustrate their opinion.

The social intercourse of the road had an added attraction because, as we did not usually take that way, we were regarded by the others as company of a sort, and had the advantage of their hospitality. We took the road when it was wet weather, or in winter when the snow was deep or soft, or when some impulse of sociability led us to walk home with the other children. At other times we cut down through the orchard, — a very convenient thing to do at the right season, — and then along a farm-road beside a cornfield, over the half-mile fence, and finally across a quarter-section of original prairie, still unbroken. That way was a half-mile shorter than the other and we were encouraged to take it in suitable weather, for one of the vague or unuttered becauses of which grown-ups had always an endless store in mind.

Aside from its convenience this path offered many allurements. It was surprising that we reached school at all, there was so much to see along the way. The orchard itself — from the time when the burnished mahogany of its tops changed to the faint rosiness of the closed buds and then to the cool pink of the open blossoms, and we breathed hard and deep all the way through it to get all possible of this enriched air, until the day when the last wagon had driven around to gather up the 'down apples' — offered us a hundred reasons for staying along the way. If nothing else delayed us, we — Mary and I, that is, not the boys — must take a bouquet for the teacher or for the home decoration of our desks, where the stems were thrust precariously into a topply bottle or into the shallow depths of the ink-well. The bouquet came from a Ben Davis or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Limbertwig tree, though; the most reckless person would not sacrifice a Jonathan or Red June possibility.

The orchard once passed, we sped along pretty rapidly by the milder attractions of the cornfield and the farm-road, unless a butcher-bird on wire-fence or hedge-tree, or a harmless blue-racer, or a toiling family of tumble-bugs, made us pause. No one has written a book about tumble-bugs, although they are much more interesting than the intelligent bees. If a snake were certainly harmless, Henry and John conscientiously killed it, even at the risk of tardiness. If it bore the dreadful tradition of being deadly poisonous, they let it escape.

We should have liked one of those new-fashioned schools where the pupils arrive at their own sweet will, as often at eleven-thirty as at nine. We never found a teacher of that charming attitude of mind. Ours always had a predilection for keeping us after school — or worse still, at recess — to make up delinquencies, or making us write our names in a *pœna* list on the blackboard. One discerning teacher made Henry write out the family list — knowing doubtless that within the family circle vicarious punishment does not long remain merely vicarious.

Beyond the cornfield a barb-wire fence waited to be crossed. Any one who has crossed a barb-wire fence, at least any one who wears the garments of civilization, knows what exigencies and problems that offers. But after the fence came the stretch of prairie grass. Half the flavor of going to that country school would have been lost had we not had the experience of crossing the wild grass in the mornings and evenings. That made a frame into which all the events of the day were set.

There were early summer mornings when the grass was only shoe-high, soft and springy under foot and deliciously green, and the calls of the meadow-larks dotted its quiet here and there, and we could n't help, however good our intention, darting out of our way for just a minute to pluck a violet or a wild verbena or a horse-pipe to take apart and stick together again; June mornings when the sweet wild strawberries colored the southward-sloping hillside and we barely escaped being late to school, our fingers and lips telling the tale of our foraging, even at that; September mornings when we found bulrushes ripe-brown in the slough our path skirted, and chased each other with stiff, dry bristles of jimson weed; late autumn mornings when the tardy sunrise reddened all the lovely pink in the drying bunches of prairie grass, even while the frost lay on the yellow upper blades, and we raced with the wild tumble-weeds, and reached school all prickly with broken bits of tickle-grass secreted in unreachable places among our garments.

There were autumn evenings, when all the grass lay pale under a dead gray sky and the strange cry of the fleeing wild geese came down to us from far up in the grayness, and we sped along home to a warm supper and a cozy indoors. There were sunny winter days, with the grass crisp under foot and a bright blue sky curving over the rose and the buff of the prairie — or else over acres of bright snow, smooth and unbroken save where a man had been sent along to make a path for us. And then early spring again, and the wild geese going back, joyful this time we thought, and the floating V of the wild ducks, and the green creeping up from the roots of the grasses, and the sharp, satisfying smell of burning cornstalks in the air. These and a thousand other things formed the experiences which led us up to the door of the schoolhouse in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morning, and caught us up there again in the evening, when we had finished quips and pungent courtesies with the other children at the schoolhouse door and set off on our own road.

The schoolhouse itself differed from the hundreds that have appeared in literature, in that it had not a single romantic element in its construction or surroundings. Its little square yard was enclosed by a smooth wire fence and the moth-eaten remnants of an osage-orange hedge, and was set out with a few cottonwoods and box-elders, still small. A long hitching-rack, the bark all worn away from the poles by the teeth of 'mully-grubbing' horses and the feet of young acrobats, surrounded it, and a stile allowed us to cross the fence — of more use for social purposes however than for this, since no one would wait to cross a stile when it took only an instant to roll under the fence. The schoolhouse sat by the road, and I suppose it could be called a ragged beggar sunning, since the shade was scanty and it was never all in repair at once. It was of the general proportions of a Greek temple, but the resemblance to a Greek temple was not close. It bristled fiercely with lightning-rods, a sign of the successful loquacity of some agent or of the scientific faith of the school directors. And there was a covered well-house at the side of the yard.

The well-house was mainly a show, however. For when the rope was not broken the well needed cleaning, — for reasons frankly explained by the children, — and when the water was drinkable the windlass-handle was gone or the bucket was staved in. These things did not matter, however. It would have been a great pity if the well had been always usable, because then we could not have brought the water from the Browns' well, half a quarter down the road. A journey to the Browns was a rare excursion, especially for us smaller children, since the big boys and girls were too likely to arrogate the privilege to themselves. The Browns had not only a well, but a loom where a grandmother worked, weaving rag-carpets, and a cider-mill and a sorghum-press and a leach, trickling off lye for soft soap. There was always reason for hanging around to watch some interesting operation. The Browns made sauerkraut too, and had a smokehouse, and there was always something going on there which did not occur at our house, and which added to the joy of going for water.

We drank a great deal of water, I believe. There was scarcely an hour on a spring day when some public-spirited one was not offering to pass the water or to fetch a fresh bucket from the Browns' well. The ceremony of passing the water added some of the charms of social intercourse to our academic pursuits. It was almost like serving afternoon tea. The passer put on little graces and manners and took the opportunity to exchange persiflage, sometimes involving a sly liquid retort, with the passees. We made it a point to show our fastidiousness by drinking as close to the handle as possible, a spot which was supposed to be sequestered. Nine tenths of us drank from that place.

As it seems to me now, the elements of this section of our education consisted of the following things: slate-rags, the Fifth Reader, notes, passing the water, headmarks, what the big girls said, Blackman and a torn dress, spilled ink, and pokeberry substitute, the big boys, apples, staying in, speaking pieces on Friday, cube root, the dinner-bucket, geography, — the book, not the science, — partial payments, chronological recapitulations. I suppose we learned a few other things, but these are all I remember. They are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the projecting mountain-tops above the general mist of education. Being educated is a hazy sort of thing anyway.

As to the slate-rag, the least said the soonest mended. But no object connected with our early intellectual development stands more clearly before my mental vision than that slate-rag — a fabric in dull grayish black with an accompanying odor of Araby — and the small vial of water which all housewifely little girls affected. I can't claim that I was housewifely, but I was easily made emulous in any line; and in fact there are many purposes not domestic to which water may be put. So I, too, had my little bottle of water. In a jocular or vindictive mood, you filled your bottle to the brim and then after you had reached your seat you put your thumb on its mouth, turned casually in the direction of some one deserving such an attention, and pressed down on your thumb. A simple law of physics took care of the result — though not always of the consequences. That was one of the advantages of using a bottle instead of keeping water in the ink-well — where we never kept ink. The teachers were too cautious for that. There were children who did not rise to the plane of owning bottles of water at all, but used a convenient natural resource. And there were some who did not have slate-rags, but used their sleeves. But on the other hand there were priggish little girls, now doubtless high in the profession of domestic science, who flaunted their pride in the number and size and shade of their slate-rags, to a disgusting degree.

I suppose there was a time in the life of every slate-rag when it was white and dry and odorless. But that was an intimation of immortality early forgotten. I generally had Augusta Horlocher (pronounced Highlocker) for a seat-mate. Seatmateship, I may say in passing, has many elements of matrimony, and like it requires mutual forbearance and complementary virtues. Augusta was a domestic soul who spent more time in washing up the desk and putting my things over on my own side than she did in learning definitions. When Augusta emptied the water-bottle it was always for a worthy purpose. I can't say the same for myself, but I helped her — having got permission to communicate — with complex fractions. Poor Augusta never got beyond decimals. She washed her slate assiduously, but between times she never could get the answer.

I hardly know why it is the Fifth of all the Readers which I distinguish in memory, except that the Reader we were interested in was never the one out of which we were at the time supposedly learning to read, and the contents of which were already tiresomely familiar, but one ahead of that, which we borrowed from the big girls to read at our desks. The Fifth Reader was in advance of us longer than any of the others, so of course I knew it best of all. There was a Sixth Reader, we had heard, but it was like a digamma or an ideal: no one had ever really seen one. Even the big girls never reached it.

Learning to read meant learning to read aloud. It did n't make any difference whether we learned to get the meaning from a 'selection' by reading it to ourselves. The thing was to be able to pronounce the words out loud and to give the definitions at the bottom of the page. There were two rules for reading. One was to let your voice fall at the end of a sentence, and not to read over a comma; the other was to read all words in italics very loud, those in capitals *fortissimo*. That was a rule we could appreciate. There was a result to which definite measurement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could be applied. In the Fourth Reader was a soft little poem which ended with a tender epitaph, printed in small capitals; we came out strong on that epitaph. When we read in concert, as we were fond of doing for reasons which the sociologist and pedagogist know, one could have heard 'SOMEBODY'S DARLING LIES BURIED HERE,' forty rods away.

Did you ever get a note in school? — from a boy? — from a big boy? I suppose there are other experiences in life that are comparable to this, but certainly there is nothing else at that time which combines the same elements, — dramatic, embarrassing, gratifying, triumphant, delicious, queer. Not that there was anything in such a note — the outside, as the missive first came to view, was much more thrilling than the contents. But the very sight of it — penciled on rough blueish scratch-paper, and ragged-edged and rumpled — as it was flipped across an intervening space, or offered slyly behind a geography, or dropped on the desk as the writer went up to the A spelling class, gave a sensation not to be duplicated in any later years. The contents, I regret to say, were insignificant, negligible. It is to be hoped that the big boys learned more about the art in time. But the mere fact of getting such a note, of having it written to yourself, of forecasting the contents, of having the other girls see you get it, all that in addition to the exciting fear that the teacher might see — once she made a girl read a note out loud! — filled the moment with peculiar emotion.

Notes had a family connection with apples which appeared mysteriously on your desk or were offered slyly at recess, with gum-drops, — available only on Monday, since people went to town only on Saturday, — with being chosen in Clap-In-and-Clap-Out, with valentines in the valentine box, with distinguished attentions in Drop-the-Handkerchief and such games, and — acme of romance! — with your name carved by some one, bold and unashamed, on some one's desk. The pleasures of the affair were largely factitious, however. The notes which looked so promising and had nothing in them were typical of the whole matter. It was all like Clap-In-and-Clap-Out or Miller-Boy. It was very exciting and gratifying to be chosen, but after you had settled down in partnership, shyly uncomfortable and unable to think of anything to say, the game was largely over for you — no more excitement, no suspense; you were merely an onlooker on life. Your partner in discomfort became very unattractive, and you rather envied those not yet chosen. As you looked around you saw no one you liked less than the boy who had chosen you.

Cube root and partial payments were the two great mountain peaks of the science — I had almost called it the art — of arithmetic. Many a climber faltered and failed before he reached the dizzy heights of their summits. To have mastered them was to have a reputation for scholarship and intellectual attainment, not only in the school but in the whole neighborhood, and even in adjoining ones, which nothing could shake. When, at a ciphering-match, after other competitors had been following the easy paths of cancellation and long division, you called for 'cube root' with an easy nonchalant air, an audible breath of admiration came from the ranks of your allies, and visible consternation mingled with awe spread among your foes. It was almost glory enough for one life. When you came to the last great problem in partial payments — a Titanic problem, a problem to set Homeric heroes —and you were chosen by the teacher to put it on the black-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

board for the benefit of the class, it was a half-day's work. You were excused from all other classes while you wrought at it. You essayed a modest demeanor while you explained it to the unsuccessful ones, but it was difficult to support.

It is an instance of the bad management of destiny that after all this preparation you should never be in the position of a large creditor with such a problem to solve, and that a bank-clerk can sum up all your little finances with a few clicks of an insignificant machine. I supposed at such moments of glory that in my riper years I should spend a part of every morning computing interest and courteously accepting partial payments. So much of our practical education is useless to us.

Chronological recapitulations afforded a chance to achieve the same sort of scholarly triumph that partial payments did. Studying history meant reading along hazily about this and that, with only one thing really clear, namely, that the United States was always right, no matter what it was doing, and whoever interfered was wrong, — wickedly, shamelessly wrong. We came out on solid ground about once a month, however, when we reached a chronological recapitulation. Here were concrete facts, isolated, to be sure, and rather meaningless; but 'committing' them was a definite task, to which we could buckle down with a satisfying effort of will. When learned, they were to be written in a long list on the blackboard. You wrote them by putting down all the dates first, in a wavy disjointed line, and then, beginning at the top, you set in order the appropriate happenings. Sometimes you forgot, and left gaps in the progress of events, where important dates stood alone, begging for facts to prove their distinction. Something happened in 1775, you meditated with chalk on lip — but what was it? A chronological recapitulation was a leveling process, where all events assumed precisely the same importance. It was a kind of historical multiplication table. Sometimes the class recited the list in concert, — a popular form of recitation which made individual weakness inconspicuous.

The performance began in full chorus: —

1607, Virginia was settled at Jamestown.

1609, Henry Hudson navigated the Hudson River.

1610, Starving time prevailed in Virginia.

But only a quartette survived into the eighteenth century, two of these fell in the hardships of colonial life, and only a soloist sighted the French and Indian war. Glory waited the soloist, however, and in so difficult a feat as this the failure of the others was regarded as something to be condoned.

There were other chances for academic distinction, such as the writing lesson, in which, however, proficiency was of a distinctly low order, — Augusta had a beautiful copy-book and never spilled her ink, — and headmarks, which one could achieve in either reading or spelling. The glory which went with headmarks was not of so fine a type as that which was attained through partial payments or chronological recapitulations, but still one would not be without it. Even in speaking pieces one could attain a sort of eminence, though in this as in all artistic achievement, the result was less definite and logically certain than in the pursuit of pure scholarship. After you got used to speaking pieces there was a kind of pleasure in it. I got my pieces largely from Chambers' *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, where I found many a thing that suited my fancy, at least; whatever other merits

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they lacked, they had the virtue of variety. But I suspect the audience liked them much less than the selections from the ragged *Speaker Number Three*, which came into requisition weekly.

As I recall the process of education now, the lunch-basket seems to occupy a disproportionately large place in it. The receptacle was more frequently a bucket, — we preferred to say bucket, though most of the children said pail, — since a bucket stood the physical strain better than a basket, and was more easily replaced from month to month. A great many different situations and dramatic interests and physical joys and sorrows were connected with that daily dinner-bucket. From the moment when Maldy or my mother packed it brim-full in the morning and tucked in the special red-bordered make of napkin which was devoted to school use, until we dropped the empty bucket inside the kitchen door at night and were promptly bidden by Maldy to pick it up and put it away, it was, one might say, an active element in our lives. In the first place, there was the daily — semi-daily, in fact — question as to who was to carry it. Dramatic and emotional possibilities hovered about this problem, which was no simple one. It involved intricate issues of precedence and succession and privilege, and physical superiority and age and sex, and who did it last, and vigor of conscience and proportion of appetite, and some occasional problems which no system could foresee or provide for.

Mary shamelessly pleaded privilege of sex and age. But I, being a suffragist by birth and so prideful as to be loath to acknowledge physical inferiority, accepted my turn as a matter of principle and only contended that I should not have more than my turn. Having brothers is a great quickener of moral courage. One day, Henry, who was at times sophistical beyond belief, proved by some masculine system of logic that if women ought to vote I ought to carry the bucket as often as both he and John: and they set the lunch at my wrath-paralyzed feet and went racing off. The spirit of Deborah and Semiramis and all the rest of them descended upon me. I placed the bucket in a fence-corner, hid it with a clot of tickle-grass, and went high-mindedly on. The look on the faces of the boys when they discovered my act sustained me in many an hour afterward; and they never tried the experiment again. After being generously supplied from our neighbors' buckets at noon, we resurrected our own lunch on the way home and ate it in restored amity, tinged with respect on the part of the boys, I was pleased to notice. Henry carried the bucket home.

That was not the only time when we found ourselves dinnerless. Sometimes through real forgetfulness or genuine misunderstanding of the transportation system, the packed bucket remained standing on the kitchen table, and we were left at noon, or rather at recess, for no one could wait until noon, unsupplied with what seemed at times to be the main object of going to school. The result, however, was far from tragic. The readiness with which the other children divided their own resources and laid their offerings before us, was entirely characteristic of the temper of the prairie. I had never been in the Eckharts' house and never would be, but I ate with cordial relish their cold boiled eggs and their pieplant pie, with its subconscious flavor of sauerkraut. The relish was partly superinduced by curiosity, however. This was a fine opportunity to test the contents of other dinner-buckets, on which we had looked with curious and speculative eye.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the children had the custom of trading select morsels in moments of cordial intimacy; but that was forbidden by the authorities at our house, I did n't know why. We could n't even exchange apple-cores, after the pleasant social manner of the Huffs and Browns. I tried it once, exchanging the luscious, translucent heart of a Jonathan for the dry remains of a Ben Davis, mysteriously but unmistakably flavored with sausage and that bread-and-buttery taste which is undesirable except in bread and butter. I was n't sure but there was a taste of Huff on it too. After that experiment it was easy to obey the injunction not to exchange.

But on the occasions when we were thus the objects of public charity, we courteously sampled everything that came our way, from the rich brown-topped coffee-cake of the Eckharts — again with the sauerkraut flavor — to the cold biscuits with only milk and sugar for 'spread,' proffered by the poor Burnhams whose father was a renter. The opportunity was as valuable as a whole course in sociology. The Huffs were renters too, but they had mince pie and always a little glass of preserve.

In bad weather or on rainy days, the lunch pervaded the whole noon-hour, reappearing at intervals and filling in the interstices of Clap-In-and-Clap-Out, or charades. At these times we set our provisions on the desk-tops and began the meal with some show of ceremony. On other days, when the normal excitement of Blackman, or Dare-Base, or coasting, called us, we dispatched our lunches so rapidly that they hardly seemed to have existed at all, and took a prompt departure for the outdoors, holding a final slice of bread and jam aloft on a smeary palm, and eating it into a neat curve around the edges. The most conscientious member of the family was always left to put away the remains. It is needless to say that Mary put ours away.

The real epicure of the school was Augusta Horlocher. All pictures of the noon hour are pervaded by her. Augusta in a mood of easy friendliness, cracking her hard-boiled eggs — the pickled limes of our time — on the forehead of her intimate for the day, or, in a period of soul-aloneness, on her own brow; Augusta scraping the greater part of the preserves over to one corner of a slice of bread, so that the last bite should be preëminently the best; Augusta eating roll-jellycake and reveling in the mechanical process, following round and round its snail-like convolutions without once removing it from her lips until the centre was reached; Augusta retiring with her choicest morsel to a quiet corner where no covetous glance could seem to urge her to divide; pictures like these showed an art of enjoyment which none of the rest of us ever attained.

It was through the big girls, I believe, that the major part, the really desirable part, of our education was carried on. They had attained a wisdom of life which, amid the reserve practiced by the elders at our house, I despaired of ever reaching. The big girls knew so many things which I did not know, and which in fact no one at our house seemed to know. It behooved me to be hanging about, listening to what they had to say to each other, — only they so often whispered, — and picking up any savory crumb of knowledge that they kindly dropped for me.

What greatness the big girls possessed! They were so worldly-wise, so authoritative. I can't remember that they shone academically; they often bore, very lightly, too, the ignominy of being in classes with us, and even at that by no means outstripping us. They even had to be 'put back' on oc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

casion. But at recess and noon it was different. Then we dropped into our proper place and they rose to theirs. No one else can ever be so grown-up as they were. Every sign of maturity about them was a wonder.

Augusta was really more impressed than I was. All other incentives to ambition had passed over Augusta, leaving her unmoved; but the ambition to grow up bit her hard. When she should have been committing her spelling-lesson, she was slyly but seriously piling her hair on top of her head. And she spent much time sitting out to the end of the seat and letting her skirt hang straight down until it reached the floor, so that it would look long and grown-up. She would look down at this expanse of trailing garment, feel her small stack of hair, and wave the fan made from a leaf cut neatly out of her copy-book and carefully wimpled, and have the most blissful feelings.

As for me, I coveted the knowledge of the big girls more than I did their years. There was Amanda Huff. I learned a good deal from her while she sat in front of me. Amanda was quite sixteen, an age which we understood marked an epoch in feminine experience. She was going to stop school pretty soon, she was so big. Even now she very readily stayed out for housecleaning, or the baby, or washing. Joe Withers went to see her every Sunday night, and Monday morning in school, having got permission to 'speak' to ask the grammar lesson, she told me all that had happened the night before. Her information marked clearly the stages in Joe's courtship, a progress to which, to do her justice, Amanda was offering no obstructions. I was a young confidant, but a very responsive one. I learned a good deal from Amanda. But when I began to tell it to my mother she spoke of having my seat changed, and I divulged no more. My mother's views on education by experience were limited.

Amanda was married the next year, and so lifted above companionship with me forever. I never attained the state of being a big girl myself, because my sojourn in the school was too short. So I never could know their feelings or their glory. They were still looking down on me as a little girl, I have no doubt, when on a June 'last day' I stacked my other books and my slate upon my geography as a foundation, and carried them across the prairie quarter-section for the last time.

There were masses of blue spiderwort and white anemone down by the slough that day, I remember, and ripe strawberries among the grass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY IN THE WOMAN PROBLEM

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I

In all the discussions which I have heard on the nature of women, there are two main difficulties. First, it is very hard for us to talk at all without considerable heat. We may begin coolly enough, but in the end we are pretty sure to work up to a vehemence quite different from that with which we handle a purely academic question. The fact is, the question is not a purely academic one, it is an intensely practical and personal one, for it concerns itself in a very radical and searching way with one of the things we most deeply prize — family life in the home.

This is what is really involved in every answer to the question. Here is Mr. W. L. George [1] telling us, that because woman is one kind of person, therefore the home has been and is her worst enemy. Here is Mr. J. L. Tayler [2] assuring us that because she is another kind of person, therefore the home is and must be her salvation. Which are we to believe?

It is surely an odd situation. We are surrounded by women. Half of us are women ourselves, and yet we are in serious doubt as to what women essentially are. Perhaps, though, 'serious doubt' is the wrong phrase. 'Distracting controversy' would be better. For few people seem really in doubt. Almost every one has very firm opinions, and yet no one appears to have the kind of knowledge which is readily transmissible to others. Argument does not change people's opinions, therefore: it only heats them up just where they stand.

And even if we escape this heating process, and are able to regard the matter with some placidness of spirit, there is still a second difficulty to meet, in a lack of the right kind of data. I say the right kind, because we all have data enough, of a certain sort. Indeed, this is one trouble. On matters somewhat remote, knowledge of which has to be achieved with some effort, we are apt to be fairly teachable, ready to accept expert opinion — almost too ready. But where some of the facts are matter of daily observation, we are rather apt to make hasty judgments and then stick to them firmly — for have we not seen with our eyes? and are not our eyes as good as another's? We draw sweeping conclusions from the instances which have happened to arrest our attention, and when others confront us we ignore them or dispose of them as exceptions. There is in particular a natural tendency to assume that the qualities we see in any species are qualities fixed in that species. For example, I may have become familiar with geraniums as I have seen them in window-gardens, where they have shown a lankiness of stem and prominence of pot that impresses me unpleasantly. I say, 'I hate geraniums. They have lanky, rheumatic-

[1] *Woman and To-morrow.* By W. L. George. New York: D. Appleton. 1913. See also his *Atlantic* article, December, 1913.

[2] *The Nature of Woman.* By J. Lionel Tayler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1913.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looking stems, and yellowish leaves that 'fall off, and no blossoms to speak of.' But if I chance to see geraniums growing in California, I shall have to construct my idea of them *de novo*.

Now our ideas about women are very much in the condition of my postulated idea about geraniums. There are a good many different window-gardens where women are growing, and, according to those we happen to have observed, our conception of woman will vary. And though California, as it chances, is offering to women, as well as to geraniums, a new environment, it is too soon to look for any results by which to correct our impressions.

If, then, we turn from our own observations and appeal to scientific principles we are no better off. It is upon biological principles that the Feminists, according to Mr. George, base their assertion that 'there are no men and there are no women,' and therefore 'no masculine and feminine spheres.' But it is also on biological principles that Mr. Tayler bases his contrary conclusions that the influence of sex is stamped deeply into the intellectual and spiritual nature of men and women. Evidently, biology has not reached a stage where it can help us.

On one point every one seems agreed: that at the present moment women are actually different from men. Therefore it would appear that the burden of proof rests upon those who maintain that they are potentially like them. But, the appeal to observation and that to biology having both failed, what is there left?

There is the appeal to experiment. The nature of the experiment would be determined by the nature of the argument. Now the argument of those radicals who stand for the alikeness of men and women is that women are at present different from men because of their different training. One might illustrate by another case from among the plants. Here are dandelions growing in deep grass. Their stems are as long as the grass-blades, so that the blossoms float in the sunshine they love. Suppose one were to say, 'Dandelions have stems a foot and a half long. They need deep grass to grow in, otherwise their stems would flop over and lie on the ground.' It would sound reasonable enough if we had not happened to notice what dandelions do on a close-shaved lawn — how their almost stemless blossoms star the green carpet and escape the closest-set blades of the mower. If one had seen the second condition instead of the first, one might have argued that dandelions could not grow at all in long grass because they would get no sunshine. There we have, in a figure, the gist of the radical argument. Society, it maintains, does not know what women are really like because it has never tried to find out. It has never tried to find out because it supposed that it knew. It has gone round and round in a circle, giving women the training that was sure to bring out certain so-called womanly attributes, and then claiming to discover in these attributes a reason for the training. Are these attributes, then, the cause or the result?

Experiment would answer. It might follow two lines: a group of boy-babies might be set apart and brought up precisely like girls, and a group of girl-babies might be brought up precisely like boys.

The first line is not likely to be tried. The use of criminals for experiment is defensible, but we do not recognize any class of infant criminals.

The second line of experiment has not thus far been tried except in the field of school studies. Here, indeed, there are already some results worthy of attention. Professor Thorndike of Columbia, in his little book called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Individuality,[1] gives the results which he has reached during his study of pedagogic problems. He finds that there is practically no difference ascertainable between the intellectual power of boys and that of girls so far as this is subject to school-tests. He concludes that individuality is the whole thing — that variations among individuals as such are enormous, while variations between men and women as such are much less important than has been popularly supposed.[2]

It ought to be noted that, women being still under such different conditions from men, all experiments which show likeness between them and men ought to be given great weight, since this likeness must be existent in spite of considerable discouragement. On the other hand, all experiments which show unlikeness ought to be given somewhat less weight, because this is only what was to be expected. For this reason Professor Münsterberg's jury experiments with men and women are not to our purpose. He shows that eighteen women react differently from eighteen men. But even if this proved that all women react differently from all men, it would prove only what is generally accepted. Considering the way in which women's reasoning powers have been discounted, and their powers of so-called 'intuitive' perception have been encouraged and even glorified, it would be strange if they showed much capacity for correcting their judgments through the avenue of discussion.

That women really are still under different conditions from men may perhaps be challenged. Many women, it will be argued, have had excellent opportunities for development — more opportunities than many a newsboy who has risen to eminence. True, but equality of condition is not determined by material advantages alone. Good physical and mental training, good economic environment, these are not enough unless they are backed by what I may call, for lack of a better phrase, a general attitude of expectancy. The newsboy will serve as illustration. Many a one has indeed risen to eminence. He has done this with the minimum of material opportunity and the maximum of material hindrance. He has had neither good physical training nor good mental training, but he has had one bit of knowledge — the knowledge that, if he 'has it in him,' he has a chance to become eminent. No matter what eminence means to him. It may mean being President, or being an inventor, or being a banker. Whatever his goal, he knows that being a newsboy, though it constitutes a handicap, does not throw him out of the race. He knows that the world of men whose standards matter to him, think of his chances in this way. They may not be actually thinking about him at all. But he knows that if, or when, they do think of him, this will be their attitude. This I call the attitude of expectancy. A sheaf of sermons might be written on its workings.

It is this which until very lately has been lacking to girls. With a girl, there has been no question whether or not she 'has it in her.' It has been taken for granted that she has n't it in her. Her being a girl is different from being a newsboy, because instead of constituting merely a heavy handicap, it has actually thrown her out of the race. I agree entirely with Mr. George in thinking that this attitude of society makes more difference than all the material things which it may bestow or

[1] *Individuality*. By EDWARD L. THORNDIKE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911.

[2] Investigation, along various lines, seems to point to a greater variability in man than in woman. This would not necessarily affect their averages. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

withhold. I believe, too, that it will be the last thing to change. Not one of us, no matter what our opinions, is untouched by it. There are many people who are ready explicitly to admit the equality of women and men, but whose instinctive reactions are widely at variance with their deliberate theories. It is amusing or annoying as you happen to look at it. We are all in the grip of tradition — of what Professor William G. Sumner used to call the 'mores'; and they are stronger than we are because the momentum of the whole race is in them.

This attitude toward women, largely unconscious, implied rather than expressed, begins at birth and stacks the cards for the whole game. Over the cradle — or whatever now takes the place of the cradle — discussion begins as to whether the sex is not already plainly apparent in the embryonic features. 'You'd know she was a girl, just to look at her,' or, 'He's boy all over, already.' Even the nursery rhymes carry out the ancient traditions: —

Clap hands, clap hands, till Father comes home,
For Father has money but mother has none.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair?
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Curlylocks, Curlylocks, will you be mine?
You shall not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine,
But sit by the fire and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

Here indeed is the gospel of the eternal feminine in all its baldness: 'parasitism' and the 'sheltered life,' the delicacy of the dependent nature, its beauty and its vanity and its patience.

It may be objected that these doggerels come out of a past which we have outgrown. But this is only partly true. We are indeed outgrowing that past, but we have not sloughed it off. We bear it about with us still, and, though we may smile at these quaint survivals of an earlier day we cannot disregard them. They are chips on the current showing how it sets, and though there are counter currents — even a great tide of new influences — yet these forces out of the past must be reckoned with.

II

As we go on from infancy into childhood there are more chips for us to watch. The little girl is surrounded with dolls and pretty trifles, the little boy with tools and games of strength and skill. When we see the girl crooning over her doll we call attention to the 'natural mother,' while perhaps the 'natural father' latent in the little boy beside her has never been called out. The persistent love of dolls on the part of very little boys is the occasion of much amusement among adults, or still oftener among older children in the ruthless stage of middle childhood. No wonder it is soon suppressed. The era of furry toy animals has been a great blessing to all little boys, because it has given them an outlet for the brooding maternalism — or let us call it paternalism — with which they are overflowing. The boy may not without self-consciousness take a doll to bed, but he may go to sleep with his arms about his 'teddy bear.'

In the matter of children's dress we are indeed working toward better things. The little girl is still decked with ribbons and dainty foot-gear while her brother is left ungarnished, but these differences are as nothing compared with those of the past. The present fashion of short hair and 'rompers' for girls and boys alike is in the nature of a revolution when we contrast it with the period of which Miss Austen's novels have given us so intimate a knowledge, or the later period in which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of its victims — a bold and joyous spirit — said that 'little girls had no legs — they had only feet pinned to the bottoms of their pantalettes.'

Even in the realm of literature there is still something to be desired. We may smile at the assumption of our grandfathers that 'female literature' was in a class by itself, at the attitude which encouraged the production and tolerated the existence of such books as *The Lady's Keepsake*. Yet the same tradition is carried on to-day in the magazines specifically for boys, for girls, for women, and for 'ladies.'

There is justification, then, for saying that the great experiment of equal conditions for men and women has not yet been tried. If, meanwhile, without such equal conditions, occasional women have been able to qualify, side by side with men, it may indicate that women as a body have certain things 'in them' which society has not believed them to have. But it may only indicate this for the occasional woman, which every one has always known. Until it is possible to point to more than an occasional woman, it might be well to regard the feminine nature as an unknown quantity, to be investigated with an open mind. It might be better still to let it alone; but we know very well that we shall not let it alone. We shall go right on, data or no data, debating whether women are really only 'female men,' as wonderful old Dr. Bushnell denied, or whether they are that mystic blending of subjection and inspiration which he believed them to be and which so fired his enthusiasm.

It has fired the enthusiasm of many other men too, — not small men either, nor brutal men, nor domineering men. And this suggests one consideration which it may be well to touch upon. It is an obvious fact, although one which people seem able to forget, that men and women, for at least part of their lives, want to attract and please each other more than they want almost anything else. One of the ways of doing this is through the challenge and the relief of contrast. Therefore men and women have at least thought that they liked the other sex for the things in which it differed from their own. Each has at times been glad of its own defects since these have brought out the qualities of the other. A man has smiled over the clumsiness of his hands because it has reduced him to joyful dependence upon the deftness of a woman's fingers. A woman has been well content with her weakness because of a certain exquisite pleasure she has both given and received in resting on a man's strength. This is not entirely a sex-instinct. It has its part in all deep friendship, but it seems most marked between the sexes, and it cannot be lightly brushed aside as sentimentality or affectation. It might conceivably interfere with the great experiment. For just as women and men began to discover that they were more alike than they had supposed, they might deliberately set about being different, just because it struck them as more interesting.

In men, this impulse, this admiration of what is different, has been balanced by another. For if a man, at certain periods and in certain moods, strongly desires to meet the standards set for him by women, he also desires, almost all the time, and in almost every mood, to meet the standards set for him by men. Often the two desires work together. Sometimes they run counter. One at its height is called love, the other honor.

In women, on the other hand, the corresponding impulse — to come up to the standards of other women — has been very faint, except in regard to clothes and conventions; but this is changing. Women are meeting one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another in clubs, in institutions, in many kinds of associated work, they are doing things together in larger or smaller groups, and this is beginning to have its effect. Whereas among men there have always been recognized two sorts, the man's man and the woman's man, — among women also there are coming to be two sorts, the man's woman and the woman's woman. This fact, too, will have its influence in determining the future development of women's nature and ideals.

There is so far, then, nothing very conclusive to be said as to the nature of women. We have opinions, but no proof — if we define as proof, evidence which carries conviction to all intelligent minds. For clearly it will not do to class as unintelligent all those whom our particular bundle of evidence fails to convince.

I said it might be better to let the whole matter drop. But, even if we were otherwise willing to, we could hardly do so, because, as we have seen, it is not an academic question. For there is this matter of the home pressing for adjustment. If woman is precisely like man, then perhaps home has been her worst enemy — or at least, is so now. And if this is true, we ought to know it, and do something about it.

King Alfred, watching the cakes baking before the fire, his mind on the welfare of a kingdom, is considered a touching picture of royalty debased. Is woman in the same situation? King Alfred let the cakes burn, and no one — except the narrow-minded housewife — seems to have blamed him. There are people to-day who think that if women let their cakes burn they are not to blame either. The men may eat burned cakes — it serves them right for making the women do all the tending of them. But it might be contended that King Alfred really was to blame, royal though he was. He promised to watch those cakes, and then he did not watch them — a clear case of breach of trust. So with us women. Here we are, with the cakes on our hands. Perhaps it is true that we have been debarred from our rights, from our kingdom. Perhaps we must anxiously plan, see visions and dream dreams, before we come into it. But meanwhile, have we any right to let the cakes burn?

III

The situation is this: owing to conditions so far in the past that we can only dimly guess at them, the institution of the home arose. It undoubtedly had certain real uses which at least in part justified its existence, one of the most obvious of these being the provision of a relatively peaceful environment for the rearing of children. Men can get along without homes. So can women. But children cannot. In the course of time, owing again to complex conditions, the home came to be woman's peculiar charge. It still is. It has been handed down to her from age to age, and each generation of women has been held responsible for it. She may maintain it static, or she may improve it, but she must not let it go to pieces until she has provided something better. She is answerable for this, not to the men of the past, who were doubtless never consciously responsible for the condition of subjection in which women lived; not even to the men of the present, who, although perhaps somewhat more conscious, still feel themselves largely at the mercy of existing institutions; but to the children. She is bound to furnish them homes until she can give them something demonstrably better.

This is what she is trying to do. Not the feminists alone, or the suffragists alone; not even the anti-suffragists, who, in the name of the home, seem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often to be darkening counsel rather than illuminating. Intelligent women of all creeds see that home-management needs reform.

But it does not appeal to me as a good start to begin by belittling the occupations of the home. This is what Mr. George does. 'I contend,' he says, 'that her work is mainly sterile, that it is essentially humiliating. . . . I contend too that labor in the home steals from woman her individuality, her originality, her opportunities for self-expression and self-development; that it makes her stupid, limited, harsh (or sentimental), that it deprives her of her beauty and her grace, divorces her from her true social function and generally unfits her to become the equal companion whom man could respect. . . . Woman is preoccupied with infinite small cares, and it does not much matter what they are; most of them are sterile. . . . A full half of woman's time is absorbed by these domestic complexities. . . . Every care disturbs and deflects her from other pursuits and from thought. . . . The great mass of these cares is pure futility.'

This is a severe arraignment, but it loses some of its force when we realize that it is an arraignment, not of home life alone, but of human life, and more particularly of any administrative business. 'My occupation,' says President Eliot,[1] 'offers, I believe, more variety than that of most professional men: yet I should say that nine tenths of my work, from day to day, was routine work, presenting no more novelty or fresh interest to me than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith, who is always making new things on old types, presents to him.'

If the President of Harvard could say this of his work, it may probably be said with even greater emphasis of most other work. Everything depends on the spirit in which it is said. Often, to complain of the sterility of work is to arraign not the work but the worker. Every one knows that it is possible to go through the same routine in such a way as to make it either sterile or fruitful, and the habit of regarding home-management as a mass of sterile and stultifying detail is one to be regretted. It is perhaps inevitable. We tend to belittle whatever we have recently outgrown, and though women have, I hope, not altogether outgrown the home, they are in just the position where they see all its faults with the clearness born of a union of intimacy and detachment. Moreover, reformers seldom see the best side of what they are reforming. If they did they might not be reformers. But the result is that reforms are always misunderstood and often harmful. At present the home is in a hard position, suffering from attack on the part of the feminists, as though it, too, were an exclusively 'man-made' institution, and suffering equally from defense on the part of certain conservatives, who bring to the discussion a sentimentality and an obliviousness to facts that is singularly unhelpful.

The home is, of course, not entirely man-made. And the aspects of it which justify, if anything justifies, such criticism as this of Mr. George's, are almost entirely woman-made. There are, to be sure, men who, just as they like their wives to dress showily, like also to have their homes managed showily. It is a form of ostentation that feeds their pride. But with most men, the simpler a home is, the better they like it. Were men ever the happier because the patchwork quilts in their houses took months to make? Maggie Tulliver, a feminist of her own day, called it 'foolish work, cutting things apart and then sewing them together again,' and so

[1] *The Durable Satisfactions of Life.* By CHARLES W. ELIOT. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1910.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perhaps it was. So was a good deal of work done in the home. Whatever drove women into it, — whether a perverted inventiveness, a cramped and hedged-in zest for creation, or merely the ostentation of industry, — whatever it was, it was certainly not the urgency of the men.

But if the women of the past involved themselves and their homes in a tangle of self-imposed detail, the women of the future are in danger of going to the other extreme. The Germans have an expression, 'to throw out the child with the bath,' that is a very suggestive one, and seems to belong just here. What I mean is, that in simplifying the home, in eliminating, in delegating, we must be careful not to lose the home itself. And of this we are in much greater danger than were our grandmothers, in spite of their foolish patchwork. We sometimes allow ourselves to pity our great-grandmothers. I am not so sure that we are right. Materially their lives were harder, but spiritually, perhaps, they were easier.

The home, if it is anything, is a spiritual reality. But we are so constituted that we have to get at the spiritual through the physical. Generosity, courage, purity — it is only in the old Moralities that we meet these face to face, and we know how cold the meeting is. It is not generosity that stirs us, but a cup of water passed on by the dying gentleman to the poor soldier whose need appealed to him more strongly than his own desire. Courage is a name, but to get its thrill we think of the other English gentleman walking quietly out of the storm-bound tent into the Antarctic night, that by his death he might give his friends a better chance for life.

So with the other values of life. In proportion as they are spiritual they are not won by direct assault. Wealth may be won, but not happiness; bodily health, but not health of the soul. If we spend ourselves in clearing an open path to what we want, — cutting away the tangle of importunities that seem to hold us back, trampling down and hurling aside whatever threatens to trip us, — the more thoroughly we do this, the more likely is it that as we go forward briskly along the cleared way we shall discover that there is nothing ahead — the path leads nowhere. The things we most care for — the spiritual rewards — seem to come always as by-products.

It is a little like this with the home. It is spiritual, but it arises through the vehicle of the physical. We may not be able to track it down to any one material aspect. Sleeping under one roof does not make a home; eating together does not make a home; gathering about a common lamp or a common fireplace does not; possibly even children in a nursery cannot make a home. We may eliminate one or another of these and still keep the spiritual thing that we prize. Sometimes we must eliminate, when the very multitude of its outward signs blur the real meaning — you cannot see the woods for the trees. But a proverb usually needs a supplementary gloss, and in this one it should be added that without trees there will be no woods. And so, in the case of the home, if in one extreme there is danger of submerging its significance in the mass of its physical expressions, there is at the other extreme the danger of dissipating significance through a paucity of physical expression. It is the second danger which would threaten the feminist home as described by Mr. George: —

'I imagine the Feminist home rather as a large block of flats in a garden over a common restaurant; the staff is directed by an elected manageress and her deputy . . . a competent kitchen staff, under a well-paid *chef*, prepares

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

table d'hôte meals for the lazy and a lengthy *à la carte* bill for the fastidious. . . . Everything that can be done to throw the business of the household upon a salaried staff is done.'

To most people this proposition will seem a *reductio ad absurdum* for the whole feminist programme. 'If this is what Feminism means, let us have no more of it.' And it is not only the conservatives who will say this.

But let us hope that Mr. George's bleak plan for us is not the only one possible. Even at a first glance one might almost predict that nothing so cheap and easy as his Feminist Flats could embody a solution of society's problem. And the more I consider it, the more I feel sure that his solution of the home would be a betrayal of the home. 'Clear the way for a real home,' he says in effect, 'with leisure to realize it.' Very well. The way is clear: the kitchen is gone, the cookery is delegated, the cleaning is delegated, the nursery is eliminated. These things are in the hands of experts, and the family, having been marshaled by experts through its communal day, comes together, if at all, at its close (there seems no chance before), in the sitting-room of its own flat, and says, 'Let us now, being at leisure, and free from petty cares, get a real sense of home.'

This is what I have called bleak. If I were confronted with the alternative of achieving a sense of home through leisure and no work or through work and no leisure, I should choose the second. I believe that you can give a child, and get for yourself, more of the feeling of home by going out with him and picking up wood for the fire, and coming in and making it, and sweeping up the floor afterwards, and then, perhaps, having only five minutes left in which to sit down by it and read him a story, than you will by sitting down with him in a dustless room before a steam-radiator heated, with no trouble to you, from a central plant, and having a whole hour of leisure in which to read him many stories.

And even if in the first case you had to use up all your time, so that you had to tell the child his story while you lugged in the wood, and even if you and the child were both very tired when all was done, whereas before the steam-radiator you would both have felt quite fresh — even so, I still believe the sense of home would be stronger and worth having at the price. That is one of the reasons why I do not think we need to pity our great-grandmothers.

It evidently comes down to our theory about life. One theory is, that there is, on the one hand, such a thing as 'real life,' and on the other 'stultifying detail.' Real life is desirable, stultifying detail is despicable. Therefore we must, so far as possible, get rid of detail, in order to make room for real life.

The other theory, which I find much more useful, is that life is felt only through detail. Detail is stultifying only if it is not vitalized. Our lives are enveloped in it as we are in the air we breathe; they express themselves through it; it is their medium. In one sense, then, there is no such thing as 'real life'; but in another and truer sense, there is nothing else. Therefore, there is no point in trying to escape detail. The only escape is in turning to it, meeting it, using it. Concretely, the detail of home-management is not to be despised and evaded, it is to be valued and seized upon and made vital. Mr. George considers it an obstacle. I consider it both a means and an end.

But if his plan is a betrayal of the home it is so not through inadvertence. He means to betray it. He regards the individuality of the home as a fetter, the privacy of the home as a menace, the sacredness of the home as a fetich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But I hope it is possible to wish for women many of the things which he wishes, and yet to see in the individuality of the home a stimulus, in its privacy an opportunity, and in its sacredness an inspiration.

IV

There is, however, no use in blinking the fact that some of Mr. George's reforms are in line with actual economic movement. It is more his spirit than his matter that gives offense. The communal flat is not yet here, but we are a good deal nearer to it than even our grandfathers would have deemed possible. The exodus of home occupations out of the home and into the hands of organized labor is a commonplace of daily observation. It began long ago, but is proceeding with gathering momentum. Not only light but heat, and even hot water, are being furnished from an outside plant. The vacuum cleaner, which comes at our summons, has revolutionized housecleaning. Probably one third of the kitchen work has gone, or, for households that patronize bakeries, perhaps one half. And this is the result, not of feminist-driven reform, but of general economic changes. Neither feminists nor reactionaries have either helped or hindered it. But what the final effect on the home is to be depends somewhat on the attitude of the homemakers — the men and the women and the children who are coming.

There is no question that the immediate result has been to lighten enormously the home labor of women, and either to send them out of the home in pursuit of other occupation, or to leave them in the home, high and dry, with hands idle or occupied only with work which has been rather artificially concocted to fill them. How this is affecting the home, whether it is helping it or destroying it, whether it is developing some group-form of social life other than the family form, and whether this would be a good thing or a bad thing — these are questions which we cannot help debating even though we have as yet few data to go on.

But in this connection it might be worth while to scrutinize rather carefully one assumption, — the assumption that the best way for society to do things is through experts. I do not say, the best way for it to get things done. It does not require much scrutiny to discover that if we want any particular thing done in the best way we must go to the expert. The question is, whether this is the best way for society to do things. It is rather generally assumed that it is. And yet there is another theory which casts a doubt upon this: the theory that it is better for any one to do many things for himself, even if he does them rather badly, than for him to have them done — even better done — for him. We all recognize this about children. It is better for a child to wash his own hands, even though the thumbs are neglected and a grayish water-line is left at the wrist, than for him to have them washed for him, though they come out immaculate — and with no water-line. It all depends on whether your eyes are fixed on the people who are doing the things or on the things they are doing. If it is the things, go to the expert. If it is the people, don't.

Possibly even the things suffer in the long run. Manufacturers here and there are beginning to suspect this. After having worked for years toward greater and greater specialization of labor, they are now beginning to suspect that they are suffering from a loss of quality in their laborers, who compare unfavorably with the 'all-round' worker, and they are casting about for a remedy. In other words, specializa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion may be good for production but bad for the producer. If with this in mind we should review the question of home-management by experts, we might decide that, though something will be gained, something also may be sacrificed. It is not enough to prove that it would make for economy and efficiency in heating, lighting, cleaning, catering. It might do all this, and still the gain might be outweighed by the loss.

V

Just a word, finally, about fathers and husbands. It is not the fashion to talk about them much. Mr. George speaks of the child as the expression of 'the feminine personality.' He says, 'The wife should die in child-birth, and the mother rise from her ashes.' Why cannot the husband also die, and the father rise from *his* ashes? And there would be Father and Mother face to face, which is all of Husband and Wife, and something more. It is even better than a mother, with a father as 'mere excrescence.'

Here is a curious bit of thinking. Beginning with the assertion that men and women are potentially alike and equal, Mr. George's argument somehow slides off into an assumption of a difference incredibly great — the difference between a mother militant or triumphant, and a father excrescent. This is bewildering. For many of us have supposed that the development of fatherhood has been one of the main lines of social progress; that the goal which society has been working toward is the equal comradeship of man and woman. If it is important to achieve this as regards all other aspects of life, why should we deliberately throw it away in the one that touches us most deeply? It is worth any price, it is what spiritualizes passion, and makes of marriage something a thought more wonderful than friendship. And now to forget, — to be blind to the beauty, the infinite desirability of men and women standing together as regards the most precious thing they can create and possess, the child, — any one who can do this would seem to have strayed so far as to have forfeited all claim to be listened to.

How can we trust ourselves to such guidance? None of us sees the path clearly. We are hardly sure of the next step, but if we are not right about this, then we do not even know which way we are facing. This is why the note of sex-antagonism in suffrage argument ought to be deeply deplored and sternly repressed. It is a false note. Class-antagonism we have. Perhaps we shall have class-war. To some this seems inevitable, to others probable, to all it seems possible, because even with the extinction of one class, society could still go on. But it is not possible for one sex to wish the extinction of the other. The well-being of each is bound up with the well-being of the other, and we must distrust every leader who does not recognize first of all that, wherever safety lies, it does not lie in separation or hostility. Society is like a bird with two great wings, woman and man. It has not been able to fly very well because one of its wings has been broken. At last this wing is coming to its full strength. Will it help, then, to cripple the other wing?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

BY GEORGE HODGES

When Æneas visited 'the place that hath no road for living men,' he carried in his hand a golden bough. Whether the poet found this branch growing in the forest of his own luxuriant imagination, or plucked it in the gardens of mythology or of archæology, nobody definitely knows. It may have been only the leafy stem with which a suppliant approached a king. Virgil says that it looked like mistletoe; and in that form it appears on the covers of the ten handsome volumes of Dr. Frazer's *The Golden Bough*.[1]

Four hundred years after the Æneid, Servius, a commentator, illustrated the passage by referring to a tradition, current in his time, which found the bough in a wood near Aricia, by the Lake of Nemi. The tree was guarded by a priest of Diana who had gained his place by killing his predecessor, and who daily awaited the coming of one at whose hands he himself must encounter the same fate. It is the situation which is sketched by Macaulay, —

> These trees in whose dark shadow
> The ghostly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

The connection between the text in Virgil and the comment of Servius is so remote as to justify the suggestion of Andrew Lang (in his *Magic and Religion*) that Servius, 'after the manner of annotators in all ages,' finding that he knew nothing about Virgil's branch, discoursed at length concerning another branch about which he happened to have a quantity of curious information. Servius said that the candidate for the office of priest, or King of the Wood, must be a fugitive slave, and that he must qualify himself to fight with the guardian of the tree by first breaking off the magic bough.

It does not greatly matter. The relation of the comment to the text, and of the combined text and comment to Dr. Frazer's ten volumes, is like the distance between the Lake of Nemi and the church towers of Rome. In the first edition of his book, Dr. Frazer said that in still weather the sound of the bells of Rome could be heard in the silence of the Arician forest. In the third edition, now completed, he acknowledges that this is impossible, but he frankly leaves the statement uncorrected. 'In *Old Mortality*,' he says, 'we read how a hunted Covenanter, fleeing before Claverhouse's dragoons, hears the sullen boom of the kettledrums of the cavalry borne to him on the night wind. When Scott was taken to task for this statement, because the kettledrums are not beaten by the cavalry at night, he replied in effect that he liked to hear the drums sounding there, and that he would let them sound on so long as his book might last. In the

[1] *The Golden Bough*. By J. G. Frazer. London and New York. The Macmillan Co.

I. *The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings* (2 vols.), 1911.
II. *Taboo and the Perils of the Soul*, 1911.
III. *The Dying God*, 1911.
IV. *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, 1907.
V. *The Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild* (2 vols.), 1912.
VI. *The Scapegoat*, 1913.
VII. *Balder the Good* (2 vols.), 1913.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same spirit I would make bold to say that by the Lake of Nemi I love to hear, if it be only in imagination, the distant chiming of the bells of Rome, and I would fain believe that their airy music may ring in the ears of my readers after it has ceased to vibrate in my own.'

The reader remembers this convenient music as he turns the pleasant pages of these books. When he cannot hear what the writer hears in the chants of magicians and the refrains of savage liturgies, he is permitted to think that perhaps the sound is audible to the ear of imagination rather than to the ear of science. Indeed, as the reader proceeds in his exploration of the strange regions into which the author brings him, he does not care whether the customs of the country mean precisely what Dr. Frazer says they mean, or not. He is quite content to read these friendly pages, charmingly printed, for the sake of the stories which they tell, and with no agreement with the senior wrangler who objected to *Paradise Lost*, saying, 'What does it prove?'

This does not signify that the writer has no propositions which he undertakes to prove. He is perpetually proving. What it means is that the processes and the conclusions are often only the pleasant guesses of an ingenious mind. They amuse him, and are intended to entertain us. Dr. Frazer is entirely frank about it. 'The whole fabric of ancient mythology,' he says, 'is so foreign to our modern ways of thought, and the evidence concerning it is for the most part so fragmentary, obscure, and conflicting that in our attempts to piece together and interpret it we can hardly hope to reach conclusions that will completely satisfy either ourselves or others. In this as in other branches of study it is the fate of theories to be washed away like children's castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine an exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly, and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collections of facts.'

Sometimes the facts hang awkwardly on the pegs. In that case the thing to do is either to sew a little strap to the fact to hang it by, or to punch a hole in it to admit the peg. Take, for example, the Passover in Egypt, and its connection with the sacrifice of the first-born. Unfortunately, it has n't any connection, for the first-born who died that night were of the Egyptians. But wait; we will make a connection. It was not the first-born of the Egyptians upon whom the Angel of Death laid his summoning hand, but the first-born of the Israelites, because the Hebrew law required that every first-born be redeemed. This must have arisen in an ancient custom of human sacrifice, enacted on a large scale at the Passover, and continued in a mitigated form when animals were substituted for children, and the leaders suggested to the people that 'if they only killed a lamb and smeared its blood on the door-posts, the bloodthirsty and near-sighted deity would never know the difference.'

Thus the fact is hung discreetly on the peg. And the author as he puts it in its proper place hears, 'if it be only in imagination,' the distant moaning of the children of the Hebrews.

The illusive music sounds again in the account of the taking of Jerusalem by David. 'Some of the old Canaanite kings of Jerusalem appear to have played the part of Adonis in their lifetime, if we may judge by their names, Adoni-bezek and Adoni-zedek.' Thus the story goes on the Adonis-peg. 'If Jerusalem had been from of old the seat of a dynasty of spiritual potentates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or grand Lamas, who held the keys of heaven and were revered far and wide as kings and gods in one [the bells of Rome are ringing so loud now that we can distinguish between St. Peter's and St. Paul's!], we can easily understand why the upstart David chose it for the capital of the new kingdom which he had won for himself at the point of the sword.' David might reasonably hope to inherit their ghostly repute as well as their broad acres, to wear their nimbus as well as their crown.

Why not? He put upon his own head the crown of Milcom, god of the Ammonites. And is not the very name of David the same as Dod or Dodo, 'the Beloved One,' by which Adonis was known in Southern Canaan? It is almost as good a case as that whereby Archbishop Whately proved that Napoleon was a sun-myth, and that his victories were as fabulous as the adventures of Hercules.

The reader of *The Golden Bough* must keep in mind the fact that Dr. Frazer's perceptions are uncommonly keen, and that in the heart of the woods of Aricia he can hear the ringing of the Angelus in Rome. He begins with a fanciful or tentative suggestion, which is presently employed as a premise, and the premise is made a step toward a logical conclusion. Thus he conducts us across wide rivers on stepping-stones of 'ifs' and 'buts.' First, you put your foot on a 'perhaps'; then you spring lightly to a 'be-that-as-it-may'; thence to a 'hardly-therefore-can-it-be-unreasonable'; and before you know it, here you are safe on the other side of a succession of resting-places, not one of which will really bear your weight.

The theme of *The Golden Bough* is the mythology of vegetation. The priest who slays the slayer in the Arician wood is enacting the annual mystery of the succession of the seasons. All the green things upon the earth die in the winter and come to life again in the spring. For this essential order primitive man feels himself responsible. He must do something about it. And the thing which he finds to do is like the thing which he desires the gods to do. The formula of the doctrine of savage magic is *similia similibus:* like is produced by like. If the men of two villages play a game of football, the winning village will have fair weather, having kicked away the clouds — because a football looks a little like a cloud. If the flames of our sacred fires at midsummer burn high, we shall have tall crops; we can fix the height of the crops by fixing the height of the fire.

It follows that the priest, who thus determines the order of nature, and holds in his hand the sun, the rain, and the wind, is easily identified with the god whom he serves. But such an identification has inconvenient consequences for the priest. The priest-god is so important to the community that he must be taken care of with the most punctilious caution. The laws of taboo are made in order to perceive and avoid the thousand ways in which this necessary divine man may be injured or offended. Especially, the god may not be permitted to grow old and die. The whole universe would perish with him. In the midst of his health and strength he must transmit the treasure of his life to his successor.

Thus we begin to understand the tragedy of the Arician wood; and with it the stories of Adonis, of Attis, of Osiris, of Dionysus, who died and came to life again, and who thus dying and reviving enacted the annual death and resurrection of the corn and the vine. Such annual enacting of the succession of the seasons belongs to man's sense of responsibility for the order of nature. The magician lights his taper in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dark of the early morning, and presently the sun rises. The coincidence looks like cause and effect. He does not dare to intermit the lighting of his magic taper, lest he destroy the world. In a like spirit, he observes the festivals of the dying and reviving god, lamenting the fate of Tammuz, or Dionysus, or Osiris, according to the land in which he lives, and welcoming the god returning to life, lest by his neglect the brown ground should never be green again.

This mystery play by which the return of spring was not only illustrated, but enforced, involved one serious difficulty. It demanded the sacrifice of the priest-god. When the priest-god, as the most important man of the tribe, was also the king, this sacrifice interfered with the progress of the political administration. The habit of annually killing the best man in the tribe seemed out of accord with reasonable economy. So a substitute was provided. The substitute, as a compensation for the tragic brevity of his reign, was permitted during certain days to behave himself as he pleased, being a Lord of Misrule. Then he was killed, and the priest-king-god, reinvigorated by this new blood, reigned on. Then, as times changed, and men grew wiser, and doubts increased, the tragedy of the dying god became the comedy of the Christmas revels, and Adonis and Osiris appeared as the King of the Bean, or the Abbot of Unreason, with a twelve-day tenure of office, between Christmas and Epiphany. The transformation is perplexing, and the reader finds himself in the position of the Jews at the Feast of Purim, who were required, Dr. Frazer says, to drink so deep in honor of the day that at last they were unable to discern the difference between 'Cursed be Haman!' and 'Blessed be Mordecai!' Things which at first sight look very different, finally appear, as the pages are turned, to have a kind of dizzy identity.

Connected with the sacrifice of a god, or of a priest-king, or of a human substitute, or of an animal substitute, is the ritual of the scapegoat. The idea is that the sins of the people may be transferred to one who shall suffer in their stead, or at least shall carry the transgressions away. Gradually this office devolved, by a pious economy, upon the dying god. 'On the one hand we have seen that it has been customary to kill the human or animal god in order to save his divine life from being weakened by the inroads of age. On the other hand we have seen that it has been customary to have a general expulsion of evils and sins once a year. Now, if it occurred to people to combine these two customs, the result would be the employment of the dying god as a scapegoat.' Thus we climb the easy hill of conjecture, and view from the top an extensive prospect in which the fences between the Hebrew, the Christian, and the pagan fields have disappeared.

Thus the author of *The Golden Bough* leads us through eight interesting volumes in which the golden bough is hardly mentioned. We caught sight of it for a moment at the beginning, growing on the sacred tree by the Lake of Nemi. Now at last we see it again in the tragedy of Balder the Good. Balder, in the Norse mythology, is slain by a weapon made of mistletoe. But Balder, being slain, was burned, and the fact suggests the sacred bonfires which from time immemorial have flamed on the hills of Europe, on Midsummer Eve or Hallowe'en. Away we go to watch these fires. We return in the tenth volume to be instructed in the doctrine of the external soul. The soul, which normally resides within the body, may come out and dwell for safety in some protected object. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mistletoe contained the soul of the priest-king-god of the Arician tree. This is why the first act of the slayer must be to break the golden bough. But Dr. Frazer is now 'less than ever disposed to lay weight on the analogy between the Italian priest and the Norse god.' He allows it to stand because it furnishes him with 'a pretext for discussing not only the general question of the external soul in popular superstition, but also the fire-festivals of Europe.'

Thus *The Golden Bough* deals with almost everything except the golden bough.

As for the idea that Christianity itself belongs to the mythology of vegetation, and that Christ must take his place with Tammuz and Adonis and Osiris and Dionysus in the common pantheon of dying and reviving gods, it depends upon the most remote and superficial similiarities. It is true that the Christian religion came into a world in which life, death, and resurrection were universal facts of nature, and were used to interpret the destiny of man. It is true also that Christianity as it made its way baptized a thousand pleasant superstitions. But to find in the rites of Dionysus and in the mysteries of Isis the faith of the disciples that their Master though dead was still alive, is to hear in the midst of the fight in which the priest of the golden bough is killed the chiming of the bells of Christian churches.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

CALLING ON THE MORMONS

BURNT FORK, WYO., *November*, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I have wanted to write you for a long time, but have been so busy. I have had some visitors and have been on a visit; I think you would like to hear about it all, so I will tell you.

I don't think you would have admired my appearance the morning this adventure began: I was in the midst of fall house-cleaning which included some papering. I am no expert at the very best, and papering a wall has difficulties peculiar to itself. I was up on a barrel trying to get a long, sloppy strip of paper to stick to the ceiling instead of to me when in my visitors trooped, and so surprised me that I stepped off the barrel and into a candy-bucket of paste. At the same time the paper came off the ceiling and fell over mine and Mrs. Louderer's head. It was right aggravating I can tell you, but my visitors were Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. Louderer, and no one could stay discouraged with that pair around.

After we had scraped as much paste as we could off ourselves they explained that they had come to take me somewhere. That sounded good to me but I could not see how I could get off. However, Mrs. Louderer said she had come to keep house and to take care of the children while I should go with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to Santee. We should have two days' travel by sled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a few hours on a train, then another journey by sled.

I wanted to go powerfully, but the paste-smeared room seemed to forbid.

As Mrs. Louderer would stay with the children, Mr. Stewart thought the trip would be good for me. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knew I wanted to visit Bishop Colton, a shining light among the Latter Day Saints, so she promised we should stay over night at his house. That settled it, so in the cold, blue light of the early morning, Mr. Beeler, a new neighbor, had driven my friends over in Mrs. Louderer's big sled, to which was hitched a pair of her great horses and his own team. He is a widower and was going out to the road for supplies, so it seemed a splendid time to make my long-planned visit to the Bishop. Deep snow came earlier this year than usual, and the sledding and weather both promised to be good. It was with many happy anticipations that I snuggled down among the blankets and bearskins that morning.

Mr. Beeler is pleasant company, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is so jolly and bright, and I could leave home without a single misgiving with Mrs. Louderer in charge.

The evening sky was blazing crimson and gold, and the mountains behind us were growing purple when we entered the little settlement where the Bishop lives. We drove briskly through the scattered, straggling little village, past the store and the meeting house, and drew up before the dwelling of the Bishop. The houses of the village were for the most part small cabins of two or three rooms, but the Bishop's was more pretentious. It was a frame building and boasted paint and shutters. A tithing office stood near, and back of the house we could see a large granary and long stacks of hay. A bunch of cattle was destroying one stack, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy remarked that the tallow from those cattle should be used when the olive oil gave out at their anointings, because it was the Bishop's cattle eating consecrated hay.

We knocked on the door but got no answer. Mr. Beeler went around to the back but no one answered, so we concluded we would have to try elsewhere for shelter. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy comforted me by remarking, 'Well, there ain't a penny's worth of difference in a Mormon bishop and any other Mormon, and Colton is not the only polygamist by a long shot.'

We had just turned out of the gate when a lanky, towheaded boy about fourteen years of age rode up. We explained our presence there, and the boy explained to us that the Bishop and Aunt Debbie were away. The next best house up the road was his 'maw's,' he said, so as Mr. Beeler expected to stay with a friend of his, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I determined to see if 'Maw' could accommodate us for the night.

Mr. Beeler offered to help the boy get the cattle out, but he said, 'No, paw said it would n't matter if they got into the hay, but that he had to knock off some poles on another part of the stock-yard so that some horses could get in to eat.'

'But,' I asked, 'is n't that consecrated hay, — is n't it tithing?'

'Yes,' he said, 'but that won't hurt a bit, only that old John Ladd always pays his tithe with foxtail hay and it almost ruins paw's horses' mouths.'

I asked him if his father's stock was supposed to get the hay.

'No, I guess not,' he said, 'but they are always getting in accidental like.'

We left him to fix the fence so the horses could get in 'accidental like,' and drove the short distance to 'the next best house.'

We were met at the door by a plea-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sant-faced little woman who hurried us to the fire. We told her our plight. 'Why certainly you must stay with me,' she said. 'I am glad the Bishop and Deb are away. They keep all the company and I so seldom have any one come; you see Debbie has no children and can do so much better for any one stopping there than I can, but I like company too, and I am glad of a chance to keep you. You two can have Maudie's bed. Maud is my oldest girl and she has gone to Ogden to visit, so we have plenty of room.'

By now it was quite dark. She lighted a lamp and bustled about preparing supper. We sat by the stove and, as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'noticed.'

Two little boys were getting in wood for the night. They appeared to be about eight years old, they were twins and were the youngest of the family. Two girls, about ten and twelve years old were assisting our hostess; then the boy Orson, whom we met at the gate, and Maud, the daughter who was away, made up the family. They seemed a happy, contented family, if one judged by appearance alone. After supper the children gathered around the table to prepare next day's lessons. They were bright little folks, but they mingled a great deal of talk with their studies and some of what they talked was family history.

'Mamma,' said Kittie, the largest of the little girls, 'if Aunt Deb does buy a new coat and you get her old one, then can I have yours?'

'I don't know,' her mother replied, 'I should have to make it over if you did take it. Maybe we can have a new one.'

'No, we can't have a new one I know, for Aunt Deb said so; but she is going to give me her brown dress and you her gray one; she said so the day I helped her iron. We'll have those to make over.'

For the first time I noticed the discontented lines on our hostess's face, and it suddenly occurred to me that we were in the house of the Bishop's second wife. Before I knew I was coming on this journey I thought of a dozen questions I wanted to ask the Bishop but I could never ask that careworn little woman anything concerning their peculiar belief. However, I was spared the trouble, for soon the children retired and the conversation drifted around to Mormonism and polygamy, and our hostess seemed to want to talk, so I just listened, for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy rather likes to 'argufy'; but she had no argument that night, only her questions started our hostess's story.

She had been married to the Bishop not long before the manifesto, and he had been married several years then to Debbie. But Debbie had no children, and all the money the Bishop had to start with had been his first wife's, so when it became necessary for him to discard a wife it was a pretty hard question for him because a little child was coming to the second wife and he had nothing to provide for her with except what his first wife's money paid for. The first wife said she would consent to him starting the second, if she filed on land and paid her back a small sum every year until it was all paid back. So he took the poor 'second' after formally renouncing her, and helped her to file on the land she now lives on. He built her a small cabin, and so she started her career as a 'second.' I suppose the 'first' thought she would be rid of the 'second,' who had never really been welcome, although the Bishop could never have married a 'second' without her consent.

'I would *never* consent,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Oh, yes, you would if you had been raised a Mormon,' said our hostess. 'You see, we were all of us children

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of polygamous parents. We have been used to plural marriages all our lives. We believe that such experience fits us for our after-life, as we are only preparing for life beyond while here.'

'Do you expect to go to heaven, and do you think the man who married you and then discarded you will go to heaven too?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Of course I do,' she replied.

'Then,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'I am afraid if it had been mysilf I'd have been after raising a little hell here intirely.'

Our hostess was not offended, and there followed a long recital of earlier day hard times that you would scarcely believe any one could live through. It seems the first wife in such families is boss, and while they do not live in the same homes, still she can very materially affect the other's comfort.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked her if she had married again.

She said no.

'Then,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'whose children are these?'

'My own,' she replied.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was relentless. 'Who is their father?' she asked.

I was right sorry for the poor little woman as she stammered, 'I — I don't know.'

Then she went on, 'Of course I *do* know, and I don't believe you are spying to try to stir up trouble for my husband. Bishop Colton is their father as he is still my husband, although he had to cast me off to save himself and me. I love him and I see no wrong in him. All the Gentiles have against him is he is a little too smart for them. 'T was their foolish law that made him wrong the children and me, and *not* his wishes.'

'But,' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'it places your children in such a plight: they can't inherit, they can't even claim his name, they have no status legally.'

'Oh, but the Bishop will see to that,' the little woman answered.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked her if she had still to work as hard as she used to.

'No, I don't believe I do,' she said, 'for since Mr. Colton has been bishop, things come easier. He built this house with his own money, so Deb has nothing to do with it.'

I asked her if she thought she was as happy as 'second' as she would be if she was the *only* wife.

'Oh, I don't know,' she said, 'perhaps not. Deb and me don't always agree. She is jealous of the children and because I am younger, and I get to feeling bad when I think she is perfectly safe as a wife and has no cares. She has everything she wants, and I have to take what I can get, and my children have to wait upon her. But it will all come right somewhere, some time,' she ended cheerfully as she wiped her eyes with her apron.

I felt so sorry for her and so ashamed to have seen into her sorrow that I was really glad next morning when I heard Mr. Beeler's cheerful voice calling, 'All aboard!'

We had just finished breakfast, and few would ever guess that Mrs. Colton knew a trial; she was so cheerful and so cordial as she bade us good-bye and urged us to stop with her every time we passed through.

About noon that day we reached the railroad. The snow had delayed the train further north, so for once we were glad to have to wait for a train, as it gave us time to get a bite to eat and to wash up a bit. It was not long, however, till we were comfortably seated in the train. I think a train ride might not be so enjoyable to most, but to us it was a delight; I even enjoyed looking at the Negro porter, though I suspect he expected to be called Mister. I found very soon after coming West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hat I must not say Uncle or Aunty as used to at home.

It was not long until they called the ıame of the town at which we wanted o stop. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a ew acquaintances there, but we went o a hotel. We were both tired, so as oon as we had supper we retired. The ouse we stopped at was warmer and ıore comfortable than the average otel in the West, but the partitions vere very thin; so when a couple of punchers,' otherwise cowboys, took he room next to ours, we could hear very word they said.

It appears that one was English and he other a tenderfoot. The tenderfoot was in love with a girl who had filed on ı homestead near the ranch on which he was employed, but who was then a waitress in the hotel we were at. She had not seemed kind to the tenderfoot and he was telling his friend about it. The Englishman was trying to instruct him as to how to proceed.

'You need to be *very* circumspect, Johnny, where females are concerned, but you must n't be too danged timid either.'

'I don't know what the devil to say to her; I can barely nod my head when she asks me will I take tea or coffee; and to-night she mixed it because I nodded yes when she said, "Tea or coffee," and it was the dangdest mess I ever tried to get outside of.'

'Well,' the friend counseled, 'you just get her into a corner some'eres and say to 'er, Dearest 'Attie, I hoffer you my 'and hand my 'eart.'

'But I *can't*,' wailed Johnny. 'I could never get her into a corner any way.'

'If you can't you're not hold enough to marry. What the 'ell would you do with a woman in the 'ouse if you could n't corner 'er? I tell 'e women 'ave to 'ave a master, and no man better tackle that job until 'e can be sure 'e can make 'er walk the chalk line.'

'But I don't want her to walk any line, I just want her to speak to me.'

'Dang me if I don't believe you are locoed. Why, she's got 'e throwed hand 'og-tied now. What d 'e want to make it any worse for?'

They talked for a long time and the Englishman continued to have trouble with his *h*'s; but at last Johnny was encouraged to 'corner 'er' next morning before they left for their ranch.

We expected to be astir early anyway, and our curiosity impelled us to see the outcome of the friend's counsel, so we were almost the first in the dining-room next morning. A rather pretty girl was busy arranging the tables, and soon a boyish-looking fellow, wearing great bat-wing chaps, came in and stood warming himself at the stove.

I knew at once it was Johnny, and I saw ''Attie' blush. The very indifference with which she treated him argued well for his cause, but of course he did n't know that. So when she passed by him and her skirt caught on his big spurs they both stooped at once to unfasten it; their heads hit together with such a bump that the ice was broken although he seemed to think it was her skull. I am sure there ought to be a thaw after all his apologies. After breakfast Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went out to see her friend, Cormac O'Toole. He was the only person in town we could hope to get a team from with which to continue our journey. This is a hard country on horses at best, and at this time of the year particularly so; few will let their teams go out at any price, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had hopes, and she is so persuasive that I felt no one could resist her. There was a drummer at breakfast who kept 'cussing' the country. He had tried to get a conveyance and had failed, so the cold, the snow, the people, and everything else disgusted him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy returned, and as the drummer was trying to get to Santee, and that was our destination also, she made her way toward him intending to invite him to ride with us. She wore over her best clothes an old coat that had once belonged to some one of her men friends. It had once been bearskin but was now more *bare* skin, so her appearance was against her; she looked like something with the mange. So Mr. Drummer did not wait to hear what she was going to say but at once exclaimed, 'No, madam, I cannot let you ride out with me. I can't get a rig myself in this beastly place.' Then he turned to a man standing near and remarked, 'These Western women are so bold, they don't hesitate to *demand* favors.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's eyes fairly snapped, but she said nothing. I think she took a malicious delight in witnessing the drummer's chagrin when a few moments later our comfortable sleigh and good strong team appeared.

We were going to drive ourselves, but we had to drive to the depot for our suit-cases; but when we got there the ticket-office was not open, as the agent was probably having his beauty sleep. There was a fire in the big stove and we joined the bunch of men in the depot. Among them we noticed a thin consumptive-looking fellow, evidently a stranger.

Very soon some men began talking of some transaction in which a Bishop Bunker was concerned. It seemed they did n't admire the Bishop very much; they kept talking of his peculiarities and trangresssions, and mentioned his treatment of his wives. His 'second,' they said, was blind because of cataracts, and although abundantly able he left her in darkness. She had never seen her two last children. Some one spoke up and said, 'I thought polygamy was no longer practiced.' Then the man explained that they no long contracted plural marriages, but th many kept *all* their wives and Bunk still had both of his. He went on to s that although such practice is contra to law, that it was almost impossible make a case against them, for the w men would not swear against their hu bands. Bunker had been arrested onc but his second swore that she did r know who her children's father w and it cost the sheriff his office the ne election. The stranger I have me tioned listened closely and we could s he was deeply interested.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy spoke to a acquaintance of hers and mentione where we were going. In a short whi we got our suit-cases and we were o but as we drove past the freight dep the stranger we had noticed came dow the steps and asked us to let him rid out with us. I really felt afraid of hin but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy thinks hersel a match for any mere man, so she drew up and the man climbed in. He took the lines and we snuggled down under the robes and listened to the runners' shrill screeching over the frozen surface.

We had dinner with a new settler, and about two o'clock that afternoon we overtook a fellow who was plodding along the road. His name was Bunker, he said, and he pointed out to us his broad fields and herds. He had been overseeing some feeders he had, and his horse had escaped, so he was walking home as it was only a couple of miles. He talked a great deal in that two-mile trip; too much for his own good, it developed.

For the first time since Bunker climbed into our sleigh, the stranger spoke. 'Can you tell me where Mrs. Maria Bunker lives?' he asked.

'Why, yes,' our passenger replied. 'She is a member of our little flock. She is slightly related to me, as you perhaps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıoticed the name, and I will show you o her house.'

'Just how is she related to you?' the tranger asked.

'That,' the man replied, 'is a matter ›f protection. I have *given* her the protection of my name.'

'Then she is your wife, is she not?' he stranger asked.

'You must be a stranger in this country,' the man evaded. 'What is your ame?'

But the stranger did n't seem to ıear, and just then we came opposite he residence of the Bishop, and the nan we had picked up in the road said, 'That is my home, won't you get out ınd warm? My wife will be glad to get ıcquainted with you ladies.'

We declined as it was only a short distance to the house of the man Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had come to see, so he stayed in the sleigh to show the stranger to the house of Mrs. Maria Bunker. I can't say much for it as a house, and I was glad I did n't have to go in. The stranger and Bunker got out and entered the house, and we drove away. Next morning as we returned through the little village, it was all excitement. Bishop Bunker had been shot the night before, just as he had left the house of Mrs. Maria Bunker, for what reason or by whom no one knew; and if the Bishop knew he had not told, for he either would not or could not talk.

They were going to start with him that day to the hospital, but they had no hopes of him living.

When we came to Mrs. Maria's house, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy got out of the sleigh and went into the house. I could hear her soothing voice, and I was mighty glad the poor forlorn woman had such a comforter. After a while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came out and the woman followed. As soon as I saw her face I knew *who* the stranger was, although I don't know his name. A few miles from the town where we left the angry drummer we met Johnny.

One of our horses had snow-balled up on his foot, so Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked Johnny to knock it off for her. He was not so tongue-tied with us; he told us the north-bound train was snow-bound for a few hours as the wind the night before had drifted the snow across the track; he said he had started home to the ranch that night but a few miles out had met a stranger staggering along almost frozen. He had taken the stranger behind him on his horse and had started back to town, but when they had come in sight of the snow-bound train he had deserted him and joined the crowd around the train and he, Johnny, had gone back to town and was just now getting toward home again.

'And did you tell any one about your quare adventure?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'No,' he said, 'there was n't any one up at the hotel and this morning I slept so late I saw no one but Hattie and — and we talked *all* the time about homesteading.'

'Well,' she said, 'don't say anything about it to *any* one and I'll bake your wedding cake when Hattie says yes, and I'll see to it that your cabin is not bare besides.'

Johnny blushed and promised, so we resumed our journey. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy drove and was unusually silent. Just once she spoke.

'*I'd* kill a man, too, if he wronged *my* sister and her children that way.'

I was so *very* glad to get home. How good it all looked to me! 'Poop o' Roome'[1] has a calf, and as we drove up to the corral Clyde was trying to get it into the stall with the rest. It is

[1] Mr. Stewart being a Presbyterian and his wife a Catholic, their cattle are named in accordance with their individual prejudices. — THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Poop's' first calf and she is very proud of it, and objected to its being put away from her, so she bunted at Clyde and as he dodged her the calf ran between his feet and he sat down suddenly in the snow. I laughed at him, but I am powerfully glad he is no follower of old Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Louderer was enjoying herself immensely, she loves children so much. She and Clyde hired the 'Tackler,' so called because he will tackle *any* kind of a job whether he knows anything about it or not, to paper the room. He thinks he is a great judge of the fitness of things and of beauty. The paper has a stripe of roses, so Tackler reversed every other strip so that some of my roses are standing on their heads. Roses don't all grow one way, he claims, and so his method 'makes 'em look more nachul like.'

A little thing like wall-paper put on upside down don't bother me; but what *would* I do if I were a 'second'?

Your loving friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

[The present series of completely ingenuous letters should close with a brief note written quite recently, after the writer knew that the *Atlantic* was printing her letters. Mrs. Stewart had been gravely ill owing to the conditions of her life and the absence of medical attention.]

BURNT FORK, WYO., *January* 23.

To the Editor of the Atlantic:

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I sent you a letter the other day, and when the man came back he brought me yours dated January 10 which I was powerfully glad to get. I am just up from a long and serious illness. That is why you have not heard from me, and as I could not send you the letters in time for continuation I thought you woul not care for any more and I wa mighty blue. I felt so unworthy and s negligent to have let *such* an opportu nity slip by even though I had bee bedfast. But I don't feel so badly now

Indeed you are right about my get ting letters and cards from many peo ple on account of my *Atlantic* articles It makes me wish I *could* deserve all th good things they say. One dear ol lady eighty-four years old wrote m that she had always wanted to live th life I am living, but could not, and tha the Letters satisfied her every wish She said she had only to shut her eye to see it all, to smell the pines and the sage, and she said many more nice things that I wish were true of me. Then I had a letter from a little crippled boy whose mother also wrote, both saying how the Letters had cheered them and eased the pain of the poor young flickering life. The mother said she wanted to thank one who had brought so much of the clean, bright outdoors into her helpless little son's life. I wrote her it was you who ought to be thanked and not I. It wrings my heart to think of so many so hungry for what there is *such* an abundance of. There is so much to love in people that I can never think how there can be anything else but love between all the world. Jerrine tells me she has already written you. I am sorry I knew nothing of it. I was ill for so long that I suppose she got tired of waiting. She writes and spells so poorly that I should not have let her take up your time had I known.

Some women and myself went on an elk-hunt not long since, and I shall shortly send you an account of it.

Hoping I may not disappoint you, I am,

Sincerely your friend
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

(*The End of the Series.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

I. THE AFFAIR OF X, Y, AND Z

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

On the afternoon of October 8, 1797, three Americans sat in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris awaiting their reception as Envoys Extraordinary to the Republic of France. The official anteroom into which they had been ushered was a comfortable apartment, but they were obviously ill pleased with their surroundings, and there was ample justification for the silent dissatisfaction they displayed. Once before, earlier in the day, they had attended by special appointment to present their credentials, only to be told that their official host had been unfortunately called away and could not receive them until three o'clock. But now at the appointed hour they were informed that the citizen official was engaged with the Portuguese Minister, and though the request to enter the waiting room was couched in the most courtly phrases, it was in no very amiable spirit that the envoys accepted the invitation.

Minute after minute passed and the secretaries and clerks who drifted in and out of the official sanctum exchanged amused glances as they noted the rustic garb of the strangers and observed their air of stiff and solemn resentment. This was not the first embassy that had been forced to cool its heels at the door of the Foreign Minister, for that dignitary was Citizen Talleyrand, late Bishop of Autun, but now, by grace of the Directory, the dominant factor in international affairs. In the ashes of the Revolution France had tempered a sword of war that had enabled her to dictate terms to almost half the world, and her representative did not underestimate his power.

It was therefore somewhat droll to see these American *parvenus* in the diplomatic world waxing impatient at their delayed reception. Poor fledglings! They did not appear to be overburdened with feathers, but had they many or few, an hour with the former Bishop of Autun would leave them without a single plume. And the cream of the joke was that every one knew this except the victims who chafed, *ma foi*, because their plucking was postponed! It was droll; it was certainly very droll.

Meanwhile, the unconscious subjects of these diverting reflections were growing less and less pleased with their situation. To all of them it was embarassing, but to one of them it was exasperating in the extreme, for he had already experienced a grave humiliation at the hands of the French Government and every second of waiting now increased the injury to his pride. This was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who had been sent to succeed Monroe as Minister to France, but had departed from Paris with more speed than ceremony, on being informed that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Directory would recognize no minister from the United States until it righted certain alleged grievances, and that the law required strangers to obtain a 'Card of Hospitality' from the police if they wished to tarry more than thirty days upon the soil of France.

This insult was not, of course, personal to the individual American to whom it was addressed, but was aimed at the United States in general for its ingratitude, if not perfidy, in having negotiated a treaty with Great Britain, the one irreconcilable enemy of France. Nevertheless the full force of the affront fell on the rejected diplomat, and Pinckney's florid countenance grew well-nigh purple as he nursed his wrath outside Monsieur Talleyrand's door.

Only ten minutes elapsed before that door opened to admit the special envoys whose mission it was to restore the friendly relations between America and France, but the delay was not auspicious, and it was a very grave trio that was finally ushered into the presence of the man to whom Europe bent the knee. To Talleyrand the advent of these Americans was at once a personal triumph and an opportunity to wipe out an old and rankling score. It was not so long since he, an exile, if not a refugee, from France, had visited the United States and had sought an audience with Washington, who had declined to receive him on the ground that his official reception would give offense to France. This, in itself, might have been interpreted into something of a distinction; but Washington, disliking the reputation of the visitor, had evinced no desire to meet him *unofficially*, and the shrewd ex-priest had not been slow to comprehend the slight.

These and other grievances were not forgotten when the representatives of the upstart nation which had ignored him in his hour of adversity stood before him, and the faint smile which habitually hovered about his mout boded ill for the success of their mis sion. His quiet blue-gray eyes, hal hidden behind bushy eyebrows, sough his visitors' faces, watching them wit the keenness that had penetrated man a diplomatic mask; and, as he gazed, suggestion of contempt was added t the insolent uptilt of his nose and th haughtiness of his protruding lower lip From his point of view the visitor were, at best, but provincial English men, two of whom represented th political faction most hostile to th interest of France in the United States while all of them evidenced the self importance and crudity of the peopl by whom they were accredited. In the field of diplomacy they were, of course mere innocents abroad.

There was certainly nothing in the outward appearance of the delegation to cause the wordly-wise and cynical Frenchman to distrust the success of the programme he was maturing for their initiation. Perhaps the most notable figure in the group was that of a man about forty years of age, whose great height and athletic proportions well-nigh dwarfed his associates. But though his stature and physique rendered him conspicuous, they imparted neither distinction nor grace, for his body was ill-proportioned and his huge limbs were ungainly to the point of dislocation. These defects might possibly have disappeared under the touch of a skillful tailor, but the man was clothed in rusty, ill-fitting, and not over-clean garments which would have disfigured Apollo himself, and every article of his attire accentuated his physical peculiarities. Had his head and face been as ill-formed as his body, he might have been ogreish, but he would have been interesting. As it was, he was commonplace, for his clean-shaven face was not particularly strong and his low forehead, dark complexion and thick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aven-black hair, nullified the effect of ıis bright eyes and firm mouth.

Altogether this envoy from the New World was as unprepossessing a countryman as Talleyrand had encountered anywhere in the States, and the fact hat his name was John Marshall did ıot convey any particular meaning to he Foreign Secretary or cause him to evise his plans. There were those in 'rance who were competent to advise ıim that the outward appearance of ıis uncouth visitor was deceitful, and hat he had best be on his guard ıgainst the leader of the American Bar whose practice and reputation were so great that Washington had successively offered him a United States district-attorneyship, the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, and even the Ministry to France — all of which he had declined. But the warning was not uttered, and had it been it would probably have fallen on dull ears, for Citizen Talleyrand had little to fear in the familiar realm of diplomacy from the intrusion of any provincial lawyer, no matter how highly he might be esteemed at home.

Possibly he regarded the man who stood at Marshall's elbow as the more dangerous of the two, for Pinckney had conducted himself with no little skill in his last encounter with the French Republic. He was certainly much more presentable in figure, face, and dress than his confrère. Indeed, his whole appearance was agreeable, his pleasant, clean-shaven face, clear eyes and erect carriage betokening a man of intelligence in the prime of life. His great reputation as a lawyer was, of course, like Marshall's, more local than international, but his education had been obtained at Oxford where he had studied under Blackstone himself, and in point of culture and breadth of reading he had few peers in his profession.

The third member of the group was not entirely a stranger to Talleyrand, for Elbridge Gerry was one of the ardent Republicans who had welcomed him to America with outstretched arms. Indeed, Gerry's appointment on the embassy had been a concession to the party whose well-nigh hysterical enthusiasm for France had encouraged the French Government to believe that it could take extraordinary liberties with the United States.

There was, in truth, good ground for that belief. Not only in Massachusetts, but throughout New England and New York, adulation of everything French had become, for a time, the public rage. French cockades were mounted on every hat; French flags adorned public and private buildings; civic feasts were held with absurd imitations of Parisian mummeries; orators vied with one another in eulogizing France and damning Jay's treaty with the mother country, while applauding thousands burned its negotiator in effigy and stoned Hamilton for daring to defend it. Even the title 'Citizen' was substituted for the ordinary modes of address, and all sorts of unutterable follies were tolerated, until Citizen Genet, the French Minister, demanded unheard-of privileges for his country in her pending conflict with Great Britain, and, failing to shake Washington's policy of neutrality, threatened to appeal to the people over his head. Then a reaction set in.

Nevertheless, the United States was not yet a nation, in the highest sense of the word, when its peace envoys sought an audience with the Foreign Secretary at Paris. It was, at best, but an aggregation of colonials divided among themselves under foreign banners, and destined, in the opinion of Europe, to become a dependency of either England or France.

Talleyrand had good reason, therefore, to remember so stout a champion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the French as Citizen Elbridge Gerry. Certainly his personality was sufficiently striking to be remembered, for his thin, shrewd, solemn face, extraordinarily long nose, big mouth, and heavy white wig were all peculiar enough to attract attention and mark him as a man apart. But if Talleyrand recalled him he gave no sign of recognition as he rose to greet the visitors, his movement betraying the almost forgotten fact that he was a cripple and increasing, if that were possible, the embarrassment of the ensuing pause.

The situation was certainly awkward, for Talleyrand, though he understood English, did not trust himself to speak it, and none of the Americans commanded more than a few words of French. It was necessary to utilize the services of an interpreter, and through him the credentials of the envoys were received and instructions given that cards of hospitality be issued to them in due course. As to their reception by the Directory, however, the visiting citizens were informed that the Foreign Secretary was preparing a report on American affairs to that body, after submitting which he would do himself the honor of again conferring with the representatives of the United States. With this rather curt announcement the envoys were dismissed and withdrew to the seclusion of their hotel — a seclusion which was soon to be disturbed in most extraordinary fashion.

II

For a week the visitors were too well occupied with exploring Paris to question the fact that they were being officially ignored; but when ten days had passed without a word from the Foreign Secretary they began to wonder what his silence meant. No explanation was forthcoming, however, except some back-stairs gossip to the effect that the Directory was displeased with the President's public criticisms of France, and intended to express its resentment by postponing the reception of the envoys. This rumor sounded highly improbable, and although it was said to have originated with one of Talleyrand's secretaries, no attention was paid to it until it was confirmed by a strange communication which reached the ears of Pinckney one evening during a private conversation with an acquaintance, who impressively advised him that a certain Monsieur Hottinguer, to whom he had been casually introduced on a previous occasion, was a gentleman of credit and renown on whose word it behooved the American diplomats to place the most implicit reliance.

Hardly had this Delphic utterance — half hint and half warning — been delivered when the mysterious Monsieur Hottinguer's card was handed to Pinckney at his hotel, followed by the appearance of the gentleman himself. At the moment this seemed to be a mere coincidence, and after greeting his caller, Pinckney rejoined the group of men with whom he had been talking when the interruption occurred. The newcomer, however, soon seized an opportunity to whisper that he was a confidential messenger from Talleyrand and must see the American envoy alone. Surprised as he was at the irregularity of this performance, Pinckney immediately excused himself to his friends and led the way to a private room, where his new acquaintance proceeded to cloud the mystery still further by explaining that he did not come from Talleyrand himself but from a certain Monsieur Bellamy, an intimate friend of the Citizen Minister. This singularly indirect approach was indicative of extreme caution, but according to the speaker it had been adopted in order that the Americans might be ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vised, as delicately and unofficially as possible, of certain facts essential to the success of their mission.

Pinckney stared at the speaker with unfeigned astonishment. Why Talleyrand should have thought it necessary to communicate with the Embassy through a third party was puzzling enough; but why that third party should have delegated his authority to a stranger was beyond the American's comprehension. However, the whole proceeding was inexplicable, so he merely bowed assent and begged his visitor to proceed. Thus encouraged, Monsieur Hottinguer vouchsafed the intelligence that the Directory in general, and two of its members in particular, were very much incensed by President Adams's reference to France in his recent message to Congress, and that his objectionable reflections on the Republic would have to be retracted or explained.

The idea of suggesting that the Americans who had crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of presenting the grievances of their country against France should begin with apologizing for the utterances of their Chief Magistrate, must have appealed to Pinckney as somewhat humorous. But he made no reply to the absurd ultimatum, and his silence inviting further confidence, the speaker went on to explain that the United States, having satisfactorily disposed of the offensive criticisms, must then guarantee to make a liberal loan to France.

Again Pinckney made no reply, being well advised that this demand had been forestalled in the Government's letter of instructions, which positively forbade the consideration of any such loan. However, he concluded that the deputed go-between was reaching the climax of his instructions by easy stages, and that it would be well to let him unbosom himself without interruption. This he proceeded to do by remarking that, the first two conditions having been complied with, there was a third preliminary to the renewal of friendly relations between the two countries and the assurance of a liberal treaty, and that was the provision of a substantial 'gratification'[1] for the private pockets of the Directory.

Prepared as he was for some surprising disclosure, Pinckney was fairly astounded by the barefaced effrontery of this demand, but instantly realized that he must control his indignation lest Talleyrand's confidential-agent-once-removed should take alarm before he had thoroughly committed his principal. He accordingly managed, after a pause, to inquire in a casual manner as to the amount of the loan which France desired of the United States. Of that the agent was not advised, but he had apparently been fully instructed as to the details of the third (and more important) condition, namely, the amount of the *douceur* or 'gratification' for the Directory. That, he coolly volunteered, was twelve hundred thousand livres, or about two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Had Pinckney been wholly ignorant of European politics he might have received this astonishing announcement with a gasp of incredulity. But since his dismissal from France he had lived for some time in Holland and had used his eyes and ears to good advantage. He was therefore acquainted with the fact that Talleyrand and certain members of the Directory were quite capable of levying blackmail on weak nations, and had in fact done so. But even so, the extortionate nature, to say nothing of the brazen impudence of this particular demand was almost too

[1] This is the word used by the envoys in the original dispatches. The word employed by Talleyrand's agents was '*douceur*.' — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much for his composure.[1] Nevertheless, he succeeded in maintaining a calm exterior, merely remarking that such an important communication should be submitted, not to one but to all of the American envoys. Hottinguer was evidently unprepared for this suggestion and for a time he strenuously objected; but as no exception had been taken to the matter of his proposals, but simply to the manner of their submission, he yielded the point and consented to meet the envoys at breakfast on the morning of October 21 for the purpose of repeating his message. Indeed, he was so encouraged by Pinckney's affable docility that he even agreed to reduce the propositions to writing for his benefit, and the enlightened diplomat lost no time in advising his colleagues of the treat which was in store for them at the proposed breakfast of the twenty-first. On the morning of the twentieth, however, the expected guest called to say that Monsieur Bellamy, Talleyrand's confidential friend, preferred to meet the envoys himself and conduct the negotiation in person. This suited the supposedly pliable Americans still better, and an appointment was made for that evening at seven o'clock, in Marshall's room.

Meanwhile, a memorandum of the 'conditions precedent' to the negotiation of a treaty, was submitted to the envoys. This remarkable document virtually recapitulated Hottinguer's propositions, but it contained the additional information that the forced loan to France might be secret if the United States desired to conceal the fact that it was providing England's enemy with the sinews of war, and it closed with this delightfully ingenuous statement: 'There shall also be included in and taken from this loan certain sums *for the purpose of making the customary distributions in diplomatic affairs.*'

It is safe to say that bribery and corruption were never more artistically veiled than in that gossamer web of words. The euphemisms and subtleties of the English language were fairly familiar to the Americans, but 'the customary distributions in diplomatic affairs' was a masterpiece of elegance which revealed the greater possibilities of the Gallic tongue and intensified the interest of the prospective conference.

Promptly at the appointed hour M. de Talleyrand's deputy appeared, supported by the presence of his former substitute, and the couple were soon ensconced in Marshall's apartment behind closed doors. Probably the Frenchmen were not aware that they were in the presence of two of the most skillful lawyers of their day. But if they were, Marshall's brusque manners and countrified appearance, and Pinckney's blandly innocent air, apparently disarmed them, and they evidently counted on Gerry as a friend. They accordingly entered upon the interview without reserve, Monsieur Bellamy confirming the information of his predecessor but taking care to emphasize the point that he had no authority to bind Talleyrand, whose purpose was simply to assist the Americans in making overtures which would be agreeable to the authorities. Of course a pretense was made of rehearsing the grievances of France by producing a copy of the President's objectionable message and pointing out the offending passages, but to all this the Americans made little or no response. Indeed, the silence of his auditors soon wearied the

[1] Bastide, in his life of Talleyrand, supplied a list of the nations that contributed to Talleyrand's fortune and the sum in which each was mulcted. The total is put at 14,650,000 francs, probably an exaggeration. Talleyrand himself when asked by Bonaparte shortly after his *coup d'état* how he had acquired his wealth, adroitly replied, 'Nothing could be more simple, General. I bought *rentes* the day before the 18th Brumaire and sold them the day after.' — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amateur diplomatist, for he suddenly dropped the subject and blurted out impatiently, '*But, gentlemen, I will not disguise from you that this satisfaction being made, the essential part of the treaty still remains to be adjusted. You must pay money. You must pay a great deal of money.*'

This was the admission for which the American envoys had been patiently waiting, for as it fell from the lips of Talleyrand's trusted agent they were one step nearer to placing the responsibility where it belonged. They accordingly promised to give the subject their careful consideration, and the conference was adjourned to the next morning, when it was agreed that Bellamy should breakfast with his hosts and further develop his instructions.

This breakfast proved a highly exciting repast, for it brought forth the amount of the required loan and the method of concealing it. The United States, it appeared, was to buy at par certain securities which France had exacted from Holland to the extent of thirty-two million florins ($12,800,000). These so-called securities were then selling at about fifty per cent of their face value, and by purchasing them at double their market value, America could provide France with the required loan without seeming to do so, and also cover the two-hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar 'gratification' for the Directory.

With this exposition of the gentle art of thimble-rigging on an international scale, the American envoys concluded that the affair had been carried quite far enough, and after consulting apart, they delivered a written answer to Bellamy, declining to act upon the suggestions which Citizen Talleyrand and the Directory had been good enough to make for their benefit. This significant answer instantly alarmed the emissary and he refused to receive the paper, protesting that neither the Directory nor Citizen Talleyrand had made any demands. He alone was responsible for the propositions. That, replied the envoys, was assumed as a matter of form. But of course it would be insulting to suppose that a man of Monsieur Bellamy's high reputation and position would presume to act without authority.[1] All Monsieur Bellamy's suggestions must, therefore, out of respect for him, be considered as having been first approved by the Citizen Minister.

With this shot the envoys speeded their parting guest, who retired uttering dire prophesies of the fate which awaited the United States. Hottinguer likewise retreated with his principal, but soon reappeared, affecting to dread the necessity of war between the two republics and desiring to know positively, one way or the other, as to the envoys' position concerning the payment of the money which was expected of them. 'We have already spoken to that point very explicitly,' was the impatient response. 'No, you have not,' protested Hottinguer. 'What is your answer?' 'It is No! No!' burst out Pinckney. 'Not a sixpence!'

Little did the speaker dream that his indignant words would inspire the slogan, 'Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute!' and that the story of that eventful interview would soon be spread broadcast across the Atlantic.

III

But the time for reporting their adventures to the home government had not yet arrived, for the envoys were hoping to turn their circumstantial evidence into positive proof before they sealed their dispatches, and the

[1] This was not flattery but fact. Bellamy was unquestionably a man of high standing in the world of business and finance. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opportunity for this came sooner than they expected. Indeed, within twenty-four hours[1] a new actor appeared on the scene in the person of a Monsieur Hauteval, who called on Gerry to express Talleyrand's pain and surprise that he and his associates had not seen fit to visit him informally, as private citizens; and this being reported to Marshall and Pinckney, it was agreed that Gerry, as a former acquaintance, might, with propriety, accept the suggestion.

Gerry accordingly called with Hauteval upon the Foreign Secretary, who informed him that the Directory was about to pass a very severe *arrêt* touching the mission, but if the envoys would promise the required loan to France the proposed measure could be pigeon-holed. To this Gerry replied that the Embassy had no power to give any such promise, but that one of its members might possibly be willing to return to the United States for further instructions. This would not do, according to Talleyrand. The money must be paid at once. However, he would delay the decree a week. Gerry hastened back to his lodgings and wrote a careful account of the interview which he submitted to his colleagues, who promptly advised Talleyrand not to delay the issuance of his threatened decree on their account; and then, to put a quietus on the activity of his confidential friends, they informed Messrs. Hottinguer, Bellamy, and Hauteval that no further indirect negotiations would be tolerated. If this was expected to discourage the attentions of those gentlemen, however, it was an utter failure, for they continued to buzz, whisper, and write with undiminished zeal.

Meanwhile, the envoys, with the aid of a minute diary which Marshall had kept, busied themselves with the preparation of a dispatch in cipher detailing their experiences in France. Of this, six duplicates were made, and on the eleventh of November they forwarded each copy to America by a different vessel, to avoid the 'accidents' which they were informed frequently occurred in the transmission of official papers from the French capital.

Then weeks passed without any change in the existing situation, until Gerry at last proposed to invite Talleyrand to meet his colleagues at dinner, and Bellamy, who was scarcely ever out of ear-shot, endorsed this idea, volunteering his escort to tender the suggested invitation. He accordingly called at Gerry's apartment on the morning of December 17 for that purpose, but the moment he was closeted with him he seized the opportunity for reopening the propositions concerning the loan and the 'gratuity.'

At this juncture Marshall happened to drop in, and he and Gerry were informed that sixteen millions of the Dutch securities could then be purchased for a trifle over six million dollars and France would be satisfied with a loan of that amount. This was about half of what had been previously demanded, and Bellamy had evidently been instructed to announce the advent of Bargain Day in the International Market. However, as the envoys had no power to make any loan, this great reduction in the price of peace would not have interested them at all had it not been accompanied by a decidedly novel inducement. This was addressed directly to Marshall, and took the form of as naïve a proposition as was probably ever submitted to a member of the bar. In leading up to this, Bellamy declared that he had been charmed to learn that Marshall was counsel for the great merchant Beaumarchais in his suit against the State of Virginia. That was a most

[1] October 22, 1797.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happy circumstance. Why? Why, because it removed all difficulties and embarrassment growing out of the Directorial 'gratification.' How so? Very simply, it appeared. Marshall had obtained a judgment for his client in the sum of £145,000. Well, Beaumarchais would agree that when this sum was paid he would remit £45,000 of it to the United States. This would practically cover the amount necessary to satisfy the Directory, and *voilà!* — there would be no loss.

It was difficult not to smile at this unique scheme for making his client pay the piper, but Marshall's sense of humor had been somewhat damaged by his sojourn in France and his reception of the plan did not promise well for the gayety of Gerry's little dinner-party. Neither did Talleyrand's acceptance of the invitation to that function encourage the belief that he was ready to change his tactics, for he took the occasion of Gerry's proffer of hospitality to refer to the amended conditions which had been submitted by his familiar, whose responsibility he then endorsed. In fact he then and there submitted a written memorandum of his terms, omitting, however, any reference to the 'gratification,' which he evidently feared to put on record. But even with this omission he apparently regarded the paper as dangerous, for he took the precaution of burning it as soon as Gerry returned it, and then agreed upon a day for the diplomatic love-feast.

Under ordinary circumstances the proposed banquet might have effected its object, but far too much had been said and done to be forgotten around the social board, and a stiffer and gloomier company never sat at a table than Gerry and his guests. Indeed, by this time Marshall and Pinckney were disgusted with the entire proceedings and took but little pains to conceal their feelings, and this, added to the fact that all the conversation had to be conducted through interpreters, rendered the evening a ghastly affair.

From this moment the mission was hopeless, and every day that passed widened the breach between the countries. True to its threat, the Directory issued a decree intended to drive American trade from the seas, and the envoys uttered a vigorous protest against such unfriendly action, following this by a long document addressed to Talleyrand, presenting their whole case with an ability and force which should have brought a prompt response. But the Citizen Minister did not see fit to make any reply for some weeks, and though he had two or three informal interviews with the envoys, they led to nothing but increasing irritation.

IV

Meanwhile, the rumors of war had been playing havoc with the nerves of one of the Americans, for Elbridge Gerry believed that a rupture with the French Republic meant the utter ruin of the United States, whose commerce had already been severely damaged by the seizure and confiscation of merchant vessels at the hands of French privateers. His admiration for France and her institutions had been considerably abated by his experience during the past months, but his love was now tempered by fear, and as the tension of the situation grew he strove to avert disaster by softening the sturdy language of his colleagues in their official documents and assuming a conciliatory attitude toward the French authorities. Talleyrand was not slow to observe this sign of weakness, which promised to lend itself admirably to the accomplishment of his ends. He accordingly began to distinguish Gerry from his associates, playing upon his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evident desire to avert hostilities and flattering his vanity by guardedly hinting that he had it in his power to prevent the ruin of his country. Seeing that these approaches were having the desired effect, the wily Foreign Secretary grew bolder, and openly suggesting that the American cause was in the wrong hands, invited his confidant to take the whole responsibility into his own.

All this was far from displeasing to the gentleman from Massachusetts, for Gerry had no small opinion of his own ability, and to find himself preferred to such men as Marshall and Pinckney seemed to indicate a nice discrimination on the part of the French authorities. Nevertheless, in betraying a decidedly receptive attitude toward Talleyrand's complimentary advances, he was not actuated entirely by conceit, for he sincerely believed that the total failure of the mission would involve his land in a ruinous war and he easily persuaded himself that he was the one man who could avert that disaster. Therefore, long before a crisis was reached in the envoys' efforts to obtain an audience from the Directory, Marshall and Pinckney were well aware that their colleague was no longer acting in concert with them. It was with no surprise then that on March 18, 1798, they received an insolent letter from Talleyrand, informing them that the Directory would 'treat with that one of the three [envoys] whose opinions, presumed to be more impartial, promise in the course of the explanations more of that reciprocal confidence which is indispensable.'

This plainly meant Gerry, but that there might be no misconstruction of the diplomatic circumlocutions, the Foreign Secretary followed up his official document with an informal note to Gerry, stating that he supposed that Marshall and Pinckney had taken his broad hint and departed from France. He therefore suggested that his correspondent and he should at once proceed to business. As a matter of fact, neither Marshall nor Pinckney had then retired, but in the face of this letter they hastened their preparations for quitting France, warmly advising their colleague to do the same. But Gerry protested that his departure would be the signal for a declaration of war, and that the safety of his country depended upon his presence in Paris. Disgusted and indignant with this fatuous reasoning, the two lawyers immediately renewed their demands for safe-conducts. For a time, however, these papers were denied them on the ground that, not having been officially received, they were not entitled to protection as envoys, and it was not without a struggle that they at last forced the delivery of the necessary documents and retired from the capital, leaving their associate to the tender mercies of the late Bishop of Autun.

Meanwhile, the first dispatches of the envoys had arrived in the United States, and on March 5, 1798, Adams sent a message to Congress, advising that body that they had arrived. They were not yet fully deciphered, he declared, but enough of their contents was known to justify him in warning the people not to expect good news, and on March 19 he announced the failure of the mission, recommending that steps should be taken immediately to defend the sea-coast and protect the commerce of the country. War measures were accordingly voted, but not without objections from the partisans of France, and before much progress had been made they roundly denounced the President's warning as a ruse to create prejudice against the sister republic, and called for the production of the official documents themselves. This was precisely what Adams had hoped that they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would do, and concealing the names of Talleyrand's agents under the letters X, Y, and Z, he submitted the envoys' story of their experiences at the hands of the ancient ally of the United States.

To say that this exposure startled the French faction is far too mild a statement. It fairly obliterated them, for with a roar of indignation the whole people rallied about the government, and, in the place of a weak confederation of timid British colonials, France found herself confronted by a nation.

From that moment there was no further talk of conciliation. War was accepted as the inevitable sequence of the deliberate affront offered to the United States in the persons of her ambassadors, and measures were instantly taken to place the country in a proper condition of defense. Money and supplies were readily voted for the navy; the army was recruited to its full strength; Washington was summoned from his retirement to accept a lieutenant-generalship and supreme command of the troops; the war vessels in foreign ports were ordered home; forts and earthworks were speedily erected on the coast, and a day appointed for national fasting, humiliation and prayer. But, despite all its zeal, the government could not keep pace with the popular enthusiasm. In almost every village and town volunteer companies were formed to swell the ranks of the army; subscription lists were started to provide the navy with additional warships, Boston quickly collecting $125,000 for that purpose and New York raising $30,000 within an hour of the first appeal, while other seaports responded in a similar spirit, until the ship-yards were fairly deluged with work and a veritable armada was in the making.

Meanwhile, innumerable addresses of loyalty and confidence poured in upon the President; mass-meetings were held to encourage the authorities in fearlessly asserting the national dignity; French flags and cockades disappeared as if by magic; the stars and stripes and the black cockade [1] were everywhere displayed; the press teemed with patriotic odes and sentiments, of which 'millions for defense but not a cent for tribute' was the theme, and even the tradesmen, in advertising their wares, paraphrased Talleyrand's ultimatum, '*Il faut de l'argent — il faut beaucoup d'argent*,' by advising their patrons that although it was necessary to pay cash for their wares, it was not necessary to pay 'a great deal of money.'

Every public meeting-place witnessed some form of the popular enthusiasm, but it was at the theatres that the patriotic fervor reached its height. There, in default of a national hymn, the orchestras played 'Yankee Doodle' and 'The President's March,' while the audiences stood and cheered and demanded countless repetitions of the tunes, regardless of the play. These nightly demonstrations of patriotism finally resulted in the production of something that approached the dignity of a real national anthem, for a popular actor in Philadelphia named Fox, taking advantage of the situation, sought the aid of Joseph Hopkinson, who fitted 'The President's March' with words, and thus immortalized himself as the author of 'Hail Columbia!' The singing of this song by Fox created a public furor utterly unlike anything previously recorded in the history of the country,—for the audience, mad with delight, sprang to its feet and, calling for encore after encore, cheered each repetition to the echo. Within a fortnight, 'Hail Columbia!'

[1] Black cockades were worn by the American army during the Revolution and were generally regarded as the national emblem.—THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a part of the literature of the land.

In the midst of all this excitement Marshall returned from Paris, his arrival being the signal for another outburst of patriotism which took the form of bell-ringing and parades, public receptions, congratulatory addresses, and complimentary dinners. Indeed, he and Pinckney were the heroes of the hour until Captain Stephen Decatur eclipsed them by firing on a French privateer preying on American commerce, and brought her into port as a prize. Thus hostilities began without any declaration of war — a situation almost unparalleled in history.[1]

V

Meanwhile, the misguided but well-meaning Gerry, in complete ignorance of the course of events in the United States, was continuing his futile negotiations with Citizen Talleyrand. Indeed, the first intimation he received of the existing condition of affairs was the receipt of dispatches virtually terminating the mission. He elected, however, to read the instructions as though they authorized him to remain if he saw fit to do so, with the result that he was still in Paris when the dispatches of the envoys concerning X, Y, and Z appeared in the public press. Astonished and dismayed by this unexpected disclosure, the luckless envoy made haste to insure the safety of his official papers, anticipating his instant expulsion from France. Before his preparations were completed, however, a note arrived from Talleyrand demanding the names of the persons designated as X, Y, and Z, and an official denial of the statements set forth in the press. To this Gerry responded with some spirit that Talleyrand knew the real names of X, Y, and Z as well as he did, but that he had no objection to furnishing the superfluous information, if desired. He accordingly supplied the names but declined to retract a word of the dispatches. Talleyrand instantly published this correspondence, accompanying it with a furious denial of the story recorded by the American envoys, who were bitterly denounced as reckless liars and ignorant dupes.

But in this wholesale repudiation of the transaction the Foreign Secreary reckoned without his confidential agents, for Bellamy, finding himself assailed as a fraud, promptly rushed into print with an indignant contradiction, stoutly maintaining that he had had Talleyrand's direct and positive authority for everything he had said and done throughout the entire affair. In the face of this blast it was difficult for the shifty minister to keep up appearances, but he attempted to effect his retreat under cover of a sharp correspondence with Gerry, in which denials, accusations, and veiled threats flew right and left. But by this time the American had recovered his second wind, and fought back with such courage and skill that when he finally retired from the field the empty honors of the diplomatic duel were unquestionably his.

Meanwhile, the United States navy had begun to exhibit its strength,[2] and before Gerry reached this country the government at Paris had opened negotiations with the American Minister at The Hague, through whom assurances were given that if the United States would send another minister to France he would be received 'with all the respect due to a representative of a

[1] Whether the United States and France were at war has never been positively decided, but the weight of judicial authority seems to support the contention that they were not at war. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] The naval engagements in this and the following year (1799) caused a loss to France of over eighty vessels. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free and independent nation.' These were almost the words which the President of the United States had used in prescribing the conditions necessary to any renewal of diplomatic relations with France. After considerable opposition and delay by the Senate, he accordingly appointed William Vans Murray, the Minister at the Hague, Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States, and William R. Davie, the Governor of North Carolina, as Envoys Extraordinary to France; and this embassy, having been received with due honors, found but little difficulty in negotiating a convention favorable to the United States.

Thus ended an episode without a parallel in the history of diplomacy, and with its close came the recognition of a new force in the councils of the family of nations.

A THIRD VIEW OF THE SINGLE TAX

BY EVANS WOOLLEN

THE Case *for* the Single Tax having been stated, and the Case *against* the Single Tax, there is reason perhaps for stating the Case *of* the Single Tax. For notwithstanding these years of disputation it is not quite clear that we are all talking about the same thing when we talk about the Single Tax. Indeed, the term seems sometimes a hardly less slippery one than Socialism. Thus, in the December *Atlantic*, Mr. Garrison defines the Single Tax as a method of raising money for the necessary expenses of government, and then proceeds to the advocacy of a project not fiscal in its primary purpose but social. It is not a method of raising money related in amount to the necessities of government, that he advocates, but a method of abolishing private property in land, a method whose application would indeed raise money available for the expenses of government, but incidentally, and in amount related to the value of the private property to be abolished, and quite unrelated to the necessities of government.

The abolition of private property in land is one thing. Governmental appropriation of the unearned increment in land-values is another. A third is the taxation of land-values. And there seems not infrequently to be failure to discriminate the one from the other, and the third from the first two. All three were involved in Henry George's propaganda. The end he sought was the abolition of private property in land. Governmental appropriation of the unearned increment, appropriation in the name of taxation, was the means. He attracted to his standard —

1. Those who, with himself, favored a tax that would take the whole rental value of land and thus abolish private property therein.

2. Those who, not favoring the abolition of private property in land, yet believed with John Stuart Mill that the state should appropriate the future increment in land-values which is said to be unearned. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. Those who, favoring neither the abolition nor the appropriation, yet believed that land independent of improvements thereon or therein should bear a larger burden of taxation.

And thus three things have been confounded, and the term Single-Taxers has come to include those who believe in any of the three.

Toward the first of these, the abolition of private property in land, this world of ours that takes little stock in doctrines of natural rights has made no appreciable progress since George's time. No advocate of commanding influence has appeared since the desertion of Herbert Spencer, and the interest in the subject remains academic rather than political.

Such progress as has been made under the name of the Single Tax has been toward the second of the three things confounded,—the governmental appropriation of the unearned increment in land-values, a social project for ameliorating the evils of, without abolishing, private property in land; and toward the third, — the increased taxation of land-values, a fiscal project for raising money for the necessary expenses of government.

It was the second that engaged Mill and his Land-Tenure-Reform Association. They sought to ameliorate the evils of private ownership through 'the interception,' to use the language of the association's platform, 'by taxation of the future unearned increase of the rent of land (so far as the same can be ascertained), or a great part of that increase.' By the rent of land they meant, of course, economic rent, that rent which is a remuneration for the use of what Ricardo called 'the original and indestructible powers of the soil.' They proposed to take the unearned increment by using the taxing machinery. It might be taken otherwise. They proposed to distribute the unearned increment by using it, in lieu of taxes, for the expenses of government. It might be distributed otherwise. These two matters of method should not be allowed to confuse the consideration of the merits of the appropriation of unearned increment.

Confusion has arisen, too, from overlooking the fact that unearned increment does not mean an increment in value unearned by any one. It means an increment not attributable to the owner or his predecessors in the title. That there is in this sense an unearned increment in land-values is not questioned. Indeed, any increment in land-value will be found, as George says, to have 'social growth as its basis. . . . A man may work or spend on land to any amount; but no matter how valuable his improvements, the land itself acquires no value except as the community around it grows and improves, or access to larger populations is opened.' Would it not be right to appropriate this increment to the use of those who have earned it? Would it not be right to appropriate the increment in the Duke of Bedford's Covent Garden estate, — that estate which was worth some thirty dollars a year when it came to his family and was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year when, afraid it is said of what Lloyd George might do, he recently sold it for fifteen millions? Undoubtedly, the appropriation of all increments to the use of those who have earned them would be rightful. But many things are rightful enough that are neither practicable nor expedient. And the world seems quite to have made up its mind that the comprehensive and theoretically correct appropriation and distribution of unearned increments is one of these.

It is impracticable because the comprehensive and theoretically correct appropriation of unearned increments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have to be regardful not only of land-values but also of all the other monopolies in which unearned increments are likely to show themselves; and, as others have pointed out, would have to be regardful of unearned decrements as well as of unearned increments.

And the distribution—what of that? Who have earned and are accordingly entitled to these increments which the owners have not earned? What share has the parasite earned and what share the community-builder? To use the appropriated increments in lieu of taxes is not of course to answer the question.

It is inexpedient to appropriate unearned increments comprehensively because, as Professor Johnson pointed out in the January *Atlantic*, the chance of the unearned increment is a motive that we could not well do wholly without. The chance of getting more than is allowed by the stern logic of the theorist has started and finished much good work.

But, while this work-a-day world is not showing much interest in the appropriation and distribution of unearned increments in anything like a comprehensive and theoretically correct way, it is, in its blundering fashion, showing interest in some compromises on the subject. It was with reference to these that I said above that progress had been made, under the name of the Single Tax, toward governmental appropriation of the unearned increment.

The compromises referred to are the British and German increment taxes mentioned by Mr. Garrison, and described in the 1913 edition of Professor Seligman's *Essays in Taxation*. The British increment tax is one of the four land-taxes of 1909. A fifth of the increment in the site-value, above a non-taxable increment of ten per centum, is taken by the government when the land changes hands or, in the case of land not changing hands, every fifteen years. This legislation followed interesting increment taxes in the German Colony of Kiauchau in 1898, and in a great many of the German municipalities. The latter were supplanted in 1911 by an imperial increment tax. This tax is levied on the difference between the selling price of real estate and the purchase price plus the cost of improvements. The rate varies in accordance with the ratio of the increment to the purchase price: the mimimum being a tenth of increments of not more than ten per centum, and the maximum three tenths of increments of two hundred and ninety per centum and more.

About these increment taxes of the British and the Germans two facts are to be noted: there is no purpose to abolish private property in land, and there is no appropriation beyond a portion of the future increment. In view of these facts one may question the justification for Mr. Garrison's statement that the Lloyd George budget recognizes the principle of the Single Tax. Neither the increment tax nor any other part of that budget is a recognition of the principle that land should not be held privately, and that is the principle of the Single Tax as advocated by Henry George. Rather, as Professor Seligman has said, the Lloyd George budget is not to be regarded as a triumph for the Single-Taxers. It accepts indeed a small part of the single-tax reasoning, but it refuses to be bound by its narrow limitations.'

What the British increment tax does recognize is the rightfulness of the appropriation of future unearned increments, and both the practicability and the expediency of the appropriation in a limited way, to the end that the evils of private property in land be ameliorated. And to bringing about the use of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the taxing machinery for the accomplishment of this social project, the Single-Taxers have contributed largely.

They have contributed largely also to bringing about the third of the three things confounded, the fiscal project of increasing the taxation of land-values. They have done this in two ways: by helping to overcome the prejudices and inertia that have supported our all but universal general-property tax, and by helping to establish the principle on which the increased taxation of land-values rests.

The general-property tax, of which it has been said that 'a cruder instrumentality of taxation has rarely been devised,' has been under attack in this country ever since the notable report made in 1871 by David A. Wells as New York Tax Commissioner. During that period there has come to be quite general acceptance by authorities in fiscal science of the ability criterion: acceptance, that is, of the principle that taxes should be levied proportionately to the ability to pay them. Tested by this criterion, the general-property tax is condemned both as to its theory and as to its administration. It is condemned because its theory takes no account of earning ability which in turn obviously measures tax-paying ability. Its theory takes no account of the industrial captain's earning ability, but takes full account of the teamster's mule. It is condemned because its administration 'sins against the cardinal rules of uniformity and universality,' and because it stimulates the iniquities of tax-dodging.

With the abandonment or modification of this discredited general-property tax, that is, of its personalty and land-improvement elements, there should undoubtedly come, as the Single-Taxers urge, increased taxation of land-values. Such taxation rests on the principle that a tax on the monopoly element of the tax-payer's income, that part of his income which has been paid to him for a monopoly appropriated by him, is to be preferred to a tax on the competitive element of his income. A tax on the monopoly element cannot be shifted; its incidence can be reckoned on; whereas the final incidence of taxes on the competitive element, and the total of their injustice, cannot be reckoned on. Furthermore, a tax on the monopoly element costs the community less, in that it does not interfere with the free action of capital and the increase of the general fund from which taxes must be paid and the community maintained.

In so far as this principle of taxing the monopoly element has been accepted, progress has been made toward the increased taxation of land-values because of all monopolies the most important is land. But the railroads, the street railways, the water-works, the ability to labor more effectively than wage-earners who gain a bare subsistence — these too are monopolies. And the single tax toward which the Single-Taxers have been helping is really a single tax not on land but on monopoly, of which, as I have said, land is the most important part.

It is under this third head, the taxation of land-values, not under the head either of the abolition of private property in land or of the appropriation of unearned increment, that the taxes cited by Mr. Garrison as evidence of single-tax progress in Australia, Western Canada, Pennsylvania, should be assembled. They are evidence of the progress, not of Henry George's social project or of Mill's, but of a movement toward better fiscal legislation, toward taxation more regardful of social considerations; and in this movement the Single-Taxers, so-called, — but in large measure inappropriately so-called, — are helping importantly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TURTLERS

BY HENRY CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIE

I

'Look a' dat! Prins Artur — dere goes! Dash dat boat in der sea. Please Gawd das hawksbill big as barrel er flour. Ebery mans look out! Down hellum'.'

As the huge Negro grunted out these disjointed orders, there was instant confusion among the turtlers. Prince Arthur grabbed an oar and leaped to the stern of Ephraim's boat, and while the others fought and scrambled for grains, water-glasses, and bullys,[1] they were gliding rapidly in the direction indicated by their captain.

The cause of all this commotion was a tiny column of water which Ephraim's keen eyes had detected as it rose a couple of inches or so above the sea level. An untrained observer would not have seen it at all, but to the turtler it meant a turtle. A turtle spouts like a whale, but the spout is seldom thicker than a ruling pencil and never over two inches high.

All day they had followed the brown belt of thimbles that floated like huge percussion caps on the surface of the sea. Turtles delight to feed upon them.

The ocean for acres around was a smudge of umber where thousands, millions, of thimbles expanded and shrank ceaselessly. Coming out of the invisible and infinite source of things they voyaged the waters from yon to thither, brown, cap-shaped, tirelessly opening and closing their empty valves, thus making speed. Thimbles are the tidbits of the turtle epicure. Shutting eyes fast, for contact with a 'thimble' is fatal to sight, he floats in the brown stream and luxuriously munches the soft luscious morsels.

All day Ephraim had held with the drift, slipping along under easy sail, hoping that he would find a few hawksbills feeding, which would repay for the time lost on his irregular course.

The boats, six in number, formed in lines of three on each side of the fish, which, blindly browsing in the marine meadows, were unaware of danger. Cautiously Prince Arthur edged Ephraim toward their prey: the oar revolved noiselessly and the bows of the boat merely wrinkled the tide in front of her, so quiet was their approach. Suddenly Ephraim held up his hand. The oar grew quiet as, bending forward, he grabbed at the turtle.

Fastening one hand firmly beneath the nape of its neck, he wrenched the creature swiftly forward. Before it could gain headway his other hand had grasped the tail piece, and instantly his prey, a big mottled hawksbill, lay snorting and floundering in the boat.

'Le's spansel him,' ordered Ephraim, and Prince Arthur produced a large sail-needle threaded with sieve twine, while Ephraim felt for the soft spot which Nature seems to have provided for this emergency. Setting one knee upon the turtle's belly, Ephraim bent the fore fins forward until they met;

[1] The bully is a large galvanized hoop which is laced in such a way with fish-line that it forms a wide-mesh net above. — The Author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then Prince Arthur thrust the needle into the fins, drawing the twine after it in such a way as to flatten the fins on the calipee. Then it was tied and the turtle was helpless.

Ephraim was gloating over his capture as he adjusted it, calipee up, on the boat's bottom, when Prince Arthur tugged at his sleeve. Following his directing digit with his eye, Ephraim saw a purple bulb floating near by.

'Das Portugee,' he whispered. 'Pull ter yer. Hawksbill got 'im.'

Outside the belt of thimbles, a beautiful nautilus was floating, his sails set and his purple striped balloon inflated. The nautilus is another morsel of which the turtle is fond. He has, however, to attack it blindfold, as, like the thimbles, contact with it ruins the turtle's eyes. The turtle was biting the nautilus under water, endeavoring to puncture his air-bulb and thus place the creature entirely at his mercy.

Ephraim crept stealthily forward, but as he was within an inch of success, his first capture made a violent motion, perilously rocking the little skiff. Ephraim kept his balance, but Prince Arthur was pitched headlong from his station in the stern. The noise of the fall and the clattering of the oar alarmed the turtle. Quitting his prey, he sank slowly into the sea.

There was no time for reproof. Ephraim signaled wildly to the five boats that were questing in the thimbles, and as they lined toward him gave brief jerky orders.

'Youna make ring — dis way. Pull ter yer; let er go; git yer grains ready.'

The boats made a large ring around the spot where the turtle had disappeared, and a battery of water-glasses was directed upon it. The creature was sighted in a few moments.

Turtles have to breathe, they cannot remain long under water. The hunters knew this, and waited. They kept strict watch, and the expert scullers were ready to make a lightning dash in any direction.

Much depended upon the condition of the game. If he were not tired or winded, he might stay under long enough to defy capture, but if he had been spent when he was routed, there was every hope of his breaking water near-by, and to cover him and drive the grains through his back would be easy work. But the sponger dislikes to use the grains. It is the last resort, as they are sure to ruin one, perhaps two, of the valuable plates of armor which alone make the hawksbill one of the most coveted of marine animals.

'Look out, dere he go!' a man in one of the boats yelled, and pointed with a frantic hand. Instantly the fleet gave chase. Spreading fanwise, the scullers drove their skiffs into foaming ruts, while the others hung over the bows with water-glasses, searching the deep. The run was not a long one, for the turtle was blown; he paused and began making spirals in the water, each spiral growing sharper and sharper until the last one drew to a point formed by the curved beak of the reptile, which sprouted suddenly above the sea. Instantly the sharp grains crashed through his armor and held him captive, and in a few moments he was groaning in dismal chorus with his mate in the bottom of the dingy.

The little flotilla made its way back to the schooner in high good humor. Here was fresh meat, sweet and nourishing, and also a fair day's wages in the mottled backs of their captives.

'Gawd will provide, my brudders,' the Exumean exclaimed unctuously, as he fleshed his knife in the soft stomach and carefully ripped the calipee from its frame. As the snowy flakes fell into the pan, they were cleaned by Prince, who afterwards handed them to Ephraim to be stowed away in a locker.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Looker dem calipee! Dey white as flour an' dey t'ick. Dey fesh fifteen dollars a pun', please Lawd, an' dis back, looker!' he held up a scale that was burning with claret and amber, 'dis Gawd wuk — an' he gin it we for lib 'pon — Praise Him! Praise Him!'

Ephraim separated the thirteen sections of the back armor and handed them to Prince Arthur; then came the chimes and the hoop. The two turtles were soon reduced to a heap of white and polychrome shell, and chunks of green and gray and wine-colored meat, the latter the chief object of interest to the crew, as it would soon be supplied to them steaming and savory, and would minister its peace and plenty to their souls.

II

The banks are more hazardous for the turtle-hunters than the open sea, but they are more profitable as well. Ocean fishing cannot be depended upon, as the thimble drift may lie too near the gulf for small craft to follow, or the turtle may be always fresh and elude capture; but by the banks, where the water is not so deep as to prohibit diving, where the long burrowed reefs are fertile with succulent mosses and soft mussels, and where every shell affords a meal for the greedy turtle, they can be found in shoals. The ledges provide shelter from prowling sharks, and the wide beaches comfortable perches for nests. Hawksbills with radiant scales, green turtles with opulent adipose, and lumbering loggerheads, the poor relations of the chelonian family, will all be sporting and hunting on the rich reefs.

Ephraim had a strong contempt for competition, nevertheless he was both discouraged and annoyed when he discovered that his brother Nego was also on the Banks.

'Wot dat chillum foller me fer?' he muttered to himself on hearing this bit of family news. 'He too fool fer turkle. He jest wan' bodder me dis minnit.'

He was fretful and ill at ease when he loosed his painter from the schooner. Superstition was troubling him. He had always had bad luck when Nego was around. He was carefully equipped for his work — a water-glass, a pair of grains, and a bully lay in the skiff.

The turtle fisheries were in every way different from the sponging grounds. The water was nowhere more than four fathoms deep, and the bottom presented a very different spectacle from the dull depressing mud. The coral pockets swarmed with gay fish, and the green mosses, sable sea-rods, and streaked fans grew in veritable forests, tinting the olive sands with luminous hues.

It was peaceful springtime and the sea was enjoying a rest from winter's turmoil. The long graceful ground swells, sweeping slowly in from the ocean, made the water look like a huge carpet shaken by giant hands.

Ephraim did not hold his water-glass in one position as on the 'Mud,' but swept it from side to side, focusing every object, every likely pocket or tangle of sea growth. Whenever he held up his hand, Prince would stop sculling, when he lowered it, the boy would resume the oar, not, however, with the noisy careless motion which he was wont to make on the 'Mud.' He made slow, stealthy strokes that were as silent as the swing of the fins of the fishes beneath them.

'Das one,' muttered Ephraim at last. 'He sleepin' like det'.'

He signaled to Prince, who swung the dingy broadside to the sea. At a depth of three fathoms a huge hawksbill lay sprawled on the bar. Ephraim raised his bully and straightened the tangled lines carefully, then he slipped it over the side of the boat and into the sea. Slowly he lowered it until it hung just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the doomed but unconscious reptile. Then Ephraim slacked the rope, and the bully fell with a rush. The roused fish aware of danger, scuttled to the sides of the bully and was at once entangled in the net. The operation was simple and complete, and when Ephraim hauled up the bully the turtle was quite helpless, his fins wrapped round and round with the fish line. To release him and to spansel his fins was the work of a moment.

Elated by his luck Ephraim started off at a good pace, and presently another turtle was sighted. This one was wide-awake, however, and the shadow of the boat sent him racing down the Bank at a tremendous speed, so that all that could be seen of him was a streak of silver with yellow and brown tarnishing. Ephraim in hot chase tracked him to a mossy corner in the cliff. There the turtle dodged and evidently meant to hide until his enemies were gone.

'Le's wait 'pun 'im,' suggested Prince Arthur, who, with the true spirit of the Negro, was quite content to drone the day away. More than idleness, however, would have served as an excuse for not venturing to dive for the turtle. The face of the cliff was black with hedgehogs. Clustered and scattered, they presented a barrier of long gleaming spears against the intruder upon their domains; even to touch one of them meant pain, but to fall upon a battery of this kind would be worse torture than the Spanish Inquisition could have contrived.

Ephraim saw the dismay in Prince's face when he turned on him with a curt, 'Chance him.' He laughed, however, as Prince obediently slipped off his scanty costume and stood, gaunt and straight, ready for the plunge.

'You wan' dibe in sea-egg nes'?' he asked good humoredly.

'Wha' fer I kin do?' cried Prince glumly. 'Ain' yer say dibe? an' I goin' dibe, please Gawd!'

Ephraim grinned.

'Looker! watch dem damn ting flee like bud.'

He drew a box filled with a white granulated substance from under the stern seat, and dipping his hand in the crystals threw them broadcast on the water. As the grains sank to the level of the hedgehogs, they tumbled from their perches in wild disorder. In a moment the face of the cliff was bare, not one of the terrifying crowd remained.

'Gawd!' ejaculated Prince Arthur. 'I nebber see ting like dis befo' — das witch, enty?'

Ephraim grinned again.

'Chance him,' he repeated.

Prince waited for no further word, but plunged into the sea. It was a perilous task he had undertaken; many less desirable creatures than turtles haunt the reefs. Sharks hide motionless in the shadows, waiting for passing prey; green morays, with triple rows of teeth like steel saws, wrap their sinuous bodies in the narrowest cracks; barracoudas roam about like devils seeking what they may devour; vindictive rays and the frightful scuttlefish cuddle in the stones or burrow in the sands at its base; and then there is the turtle himself to consider. Mismanagement at a time when every moment is of the utmost importance may spell disaster and death.

Prince Arthur could just reach the turtle's tail-piece, for in its fear the creature had crowded to the limit of its hold, but though he could grasp one of the hind fins, the boy's strength was not sufficient to dislodge it, and winded and ashamed he was forced to rise and spit out salt water and excuses to his unsympathetic captain.

'I misdoubt you ketch him,' remarked Ephraim, who had removed his garments in anticipation of his under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study's failure. As soon as Prince was able to handle the oar the older man shot down like a bolt into the water.

The plunge that Prince had made had served to raise the thin mud at the bottom, but in spite of this, Ephraim would have noticed, had he not been so intent upon his prey, the fine puffs of mud which floated just beneath the hollow in which the turtle was hiding. Prince Arthur, watching the operations of his chief, saw the disturbance, but his horrified shriek of warning could not reach Ephraim fathoms beneath him.

In his terror Prince grabbed the grains and poised it for a cast; but it was useless to strike; not even Ephraim could have reached so far through the water. Realizing this, Prince flung the grains from him in despair.

Ephraim had reached the hole safely and had grasped the turtle's hinder fin with one hand while he braced himself against the sides of the cliff with the other, summoning all his strength for a mighty effort, when he caught sight of the flat slate-colored bulk of the sting ray rising slowly from the sand.

The great brute was angry at being disturbed; and his tail, armed with the vicious prong that was as venomous as a snake's fang and as hard as chilled steel, was bristling with rage.

Retreat was impossible. The slow, circling advance of the monster would change to lightning velocity at Ephraim's slightest motion. His safety lay in quiet.

Ephraim stiffened his body against the cliff, as immobile as a black statue. Round and round, the great ray circled, each circle growing wider and wider as he neared the miserable man. Ephraim could hear the muffled pulsing of his fins and feel the faint ripples which they made. His ears drummed, his eyes grew dark and it was only by the supremest effort that he kept his tense grip on the rocks.

Nearer and nearer came the ray. He seemed to be gloating over his victim with terrible, spectral eyes and to be selecting at his leisure the right spot to strike. Ephraim gave himself up for lost and was fast reaching that point where he would cease to care what happened, when the fish paused as a white sediment rained down past him and settled squarely on his table-like back. The next moment he was fleeing like a scalded dog and Ephraim was free.

His ascent to the surface was rapid. He found Prince Arthur dancing in glee on the gunwale of the dingy and flourishing the empty box in his hand.

'Gawd, he run,' shrieked Prince, overbalancing and tumbling into the sea. 'Gawd, he run,' he spluttered as he rose to the surface. 'It scal' 'im like hot water. Gawd, he run!'

'Good fer yer,' grinned Ephraim gratefully. 'I did n't know salt good for stingree too — good fer yer! We gotter get mo' salt, dough,' he said, a moment later, as he inflated his lungs for another plunge. 'Plenty sea egg on dis reef, an' we mus' clear dem out befo' we goin' get turtle.'

Ephraim had no intention of relinquishing his prey, and as soon as he had recovered his wind, dove again, and reaching the crevasse thrust in his arm. When he found that he could not get the purchase to use his strength, he quickly decided upon another plan of attack. Coming close to the hole, he pushed his hand over the turtle's back and dug his fingers in the nape of the creature's neck. This is a most dangerous method of capture, for if the hunter is weak-winded, he may lose his life, as the turtle's neck-shell has a pocket in which his head fits snugly. Whenever he is thus attacked he draws in his head forcing the fingers of his assailant against the horny scales of this pocket. A giant is helpless in such a strait. The bold hunter, however, allows the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turtle to execute this manœuvre, as it gives him a firmer grip than he could otherwise get. Then, when the turtle by his own act is held fast, the fisherman proceeds to draw him out of his lair backwards. It is an extremely hazardous experiment, however, and this Ephraim soon proved. He could not tilt the turtle, the hole was too shallow, and as Ephraim, who was now desperate, wrenched the creature forward, it fanned furiously, blinding the struggling man with a mist of bubbles and mud.

Ephraim was enraged. Releasing his grip on the rocks, he secured a fin and gave a tremendous pull. There was scraping and rasping, and then amid a volley of sand, pebbles, and moss the turtle shot out of its lair backwards. It was easy work after that to point him upward, whereupon he rose to the surface dragging his captor with him.

III

Meanwhile the Banks were being searched by a little navy. The crews, in their frolicsome way of work, were chasing and bellowing, routing the turtle to crazy flight over the stained floor of the reef. A boat shot alongside Ephraim's and he recognized Nego as one of the crew. He was bare to the waist, and was issuing orders with a definite air. He gazed enviously at the reward of his brother's toil.

'You ketch two 'ready?' he shouted. 'I dunno wat make me hab bad luck like dis. We ain' see scale yet. Dey mus' weigh forty poun' 'piece. I wish I had dem to speculate wid.'

'Wuk den.'

Ephraim grunted out this advice, and was about to follow with more in the same vein, when a scream from Nego drew the attention of every one.

'Looker! — Looker!' he shrieked, overbalancing in his excitement and tumbling across the thwarts. 'Looker! My Gawd! 't is wite turtle — true ter Gawd he wite as flour an' he pure lantern back.'

All eyes turned in the direction in which he pointed, and there, feeding leisurely among the undulating mosses and chrome-colored anemones, was a huge white lantern-back — the most valuable and coveted of all turtle, the blue ribbon of the species.

Ephraim's mouth watered and every muscle was taut as he jerked himself to his knees and grabbed his bully. He ordered Prince Arthur to 'let her dribe,' but Nego was not willing to leave the prize to his brother. Instead of obeying Ephraim's cautious counsel and allowing the bully to be used, he dashed down into the sea. Diving in the open is the last resource of the turtle-trapper, for while not so dangerous as pocket-work, one must use consummate skill. The diver must be swift, noiseless, and, above all, strong. In a hole a turtle can offer only a dead resistance, but in the open he can fight. To pounce upon a turtle in the depths, and battle with him until he reaches the surface is a Herculean task.

Nego knew little about turtling. His one idea was to secure the pot of gold that lay so temptingly before him. Just as Ephraim was poising the bully for a cast, he shot down on the quiet creature. He reached him safely, but made the mistake of seizing him by the neck piece, instead of by the fin, and the next moment he was being dragged along to certain death.

For the fraction of a second Ephraim was motionless. There came to him the thought that thus he might be free from his incubus and win Titie as his own. But the next instant, with a shout to Prince Arthur to bring the boat along, he sprang into the sea. He was a trifle ahead of the flying pair at the bottom and the momentum of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plunge sent him farther still, so that when his unhappy brother passed him, he caught one of his writhing feet in his powerful grip. Hauling himself forward, hand over hand, he reached the turtle and with savage force beat the creature's head upward. It was a fierce, brief struggle, but Ephraim was victorious, and soon the three were at the surface, beating the water to a smother of foam. The turtle fanned vigorously and belabored Ephraim with his flat fore fins, but Ephraim held on to his prize.

Prince Arthur, though hysterical with excitement, was ready with the boat.

'Ketch Nego,' bawled Ephraim with water-choked voice. 'Take de boy — lef' de turkle wid me.'

Nego's mouth and nose were draining blood and it was a question whether he was alive or not; but fiercer than fraternal feeling was the lure of the chase, and it was not until after the fight was over (and a stubborn fight it was, for the turtle's fore flippers were as hard and broad as shingles, and he used them with all the courage of despair), that Ephraim bethought himself of his brother.

He was sprawling over the side of his dingy, vomiting salt water and blood.

'Yer all right, Nego?'

'Yes,' he admitted sullenly. 'I'se all right, but wot 'bout de turkle?'

'Wot 'bout de turkle?' cried Ephraim, all his right of possession flaring in his speech, 'I doan' see wot you got fer say 'bout dat turkle.'

'We ketch it — 't is ourn,' piped Prince Arthur blithely, 'an' yer better praise Gawd, Nego, yer ain' dead drownded.'

'Bes' fer drown,' wailed Nego, 'bes' fer drown wen yer own brudder wan' rob yer outen yer hard labors.'

Ephraim's face worked solemnly. Was he to be called a thief by Nego? It was a turn in the tide of affairs which he could not comprehend. The comedy of it was beyond his appreciation. He battled with his rising rage, and having conquered it spoke to the boy kindly.

'Nego — you wan' say dat turkle yourn?'

'I ketch it,' insisted Nego. 'I bleed for dat turkle.'

'Yes, yer bleed,' parried Ephraim, 'but wot yer blood show? — det', das all.'

'Bes' fer dead — I wan' dat turkle to speculate wid furnitur' an' 'ting. I goin' married soon, an' how I goin' married ef I doan hab nutten to married wid?'

'Das fool talk fer true, bul Nego,' put in Prince, to whom such sentiment made no appeal. 'Yer doan' married on dis turkle, please Lawd.'

Nego began to sniff and whine again, and Ephraim, who was holding the boats together, turned fiercely on Prince.

'Shet yer mout', an' mine yer 'oos. Ef yer skin yer teet' in dis ting agen, I goin' broke yer lim' fer yer. Mine yer mout'.'

Prince, unaccustomed to such threats from Ephraim, slunk trembling to the stern and dropped out of the argument.

''T ain' fair,' he sniffed to himself. He could detect a weakening in Ephraim's manner. ''T ain' fair, an' I say so ter der las'.'

'Cos' Ephum bigger an' stronger, he tink de wul' mek fer him, enty? Dis turkle b'long ter me.' Nego's tone was hopeful. He shared Prince Arthur's keen perception. ''Sides, 't is Gawd gimme dis turkle,' he went on. 'He know wot I wan' do wid it. Please Gawd dat turkle 'nough to speculate wid furnitur' fer me an' Titie. Now cos Ephum big he wan' take it.'

His disappointment howled in his speech.

'Nego,' Ephraim was wrenching his soul from the capture. 'Nego — take

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it an' Gawd go wid yer. But long as yer lib' nebber scull boat 'long wid me agen, now hear me.'

He lifted the miserable turtle and half hurled it into Nego's boat. Then he loosed her and they were soon rods apart. Prince Arthur was wisely silent, but his expression as he sculled Ephraim back to the schooner, was one that would have tantalized the skill of the most dexterous artist.

The news of the gift was received with utmost dissatisfaction by Ephraim's crew. Fear of their captain prevented any serious outbreak, but sullen looks and exasperating hints were on every face and in every mouth. Ephraim's experiences were very bitter.

'Vite turkle skase as gole dus', an' for gin dat one ter lazy good-fer-nuttin' Nego, I doan' know wot Ephum tinkin' 'pun.'

'Das 'ooman,' counseled Prince Arthur from the folds of the mainsail, 'das 'ooman. Ephum 'witch wid 'ooman, an' 'tain' no use 't all, 't all fer talk ter 'im. When man got 'ooman's on de mine, he fool — Gawd! he fool.'

'Dat is disrespectabilities you 'dulgin' in,' rebuked the Exumean. '"T is 'tain' proper fer chillun like yer to criticize mans like Ephum. Yer should er shame. 'Member wot de Book say — Respec' due ter old pepil, an' he wot does it is wise.'

'"Tain' disrespec',' retorted one of the crew. 'Der lad mus' talk; ain' he got mout'? We all got fer talk wen man's stribin' in wet an' cole to make v'y'ge an' der captin gin erway we labor so, so.'

'I ain' disrespec'bul', Zekel,' pleaded Prince. 'I'se just talkin' so 'bout 'ooman. Ain' I know wot 'ooman is? Ain' I got ma an' Titie — ain' dey 'ooman? Ain' I know dem? Gawd, befo' I let 'ooman fool 'roun' me — I drownded fus'. Deys pure distemper to man, an' dat 's de trut'.'

'Wot yer talkin' 'bout 'ooman? Dey 's Gawd creetur, enty? Ain' Gawd make um?'

'Dunno 'bout dat,' grumbled Prince heretically. 'All I know is dat man is man till he meet 'ooman; den dorg better 'an him. Now looker bul Ephum, he der bestest man in de hull wul, — but Titie jes' tun 'e head till he so fool he dunno — he dunno —' Prince was once more adrift on his rhetorical sea, and foundered as usual, winding up with his irrepressible, 'Gawd, he dunno.'

'Breddren,' a religious expostulator repeated solemnly, 'lef' it ter Gawd. Ephum cotch der turtle, he gin it ter Nego, — de Book say de Lord lub de cheerful gibber, so lef' it ter Gawd, I tell yer — you wan' rowdy Ephum for generousness — dat ain' nice. Lef' it ter Gawd an' do you likewise.'

He moved off humming a tune, and ran into John Fulin who was holding an empty pipe.

'Brudder,' pleaded John, 'I right outer terbaccer, gin me one smoke. I dat longing, my tongue loose in my head.'

'I 'se sorry, brudder,' replied the exhorter, 'I 'se real sorry, but I ain' got nuff as 't is. I short er terbaccer now. I doan' see why,' he went on in aggrieved tones, 'youna mans doan' outfit right. De Book say, de prudent man forsee de evil, an' flee derefrom. De careless pass on an' punish — an' dat 's de clear trut' from Gawd. I jest got nuff terbaccer fer de v'y'ge an' I 'se sorry, brudder — but yer see fer yerse'f, ef I gin yer my terbaccer wot I goan' do fer mese'f? De Book say he dat caret' not fer his own is wus dan infidel.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUSTICE

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

My friend the Judge is pink and fat;
A ruby shines from his cravat;
And when a street-girl pale and thin
Tells in his court her life of sin,
He vindicates morality —
The phrase is his, and well may be! —
By listening to her sordid tale
And sending her straightway to jail:
He shakes his venerable head,
  Then shakes the prison-keys.
(*She sells her body for her bread;*
He sells his soul for ease.)

My landlord leads a righteous life,
Providing for his child and wife
By buying cheap from who must sell
  And selling dear to who must buy;
He would not steal; he would not tell,
  Even to save himself, a lie;
But an embezzling clerk, his niece,
He handed to the town police:
  'A cheat,' he said, with solemn nod.
(*Yet he was given the gift of life*
And squandered it for child and wife:
  Has he not cheated God?)

Because twelve men convicted her,
They hanged a girl at Lancaster
  To-day at rise of sun,
Who killed her false love's love-child. (*I,*
Who in my soul have slain at birth
So many selves of promised worth, —
  What murders I have done!)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT THE TEMPLE GATE

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY[1]

I

FROM the time I met Mr. K. in the latter part of February, 1894, when he told me the enchanting story of the millionaire philanthropist who had placed a million dollars in his hands as an endowment for a college, as I have already stated in the preceding chapter, until September of the same year, when I was to enter that college as an especially favored student, my whole life was a state of intense expectancy. The future so beamed with joy that, like a child on Christmas eve, I often wished I might have fallen asleep at the end of our conversation and awakened in the class-room at the college.

In the meantime, my friend Mr. K. was leading to a successful conclusion negotiations to secure control of the small college at North Manchester, Indiana. Finally, the college, which had been struggling painfully for years to maintain its existence, was placed in his hands, and he proceeded with characteristic western enterprise to mature the plans stipulated in the endowment contract.

On the fourth day of September, 1894, my pilgrim staff rested in North Manchester. There I found Mr. K. bearing the prerogatives of his office as college president with the simple dignity of a Lincoln. The citizens were happy that a new and virile educational era was dawning upon their town. A corps of efficient professors took charge of the various departments, and a happy student body, numbering about two hundred, sought the pabulum of knowledge at the richly endowed institution. Those of us who were to receive special financial aid were known as the millionaire students, which designation we bore with becoming dignity. Literary societies, political clubs, and prayer circles were soon organized, and all signs inspired the hope that ere long our college would merit the title of the 'Harvard of the Middle West.'

The theological department, in which I was especially interested, was under the sole control of an elderly preacher who succeeded eminently in convincing his pupils that he knew Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. He was a devout man, brimful of friendliness and fatherly counsel. Perhaps his most serious defect was his strong tendency to doze during recitations. On one occasion, in order to awaken him in a polite manner, we sang a hymn. He woke and was so pleased with our melody that he discoursed to us for about half an hour on the power of music over a congregation.

My life in North Manchester was most happy. American friendliness and hospitality never seemed to me to be more free and abundant than in that little city. The demand for me as a lecturer and preacher was always more than I could supply. On one occasion I was highly honored by being asked to represent the college at a patriotic celebration and make an address on George

[1] Mr. Rihbany's autobiography began in the *Atlantic* for November, 1913.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington. I took for my text the story of the hatchet, and proved conclusively that the Father of his Country was a very honest man, concluding with the admonition that, in order to be worthy of such a father, as American citizens we should all be honest.

The entire population of the college, as well as the town, had implicit faith in the 'anonymous millionaire' until the beginning of the second term, when the treasurer of the college, having spent all the tuition money he had received at the beginning of the school year, became suddenly insolvent. He was in frequent consultation with the president, when attitudes spoke louder than words. The countenances of our poor professors began to betray a portentous situation, and the student body was seized with a secret fear such as is felt upon the first intimations of an earthquake. At last the treasurer became more communicative and informed the faculty that the college was in 'financial straits.' 'What? With a million dollars back of it?' When appealed to for funds, the president stated rather cheerfully that *ultimately* all was safe. The reason, he said, that the 'millionaire' had not yet turned over to the college treasurer the first installment of the endowment fund was due to the fact that the citizens of the town had not as yet met the terms of their agreement by beginning the erection of a certain building for the college. The citizens protested that they had never entered into such an agreement, but that they were willing to aid the college in every possible way, provided that a committee chosen from among their most highly respected citizens be permitted to meet the 'donor' himself and ascertain his wishes with regard to what was expected of them. But the president contended that to reveal even the name of his wealthy friend would be base treachery on his part, adding emphatically that he would rather resign than commit such a deed.

'Some one had blundered,' and thus what seemed, at least to Mr. K. and to me, one of the most significant educational enterprises of the nineteenth century was practically killed in its infancy, just because a millionaire philanthropist insisted on interpreting literally the scriptural injunction, 'When thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret.' Just because of such a technicality, we, millionaire students, were suddenly reduced to pauperism.

Whatever the original design of Mr. K. was, I thanked him for his many kindnesses to me and faced again my college problem, saying to myself, 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage.'

My few months of college life in North Manchester were not unfruitful of good things. My close contact with individuals and families in a typical American town deepened my insight into the life of a country my love for which had already become a ruling passion. Within the college I enjoyed the excellent opportunity of observing the various moods of American youth, from the political, social, and religious points of view. The few regular lessons I had were not without their guiding influence toward systematic thinking; my vocabulary was greatly enriched and my self-confidence as a public speaker much strengthened. And not the least of the results of my brief career as a 'millionaire student' was the following smile of fortune: —

During my last week in the ill-starred college, I met a Methodist minister of Des Moines, Iowa, the Reverend W. A. Wiseman, whose three children were among our students. Mr. Wiseman said to me in a very gracious, complimentary manner that, two days before, he had heard me give a lecture on the Orient,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with some observations on American life, which not only deeply interested him, but convinced him that I had a message which the general public needed to hear. Furthermore, he said that he was in deep sympathy with my purpose to secure a college education and enter the ministry. Therefore, if the offer met my approval, he would like to be my 'advance agent' and plan for me a regular 'lecture tour' in the farther West, which would bring me more money than any lecturing for a 'collection' could. His final proposition was that he would give me two hundred dollars and pay all my expenses for twenty-four consecutive dates. He explained that since I was not known to fame, he could not ask a higher price for a lecture than twenty or twenty-five dollars, and that, by the time he had paid all my expenses, the cost of advertising and other incidentals, his share of the proceeds would be much smaller than mine.

Of course, two hundred dollars had not the hypnotic charm of a million, but it was the biggest sum of *real* money I had ever fancied my lecturing would bring me in one month. I did not allow Mr. Wiseman to leave my room before I closed the contract with him.

My lecturing tour began in the city of Des Moines, most auspiciously. A large and appreciative audience gave me a most cordial reception. The *Iowa State Register* published, the following day, this report (in all probability written by Mr. Wiseman): 'Mr. A. M. Rihbany, a native of the Holy Land, lectured at Grace M. E. Church last night to a large and delighted audience. He is a speaker of great ability and keeps his audience in fine humor from beginning to end. No lecture given in Grace Church ever gave such universal satisfaction.' That was all that was necessary for us to 'sweep' the state of Iowa and a considerable portion of Illinois. Prosperity and joy attended our course, at the end of which I found in my possession, for the first time, two hundred dollars in real 'greenbacks.' Certainly now not all the Fates could prevent me from securing a college education.

Early in September, 1895, I matriculated at the Ohio Wesleyan University. My fear that I might not be able to complete the regular course led me to elect a special course. I chose my studies as a boy picks apples out of a basket — taking the biggest. All but one of the branches I elected came in the Junior and Senior years. To the protest of the president that such studies were too advanced for me, I answered most conceitedly that I should be very willing to take less advanced studies if I failed to measure up to the other students in those higher classes. I was permitted to follow the course I had chosen. The compassion of my professors, coupled with some effort on my part, prevented me from being transferred to the lower classes.

The Ohio Wesleyan University of that period was suffering from that affliction which was, and, to a large extent still is, common to denominational institutions. As a rule, its professors were chosen not so much with reference to their qualifications as instructors and educators, as to their doctrinal 'soundness.' Consequently the university was heavily over-preachered. The surplus of doctrinal soundness could not be used to make up the deficit occurring on the educational side. But the branches in which I was deeply interested — psychology, ethics, history, and English literature — were taught by two professors who were considered the most modern and efficient in the entire institution. They had 'a vital touch to them,' and their methods stimulated thought and encouraged independent research.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the end of my second term in college, I became again 'financially embarrassed.' In view of the fact that among the eight hundred students there were many 'local preachers' who were endeavoring to make their way through college by preaching in the churches for miles around, my opportunities for lecturing and preaching were greatly limited. Was it not, therefore, the part of wisdom for me to leave college for a time and reënter the lecture field with my friend Mr. Wiseman, secure the necessary funds, and return to the university the following September? So it seemed to me and to my good professors, who, while regretting the emergency which made such a course necessary, earnestly hoped for my return to them in the autumn.

When, about the middle of March, 1896, I left the Ohio Wesleyan University for the little town of Morenci, Michigan, where my friends had moved from Wauseon, Ohio, and where I was destined to live for several years, I little dreamed that I should never see a college again as a student. In April and May I 'toured the West' again as a lecturer, and again in August. Shortly after my return to Morenci, the Methodist minister called on me on a Friday evening and requested me to preach in his stead at a union meeting of all the churches of the town, to be held in the Congregational Church on the following Sunday evening. The time for preparation was short, but the request was urgent and I consented to serve. In my brief diary of that year, written in Arabic, I find the following entry, literally translated: 'Saturday, September 5 — Spent the greater part of this day in preparing myself for a sermon which I will preach in the Congregational Church here at a general (union) meeting.'

On the following Sunday evening a large audience taxed the capacity of the Congregational Church. My text was from Luke XII, 48: 'To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' The cordial eagerness of my auditors was inspiring, and I spoke from the depth of my soul.

At the close of the service many of my hearers were most generous with their appreciative remarks; as typical Americans they believed in encouraging a beginner, in 'helping a fellow along.' But my sermon on that evening brought to me other significant and utterly unexpected results. During the following week the senior deacon of the Congregational Church came to me with the following, to me most astonishing, proposition. 'Our people,' he said, 'were so pleased with your sermon last Sunday night that they have directed me to ask you if you would not take charge of our pulpit for the coming winter and become our regular pastor.' For the moment I could not believe that the good man was really serious in what he said. 'I to become your regular pastor?' was my astonished question to him. 'Yes, if you will,' he replied with a very genial smile.

To my objection on the ground that my English was as yet barbarous, and utterly unfit for devotional services; that I had not had a college or theological education, and had not the slightest knowledge of pastoral duties, he replied to the effect that colleges did not really make preachers; that although I did at times split the infinitive and use an adjective where an adverb should have been used, all such matters were of small importance. 'There is something vital in your utterances,' he added, 'and it is that something which we are after. Your emphasizing the wrong word or syllable now and then gives your message a pleasant flavor. As to pastoral duties, you will learn them as you go.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notwithstanding the fact that the gracious words of the deacon greatly expanded my youthful vanity, I did not feel vain enough to accept the offer. I consented, however, to supply the pulpit of the Congregational Church for a few Sundays before going West on another lecturing tour. So I did. But upon my return from the West, those good Congregationalists renewed their offer to me with greater insistence and cordiality, and again I consented only to supply their pulpit for a season.

But, on this occasion, I urged another objection to my becoming the regular pastor of a church. About that time the entire country was on fire with political excitement. The campaign of 1896, one of the most agitating, most spectacular campaigns in the history of America, was upon us, and, as a true patriot, fired with the zeal of a new convert, I decided to remain free from the limitations of a ministerial position in order that I might 'serve my country politically.' I would first do my utmost to save the nation from the 'disgrace and ultimate ruin of cheap money.' Bimetallism, 'sixteen-to-one,' the double standard, and other heresies, seemed to me to be like smallpox, cancer, and diphtheria, which must be stamped out at whatever cost. I would preach on Sundays to the best of my ability under the circumstances, but on all other days I would place myself on the altar of the 'Gold Standard,' the savior of the commercial integrity of the nation.

I devoted myself unreservedly to the study of the monetary question. You might not think that my sources — campaign documents — were the most reliable, but they were the only means at hand, and the time was short. Besides, they had been published by Republicans whose learning and veracity I had no reason to suspect — chiefly because the Republican party had 'saved the Union' in 1861–65, long before I was born.

I did make several speeches which met with the heartiest approval of my fellow citizens — the Republicans. One of them, an influential leader in local politics, said to me one day, 'You can't convince me that you had never studied the monetary problem before this campaign. You must have studied it in Europe or somewhere else. I have learned more from you on the present issue than from those "big guns" that the State Central Committee sends to us. You ought to head for the Legislature instead of the pulpit. Do let us start the "boom" for the next state campaign.'

The suggested 'boom' had no attraction for me. My goal was the pulpit. But I was decidedly proud of what I did in that great campaign. No king, I believe, ever felt more exalted with his crown and sceptre than I did whenever I said, 'My country!' Just think of me, the child of ages of oppression, now having a great country to serve, to defend, nay, to *save* from impending ruin! It was undefiled glory to address 'my fellow citizens,' even to carry a torch — a lighted one — and join the procession under the Stars and Stripes.

The country having been 'saved' at the election, I turned my undivided attention again to the ministry. The Congregationalists of Morenci were still waiting for me with the attractive offer to become their pastor; my relations with them had been growing more pleasant as time passed, and, after much hesitation and with some misgivings as to my fitness for the position, I accepted the 'call' and postponed indefinitely the matter of my return to college.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that I did not come into the office of a pastor alone. The ro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mance of 'love at first sight' had already occurred; Cupid's arrows, which no barriers of race or language can check, had already pierced two hearts, the one Semitic, the other Aryan, and made them bleed for one another. The sacred union, which the Church blesses and the State makes legal, followed, and brought to my side an American wife from Ohio to share with me the trials and triumphs of the ministry. And it may interest the reader to know also that notwithstanding the fact that, in reporting this marriage, the editor of the *Ohio State Journal* used the heading, 'An Ohio School Teacher Has Poor Taste,' I have already forgiven him, for he knew not what he did, — he never saw me.

Now before undertaking to write the Gospel which I felt commissioned to preach when I assumed the office of a Christian minister, I wish to mention an event which bears a very close relation to my political activities. When war between this country and Spain seemed inevitable, I decided that if the circumstances required I would enlist, not as a chaplain, but as a private soldier. Consequently I wrote to my father with regard to the matter, begging not only his opinion but his consent. Having in mind the warlike spirit of the Rihbany clan, I was not very greatly astonished when I received the following letter: —

BETATER, LEBANON, SYRIA.

To our Beloved and Honored Son, may God protect him: —

We send you our intense love and parental blessings from the depth of our hearts which are deeply wounded for your absence, for you are the possessor of our hearts in life and in death. We ask daily the mighty God to bless you and keep you and multiply the fruits of the labor of your hands. Your letter is received and we thank God that you and your honorable wife are safe and well. We learn from your letter that there is war between your government and that of Spain and that you intend to enlist if needed. This news causes us intense anxiety and life seems worthless without you. Nevertheless, O dear son, such being the case, we commit you to God, hoping that his mighty arm may protect you. First we ask that God may bring peace on earth; and second we beseech you, O our son, not to shrink from entering the army to fight for your government. We know that you are brave, and bravery is characteristic of your clan and ancestors. As long as you are an American citizen, you must fight for your exalted government, and not only you, but if your brothers can help fight your enemies we would gladly send them over to America. America has done much for you, and you ought to pay her back by fighting her enemies as an honorable man. We hope to see your luminous, smiling face again, but let us say, under the circumstances, 'God's will be done.' Your mother sends a thousand kisses to you and your wife. The Reverend Father, our priest Michael, sends also his rich blessing. May God prolong your days.

YOUR FATHER.

Here I had not only my father's consent, but his mandate, to enlist. But Spain was considerate enough to give up the fight before I deemed it necessary to don the 'blue.'

II

When I first came into the pulpit as a regular minister, I was granted a salary of six hundred dollars a year and a 'donation' — that is, the proceeds of an annual church supper at which the guests were supposed to pay more than the repast was worth. The success of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the donation depended largely on the weather. I was simply a layman in earnest. The conventional phraseology of the pulpit was well-nigh unknown to me. I prayed at the sacred desk as simply as in my secret chamber, and preached in an unaffected conversational tone.

As has been already indicated, I had had no college education, no familiarity with authoritative systems of theology, and no extensive memories of creeds and catechisms. I was supremely conscious of one great fact, namely, that by my sincere and reverential consent to serve in the office of a Christian minister, I was ordained to preach the Gospel of Christ in the simplicity of the New Testament and not necessarily as it has been restated by any group of theologians. This attitude toward the ministerial office was the cumulative result of all my religious past.

Having departed from the Greek Church in my youth, I carried away with me from that fold, not doctrines but religious feelings. My Mother Church exerted upon me unconscious, mystic, indefinable spiritual influences. In the almost entire absence of preaching in that church, doctrines are only implied in the ritual, not directly taught to the laity. As a Greek Orthodox, I simply took it for granted that the tenets of the faith of my church were absolutely correct.

When I first came in contact with Protestantism in the American mission school at Suk-el-Gharb, that faith appealed to me as a more stimulating, more enlightened, and more enlightening form of the Christian religion than the one into which I was born. It was the intellectual and ethical phases of Protestantism which drew me away from the less reflective faith of my fathers. True, here I was taught doctrine, but always with the understanding that Protestantism was the Christianity of the open Bible, the individual conscience and private interpretation. Consequently, in that early period of my religious history, whenever I glanced over the scroll of my destiny, and in so far as I was able to do so, I thought of myself as a *free man in Christ.*

When I left my father's house in far-off Lebanon and came to the New World to struggle and to suffer, it was not the learned polemics and authoritative creeds of theologians which kept my heart from breaking. It was God, the compassionate Father, and Christ, the triumphant fellow-sufferer, who said to me, 'Fear not, be not dismayed.' It was He who loves us more than a mother loves her babe who walked with me the rough road of hunger and nakedness and loneliness, and was with me in the musty darkness of the tenement houses of New York, as a strengthening and consoling presence.

In my travels in this country before I entered the pulpit I studied Christianity not in catechisms but in the faces and characters and helpful deeds of living men and women of all creeds and no creed. I never knew the exact doctrinal positions of such persons. What I was aware of was that by their reverential and friendly attitude toward God and man, by the sanctity of their lives and their readiness to aid every good endeavor, such men and women addressed themselves to my inmost soul as fresh revelations of the divine spirit and as inspiring examples of the Christ-life.

Now, do you suppose that when I came into the pulpit to break the bread of life to my congregation, I was going to close my eyes to all these open visions of the spiritual life, my Protestant freedom and the simplicity of the New Testament, and turn to dusty and musty theological documents to find my faith, my God, and my Christ? To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do so seemed to me to be like forsaking my newly acquired freedom as an American citizen and returning to the bondage of Turkish rule. No; as God revealed himself to Isaiah and Paul, so He reveals himself to me and to every soul that seeks Him. The Council of Nicæa, or any other council, had no more right to make an authoritative and infallible creed for the succeeding generations than it had the right to make an infallible bill-of-fare for every age and race.

With such ideas and convictions as my background, I preached to my people with the utmost directness and sincerity of which I was capable. My hearers often told me that I did not preach 'after the usual manner,' to which I answered that I did not know what the 'usual manner' was. We loved one another. Our church prospered to the extent that we had to build an addition to our auditorium in order to accommodate our growing congregations and church activities.

During my ministry of nearly three years at Morenci, as I had no public library at hand and as I had but few books of my own, my reading was of necessity miscellaneous. My theological library consisted of two commentaries on the Bible: the one (written in the seventeenth century) given to me by a friend; the other (written in the eighteenth century) I bought from an enterprising publisher at a 'slaughter sale of epoch-making books.' Both of these commentaries are treasure-houses of preconceived ideas regarding God's attitude toward man and the universe. But during those years three books of quite different type fell into my hands. The first was *The Apostolic Age*, by Professor A. C. McGiffert, concerning which, when I had read it, I concluded that its author believed in making use of his mental faculties and his reason even when writing 'sacred history.' The other two were *The Theology of Civilization*, and *The Religion of a Gentleman*, both by the Reverend Charles F. Dole, D.D., of Boston. These books convinced me not only that their author was a truly civilized man, but that he had succeeded in sounding the spiritual depths of human interrelations.

But my real book of theology was the New Testament. I read it with the freedom with which the Master read the Old Testament in his day — as the freeman of the Spirit and not the bondman of the letter. I read it in my study, on trains, and in railway stations, with all my spiritual faculties alert, not so much to know what every single text meant as to discover the controlling purpose of the whole book.

It is indeed most difficult, if not impossible, to analyze the religious consciousness chronologically. But the fixing of dates and the defining of eras is not necessary here, because I am not writing a diary of events but trying to make a confession of faith. What I feel certain of is that no person can read the records of the spiritual life, as they are inscribed in the souls of well-meaning, kindly disposed men and women and the New Testament, with reverent freedom, — taking into consideration the mentality and the social habits of the times and country in which it was written, — without feeling upborne by a spiritual tide high above all creeds and dogmas. It was such a state of mind of which I became intensely conscious during my second year in the pulpit. The words of the Master, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,' and, 'On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets,' held undisputed sway over all my thoughts and words. For me Christianity shook itself free from all divisive dogmas and appeared as the religion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of brotherly love, of trust and salvation, and not of fear and damnation. All good men of whatever creed or nationality seemed to me to be friends and disciples of Christ. In this frame of mind, I could not, of course, be an efficient helper at those 'revivals' at which professional 'evangelists' consigned to hell the majority of mankind. A revival always seemed to me more like a tragedy, poorly acted, than a profound spiritual experience. Whenever the evangelist would compress the message and mission of Christ so as to fit the narrow dimensions of his own particular view of Protestantism, and urge his hearers (and by implication the world at large) to believe or perish, my whole soul would say no. He who has taught us to forgive 'seventy times seven,' and to love our enemies, will not torture *his* enemies forever.

As all thoughts gravitate toward expression, and in view of the fact that I never intended to believe one thing and preach another, as time passed, my pulpit utterances became increasingly infected with liberalism. In proportion as the spiritual Christ prevailed with me over the dogmatic Christ, I felt the limitations of my theological environment and the suspicions of the conservatives in the community. My conception of my newly acquired freedom as priceless, made me decidedly inhospitable to arbitrary restraints. When on one occasion one of my deacons advised me to keep my 'broad views' to myself and preach the 'accepted doctrines,' I answered rather abruptly that I and my forefathers for centuries had suffered enough political and religious repression; that I had not learned my 'broad views' at any heretical school. My teachers were Congregational Protestantism and Americanism, both of which urged me to 'stand fast in the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.'

III

Shortly after the close of the Spanish-American War, at the urgent invitation of my parents, who longed to 'behold my face again before death parted us,' and to 'revive their hearts by beholding the Lady, my beloved American wife,' I visited Syria. The people of Betater, both aristocrats and commoners, gave us a royal welcome. All the clans of the town called on us in fifties and hundreds. Invitations to feasts were more than we could accept. For the time being, the aristocrats admitted me into their ranks with cheerful generosity as 'a man who had progressed much in the land of *effrenj*.'

How did the old home appear to me after an absence of seven years? Well, from the pretentious buildings of Beyrout to the ordinary dwellings of Betater, everything seemed to me amazingly small. The scale of my vision had been so enlarged in giant America that upon my arrival in Betater the place seemed to me for all the world like a kindergarten. And what was even more astonishing to me was my unconscious departure from many of the customs of my people. The friendliness of the Syrians is very inquisitive. It has very little regard for what Americans call 'private matters.' On the very evening of our arrival, old friends assailed me with a multitude of questions which could be answered only by the laying bare of both my outer and inner worlds. One day an acquaintance, whom I had forgotten altogether, arrived at our home. He said to me that he had journeyed two hours for the purpose of seeing my 'blessed face,' and to inquire particularly as to how much money I had — in all — and how I managed to get an American wife. Of course I was asked by many how old my American wife was, and whether the 'clear color in her face was *natural*.' It required all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Yankee shrewdness I had acquired in America to evade such questions without giving offense.

At the invitation of our old parish priest we attended mass in the church of my earlier years. Contrary to the rules, two chairs were placed for us near the reader's desk, where I used to stand during mass before I left the church of my fathers. There I gazed again at the old Mizpeh, — altar of sacrifice, — the robed priest, the pictures of saints, the candlesticks, and the worshiping congregation. The priest sent us two pieces of the *korban* — consecrated bread — with which distinguished members of the congregation are favored during mass, and which is the symbolic remnant of the sacred feast which was eaten at religious gatherings in bygone days. That sense of reverence which I have never failed to experience in a house of worship of whatever faith, invested the hour with solemnity. Nevertheless, what I had become in the New World could not be easily reconciled to what I had been in the Old World. The service awakened in me old feelings and sentiments, but they were such feelings and sentiments as one experiences while turning over the pages of an old picture-book with which one had been familiar in childhood.

As I looked at the worshipers before me gazing reverently at those material objects, made sacred to them by long associations, I said to myself, Suppose that all these objects were taken away from these persons, would they still know what their religion was? To the remote ancestors of these men, Jesus spoke in simple, fluid, living parables. Those parables have become hardened into material objects in the ancient ecclesiastical communions, and into rigid creeds at the hands of more modern theologians. Christ recognized neither of these forms. There is no greater warrant in his Gospel for an inflexible creed than for this lavish spectacle. Let those who find religious inspiration in such forms have them. For my part, I prefer that Christianity which was preached on the Mount, by the sea side, at Jacob's Well, and in the upper room on Mount Zion — the Christianity of the open air and the open mind.

The governmental, religious, and social institutions of the land of my birth seemed to me to be in distressing harmony with one another, and turned my gaze with a profounder sense of appreciation toward forward-looking America, the land of light, liberty, and active hopefulness. I felt, as never before, that as an American citizen my religion must be as free, as progressive, and as hopeful as the genius of my adopted country.

While on that voyage and during a short stay in Naples and in England, whenever I found myself in the company of an enlightened person, whether preacher or layman, I took the opportunity to discuss with that person the 'present state of the religious world.' Of the clerical orders, I conversed with Catholics, Anglicans, Congregationalists, and Unitarians. What was pleasantly surprising to me in all such conversations was the fact that almost every person with whom I discussed the momentous question of religion impressed me with the idea that discontent with many of the old statements of religion, and a desire for new and more enlightened ones, was very strong among many men in all communions. By all this I was much encouraged and confirmed in my belief that in my limited sphere I was facing the light of a new and happier day.

But when, upon returning to America, I made my views more fully known in my Michigan parish, I was met with more determined opposition. As usually happens in such cases, a very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lively local theological controversy of a few months' duration, which in all probability would not have assumed such significance in a larger centre of population, agitated and entertained the community. Of the many amusing incidents which occurred during that controversy, the following are a few samples.

After hearing one of my liberal sermons, an elderly gentleman of impenetrable conservatism, was asked what he thought of the discourse. 'Well, sir,' was his prompt and decisive answer, 'it is the surest way to hell that I know of.'

A good Methodist, an old man of saintly purity, called on me one day to express his regrets at my departure from 'sound doctrine.' At my invitation, the good man dined with us. In the course of our conversation, he assured me that I was in danger of eternal damnation because, in the sight of God, I was no better than a drunkard. 'But,' I asked, 'Brother G., if the matter were left to you, would you throw me into such a lake of fire and brimstone as you believe hell to be?' 'Of course not. I would n't do it.' 'Don't you think, Brother G., that God is as sensible and as good as you are?' With no little perplexity Mr. G. said, 'He must be much better than I am. He is — well — God works in mysterious ways! '

IV

Fourteen years have elapsed since I fought the decisive battle of my religious freedom and followed definitely the open road of the religion of the spirit. Of these years, after leaving Morenci and previous to my settlement in Boston, I spent two years in Mount Pleasant, Michigan, and nine of joyous ministerial activities in the youthful and progressive city of Toledo, Ohio. During these years, having been deprived of a regular college course, I have followed the path of my destiny in the world, not as a *learned*, but as a *learning* man. I have always sought to conserve the truths of the past. I have listened eagerly to the voices of scientists, philosophers, sociologists, and theologians. So far as my time and ability have permitted, I have acquainted myself with 'Evolution,' the 'New Psychology,' the 'Higher Criticism,' 'Social Religion,' and other fields of modern research. My contact with such men and systems of thought has been to me like the contact of the 'men of Athens' with Paul on Mars hill: they all say to me, 'The God whom you ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you.'

Every step forward confirms me in my belief that God's judgments are those of a loving Father, that Christ's mission is to awaken all men to their divine sonship, that religion is life, and salvation spiritual self-fulfillment. And I find it neither possible nor just to think of myself as the pupil and beneficiary of any one church or denomination to the exclusion of all others. I am the grateful child of the whole Church of Christ, regardless of sect and creed. But I am particularly indebted to those communions whose activities have influenced my life in a more direct way.

To my Mother Church, the Greek Orthodox, I am indebted for the earliest spiritual inspiration which flowed into my life in the name of Christ. Notwithstanding the pagan traits which still cling to her, that ancient church fixed my eyes in childhood and youth upon the cross of Christ as symbol of the soul's victory over sin and death.

To the missionary zeal of the great Presbyterian denomination, and to its firmness in the Christian faith as it is known to its members, I am indebted for my first lessons in the religion of an open Bible, and of individual con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viction. It was in that Presbyterian school on the western slopes of my native Lebanon that I first learned to think of Christianity as a personal and not a corporate religion.

To the Methodist Episcopal Church of America I owe the profoundest sense of spiritual fervor. In my lonely days of poverty and struggle, when America was yet a strange land to me, the brotherly spirit and friendly touch of Methodism did more than any other one church influence to renew my strength and steady my faltering steps. And I trust that no modern revolutions, either in science or theology, will ever lead that communion to lose its noble and apostolic spirit of friendliness.

To the Congregational Church, both Trinitarian and Unitarian, I owe the largest measure of theological freedom and the highest level of spiritual thought I have yet attained. And I believe it is fitting, at the close of this story of my religious evolution and in connection with the preceding paragraph, for me to add the following.

About seventy-two years ago, when the Trinitarian-Unitarian controversy was going on among the Congregational churches of New England, the noted scholar, patriot, and preacher, the Reverend James Freeman Clarke, D.D., organized a church in the city of Boston. In order to save that church from the theological contentions of the period, he would have for it no doctrinal conditions of membership, but founded it on the simple basis of spiritual discipleship to Jesus Christ, with the sole object of coöperation in the study and practice of Christianity; and called it 'The Church of the Disciples.' Although the members of this Church have come from among the 'liberals,' its pulpit has never given itself to acrimonious controversial preaching. The deep spiritual insight of its founder led him to realize that the controversy between 'liberals' and 'orthodox' dealt largely with the non-essentials of Christianity, and that the essentials were common to both factions. Time has proved his wisdom. It is now my privilege to serve this free church whose altar bears this inscription: 'In the freedom of the Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.' It was indeed most gratifying to me that at the service of my installation as minister of this church both wings of Congregationalism were represented.

Now, do you wish to know what riches I have gathered in the New World? I will tell you. These are my riches, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. I have traveled from the primitive social life of a Syrian village to a great city which embodies the noblest traditions of the most enlightened country in the world. I have come from the bondage of Turkish rule to the priceless heritage of American citizenship. Though one of the least of her loyal citizens, I am rich in the sense that I am helping in my small way to solve America's great problems and to realize her wondrous possibilities. In this great country I have been taught to believe in and to labor for an enlightened and coöperative individualism, universal peace, free churches and free schools. I have journeyed from the religion of 'authority for truth' to the religion of 'truth for authority'—a religion which teaches me the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the friendliness of the universe, and makes me heir to all the prayers, songs, and sermons of the ages. I am privileged to occupy the office of a minister of religion — the holiest vocation in the possession of man. I enjoy the blessings of a happy home, and daily bread comes to me and mine as regularly as it came to Elijah when he was being fed by the ravens. In all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these things I am unspeakably rich; my dividends are large and constant and the source of my blessings seems inexhaustible. Last, but not least of my spiritual companions, is my 'Aim of Life,' which I rejoice to hear the children and young people in my Sunday School repeat together at their meetings: —

> Our aim is to conquer
> Ignorance by Knowledge,
> Sin by Righteousness,
> Discord by Harmony,
> Hatred by Love.

(*The End.*)

THE ROAD THAT TALKED

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I HAD walked that way a score of times and never seen that road, yet it must have seen me and singled me out, or else it would never have peeped about from its ambush of berry thicket and swamp and said, 'Come.' I was sturdily plodding the broad state road, for there is a state road everywhere, white and useful, belonging to everybody, — to the lumbering brown milk-wagons, to the bouncing muddy buckboards, to the motor-cycles with their vibrant chugging, to the skimming automobiles. The state road talks business all the time, incessant talk to blur the hearing; for all good talk is half silence, and the only people who have anything to say are the people who have listened. I was lonely for someone to talk to when the little road beckoned.

The state road always chooses the river-way, always bustles along on the level; how could one ever be friends with a road that never climbed a hill? My feet were trudging the macadam, though growing more gypsyish each moment, when the flash of a red leaf on a dusty bush, the rustle of an unseen bird, and I saw the little road hailing me, and turned. It was waiting for me, half revealed, half hidden, like a shy, would-be friend, and at first, except for certain gypsy gleams along its fence-rows, it was commonplace enough, it might have been anybody's road.

At first, too, it went along discreetly, it turned and walked parallel with the state thoroughfare, a little apart, it is true, but steadily patterning on the manners of the highway, so that if a traveler had chanced on it, he would have seen nothing unconventional. The little road went along like that, and waited for its friends, but I had faith to believe it would soon begin to climb, that climbing was what it wanted of me. Imperceptibly at first it swerved from the parallel, imperceptibly it mounted a little, so that presently, near as we still were, we could look down at the village.

Then the little road began to talk, politely, pleasantly, but in no wise pregnantly. Its language was meaningless at first, but with a lure, as comrade eyes light to yours above lip-chat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that does not need to mean anything. We could go slowly, having all the morning to get acquainted. Together the road and I looked down at the town through a screen of late September leaves.

The place lay in mist, partly of the late-lingering fog, partly of the fires that belong to these days when all the village rakes and burns, and the youngsters tumble and romp and shriek in piles of leaves. All outlines are blurred by a pearly haze, against which eddies the deeper blue of chimney-smoke. Beyond the town the hills are dull gray against the luminous gray of the sky, and between town and hill the river runs, a shining silver sheet, with broken, deep-toned reflections near the bank. Looking eastward through the flickering leaves, I watch the sun steadily shining through, shredding the mist with fires of opal, in gleams of blue and orange and amethyst. Down at the village they see none of this, they know only that the fog lifts while stubble-gardens, and lawns, and house-fronts all turn brown and bare and commonplace beneath the relentless sun. It is for me to see the opal fires lick up the mist; such cheery little wonders of the road are all for me.

The road keeps silence, letting me listen to the village sounds, musically fused at this brief distance; the shunting of a freight train and its raucous whistle, the ringing of hammers on new scaffolding, the shrilling of the saw-mill, the barking of dogs. All to herself, like the shy one that she is, the little road murmurs her replies, in the twittering of sparrows in fence-thickets, in the rustle of wind in bared branches, in the scratch and scud of dry leaves that race, the soft thudding of a chestnut burr.

The sun is high, and the wind is blowing, and the comrade road is waiting, genially postponing its sure self-revelation, but a-tiptoe to be off now to the woods, where we may share our fun unmolested, unsuspected. The little road is climbing now beyond mistaking. She is stepping through the woods so familiarly that you might miss her trail if you did n't follow close, for she knows there is no fun in the woods if you can't get lost, can't drop the pack of personality from your shoulder, and grow one with brushwood shadow, or arched branch. When the road said this to me, I began to listen to her for every word that she might say. But stealing ever deeper into the woodland, my path is not talking now, she is singing rather, she is dancing. Suddenly in the deeps of the wood she opens up a long green alley of fairy turf, and waits to see if I will share it with her and go scudding it like a squirrel. The white state-way never dreamed that I could fly, but the little friend-road knew. The road plays with me. Near the rut made by a lumber team, she tosses a handful of wintergreen berries like flecks of coral for me to garner, and lifts a sudden torch of scarlet oak against some wood-recess black and deep as a cave. Every time she hears the sound of wood-chopping she whisks away into still deeper shadow to be alone with me. Looking to right and left you cannot see the open; the only open is above, in the blue.

In the heart of the woods there is elf-land. Trusting me, the little road dared to turn mad, she who had been so circumspect down below in the valley. Of the trees, some were still summer green and some were russet gold and some were claret crimson, so that the sifted light was strange, the light of faery. 'There is no state road anywhere,' said my mad little path to me, 'there is nothing in all the world but wood and sky. You are a tree, a cloud, a leaf, — there is no you! Dance!' In and out through the trees she eddied and whirled, my road, glad as a scud-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ding cloud and mad as the wind, in and out, in and out. Free winds that piped in the tree-tops, white clouds that raced the blue above us, laced branches that swayed to a dance eternal, exhaustless, — round and round we eddied, panting, the road and I, all by ourselves, alone, unguessed, in the heart of the woods. They, too, were drunk with the madness of out-of-doors, Bacchus's mænads.

Then, 'Whisk!' cried the little road, 'we can't long keep up this sort of thing, friend-woman!' She turned sober in an instant, wild laughter dying to bubbling chuckles at itself. The tall trees broke away abruptly on stump-pocked fields, flaunting sumach by their stone walls. We had come upon a bustling little farm. My road, the wild and lonely-hearted, was transformed into a chatty neighbor, and turned in cheerily to pass the time of day at the back door. A brisk and friendly farm it was. The orchard jounced us a red apple as we passed, a white-nosed horse thrust head from the barn window and whinnied a welcome. Two shepherd dogs, one a stiffened grandsire, the other a rollicking puppy, barked a dutiful protest, then sniffed and licked genially. There was a baby carriage on the porch, a swing beneath the shaggy dooryard pine, there were geraniums at the window, and gleaming milk-pans on the back porch. Beyond the big house was a whole village of miniature houses, kennels and chicken sheds and corn-cribs, set down cosily anywhere to be handy. The big red barns were chatty with clucking hens. A sunny, sociable, commonplace farm that drew us to gossip on the back steps, to pause and rest there, the road and I. As we chatted, lingering and happy, of buttermilk and buckwheat and the cut of kitchen aprons, would any one have guessed that this little cosy domestic road, back there beyond the turn, had reeled in bacchic dance for very ecstasy of solitude?

When we were alone again, the road explained, questioning with searching friend-eyes to see if I understood, 'Many selves belong to every road that must be always climbing a hill, all alone. Don't you know,' laughed the little road, 'that there was never a dryad but longed sometimes to bind a big apron over her flickering leaf-films and slip into some crofter's cot in Tempe and slap the wheat-cakes on the warm hearth-stones?

'And I have other moods as I climb,' whispered the little road, as we took hands and trudged along, shuffling the leaves and playing with them, with no one to watch, sharing with each other the eternal child that chuckles inside lonely folk; the undying child within us is not startled to hear itself laugh out loud in the friendly solitude of little roads like this.

Yet, laughing, we were thoughtful, too. Maples like great torches of flame studded the wayside, and beyond them in broad fields marched the corn-shocks, a ragged brown battalion. The sky was ever burning bluer above the hill-crest. Then we left the farm fields for a wild stretch of boulder-grown pasture, and suddenly the little road said, 'Look, a wayside shrine! Let us stop.'

Pine trees such as survive now in only a few scattered groves formed a vaulted chapel. Beneath the trees someone had built a rude stone pile, a picnic fireplace, now for us become an altar, for to a little wildwood road all things are natural. We stood silent on that pavement of brown pine-needles beneath the arching green, supported on its blue-brown pillars of high pine trunks. Through the far tops there went singing an eternal chant. No one ever listened long to that music, all alone, who did not know that it is a hymn older than any creed, and out-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living all doubt. In the amber-lit shrine, swept by clean wind and haunted by eternal music, there was beauty to empty the heart of all desire, so that, troubled, I asked, 'But it was to pray that we stopped?'

'Oh,' answered the pagan road, 'I never pray, for what is the use of learning how to lisp? — I only praise!'

We were a long time silent beneath the pines, but we were deeper friends when we went on, for there is no bond in friendship closer than the sharing of a faith. Our feet were springing along as up we went. There were no more farms now, only at last above us the hill-top and the sky, clouds that raced across it, the sweep of great clean winds, and the call of high-winging crows.

The little road, so shy at starting, now dared to say to me this intimacy, 'Do you not know my gospel, — that gladness is God? That is why I am always climbing hills. That is why I called you this morning, so that for a little while I and you might step into the sky.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BARBER SHOPS OF YESTERDAY

I HAVE just been to a barber shop, — not a city barber-shop, where you expect tiled floors and polished mirrors and a haughty Venus by a table in the corner, who glances scornfully at your hands as you give your hat, coat, and collar to a boy, as much as to say, 'Manicures himself!' — but a country barber shop, in a New England small town. I rather expected that the experience would repay me, in awakened pleasant memories, for a very poor hair-cut. Instead, I got a very good hair-cut, and no pleasant memories were awakened at all; not, that is, by the direct process of suggestion. I was only led to muse on barber shops of my boyhood because this one was so different. Even the barber was different. He chewed gum, he worked quickly, he used shaving powder and took his cloths from a sterilizer, and finally he held a hand-glass behind my head for me to see the result, quite like his city cousins. (By the way, was ever man so brave as to say the cut *was n't* all right, when the barber held that hand-glass behind his head? And what would the barber say if he did?) No, this shop was antiseptic, and uninteresting. There was not even a picture on the walls!

But, to the barber's soothing snip, snip, snip, and the gentle tug of the comb, I dreamed of the barber shops of my boyhood, and of Clarkie Parker's in particular. Clarkie's shop was in Lyceum Hall block, one flight up — a huge room, with a single green upholstered barber's chair between the windows, where you could sit and watch the town go by below you. The room smelled pungently of bay rum. Barber shops don't smell of bay rum any more. Around two sides were ranged many chairs and an old leather couch. The chair-arms were smooth and black with the rubbing of innumerable hands and elbows, and behind them, making a dark line along the wall, were the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marks where the heads of the sitters rubbed as they tilted back. Nor can I forget the spittoons, — large, shallow boxes, two feet square, — four of them, full of sand. On a third side of the room stood the basin and water-taps, and beside them a large black-walnut cabinet, full of shelves. The shelves were full of mugs, and on every mug was a name, in gilt letters, generally Old English. Those mugs were a town directory of our leading citizens. My father's mug was on the next to the top shelf, third from the end on the right. The sight of it used to thrill me, and at twelve I began surreptitiously to feel my chin, to see if there were any hope of my achieving a mug in the not too distant future.

Above the chairs, the basin, the cabinet, hung pictures. Several of those pictures I have never seen since, but the other day in New York I came upon one of them in a print-shop on Fourth Avenue, and was restrained from buying it only by the, to me, prohibitive price. I've been ashamed ever since, too, that I allowed it to be prohibitive. I feel traitorous to a memory. It was a lurid lithograph of a burning building upon which brave firemen in red shirts were pouring copious streams of water, while other brave firemen worked the pump-handles of the engine. The flames were leaping out in orange tongues from every window of the doomed structure (which was a fine business block three stories high), but you felt sure that the heroes would save all adjoining property, in spite of the evident high wind. Another picture in Clarkie's shop showed these same firemen (at least, they, too, wore red shirts) hauling their engine out of its abode; and still another displayed them hauling it back again. On this latter occasion it was coated with ice, and I used to wonder if all these pictures depicted the same fire, because the trees were in full leaf in the others. There also hung on the walls a truly superb engraving of the loss of the Arctic. Her bow (or was it her stern?) was high in air, and figures were dropping off it into the sea, like nuts from a shaken hickory. This was a very terrible picture, and one turned with relief to Maud S. standing before a bright green hedge and looking every inch a gentle champion, or the stuffed pickerel, twenty-four inches long, framed under glass, with his weight — a ponderous figure — printed on the frame.

Clarkie Parker was in reality a barber by avocation. The art he loved was angling. Patience with a rod and line, the slow contemplation of rivers, was in his blood, and in his fingers. It took him a long time to cut your hair, even when, on the first hot day of June, you bade him, 'Take it all off with the lawn mower.' (Do any boys have their heads clean clipped in summer any more?) But while he cut, he talked of fishing. You listened as to one having authority. He knew every brook, every pool, every pond, for miles around. You went next day where Clarkie advised. And there was no use expecting a hair-cut or a shave on the first of April, when "the law went off on trout." Clarkie's shop was shut. If the day happened to be Saturday, many a pious man in our village had to go to church upon the morrow unshaven or untrimmed.

I know not what has become now of Clarkie or his shop. Doubtless they have gone the way of so many pleasantly flavored things of our vanished New England. I only know that I still possess a razor he sold me when my downy face had begun to arouse public derision. I shall always cherish that razor, though I never shave with it. I never could shave with it! But I love Clarkie just the same. He only proved himself thereby the ultimate Yankee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HOSPITAL WINDOW

I AM glad that rooms have windows. Otherwise they would be dungeons. Mine is a hospital room. I have won through the depths of ether, that strange, uncharted sea whose crashing surges must forever haunt the ears, — won through to quiet sailing in a small white boat to which my body is chained, — but never I!

Past my door the busy nurses flit; they do hard things to me with deft and tender hands. Motor-cars roar to the unseen entrance and the doctors come stamping and booming through the hall in all their professional cheerfulness, — not professional only, big, cheer-giving boys that they are. Sometimes my door is swiftly closed, that I may not hear or see, but I know the sound of those creaking wheels and the burden that they carry; burden wide-eyed and fearful as it goes, sodden with heaviest sleep when it comes back.

But my room has a window. Sounds float through it to me in bed, distant engines that shunt and call; nearer hens that clack incessantly like busy housekeepers who never cease; the shrill-sweet fluting of a cardinal bird, highest-hearted whistling in the world, like a gallant fife at the lips of a prince; the far-away lusty crying of the baby boy who is the latest comer: I wonder what she lies and thinks about, that new-born mother; I wonder what he is thinking about, that new man-soul who came flying through another hospital window like my own.

There are flowers against my panes, — tall hibiscus, with pointed leaves and great pink bloom against the sky; only flowers and sky in my window, delicate selection: sky high-blue, cloud-swept, or palest pink, and flowers great pink blossoms, crimson-hearted and gold-pistiled. All day the hibiscus holds open house. At six, when the white mist is first upcurling from the world and the sky is clouded opal, comes dart and whirring of my humming-bird. I can see his tiny feet just poised upon the broad pink petal, his hungry beak hidden. For such a fairy thing, what little glutton cries he can give! A hundred times a day he comes. He is my last caller of an evening, after the night nurse has safely nested me. What a sorry little drunkard he must be, yet undizzied in his cups!

There are other guests, arriving, sipping, off again, all day. The bumble-bees rumble and fumble until the pink blossoms shake and dip beneath their onslaughts. The bumble-bees take their time, clumsy and careless; the other bees are more business-like, — a brief drink for them and then off again to work. Airiest gallants of the tavern are the butterflies, all in their jeweled velvet. They come a-dart out of nowhere to hang a moment motionless, outlined sharp as green leaf and pink petal against the sky. Bird and bee and butterfly, how they drink and drink! I never knew hibiscus held such bacchanalian invitation for all the tipplers of the air.

By night my merry flowers turn elfin. They sway in strange slow dance. Even on a moonless night they gleam moon-white, and the leaves have a silver underside. And then, mysterious, while you look, out bud the stars. They gleam from between petals, from beneath leaves. They gem the blue above and throb against the panes, as I watch, for hospital nights are long, stretching darkness and stillness, broken by the buzz of some wakeful call-bell, and the hurrying patter of the night nurse, answering the summons.

At night, out of the shadow in the corner of the room, comes pain, stalking to grapple across my bed with comfortable sleep, to grapple and to conquer, while I hide and cry and beg.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then I turn my face to the window, and I know that my body is a room, and my soul forever unfettered. Pain holds me fast, but I turn my face to the window and over the black sill the little white stars come swarming to talk to me.

A QUESTION OF STATURE

Most people who think at all about the days grinding by, think of them as 'bright or gray,' 'happy or disappointing,' 'interesting or dull.' For me days are 'tall or short.' Tallness or shortness in a day is quite subjective. A tall day is so because during my experiences of that twenty-four hours I feel tall — like a man of stature, like the possessor of physical inches. My short days are the days I try to forget, when schoolboys tower above me, and the little kitchen-maid looks down on my bald spot.

I have tried to decide what internal change makes me feel tall at one time and short the next. It can have little to do with physiology, because sometimes, when I am most healthy, most energetic in nerve and fibre, I feel most wretchedly stunted. On the other hand it cannot be entirely a matter of emotional psychology, for good news may shrink me to stubbiness, or a bitter shock may keep me literally uplifted for days. There should be some unit for measuring 'human' inches, a unit which would combine pathology and circumstance, and could compass the feeling of stature.

In corporeal terms I am neither tall nor short, but am cursed with 'mediumness.' Height, therefore, is not a harrowing circumstance in my affairs. I am not a success or a failure in anything because of inches or of the lack of them; nor do I mingle with physical culture teachers or sanitarium patients, who might be asking me continually how tall I am. Yet there are days when I feel miserably short, and think of going away to some lonely spot to grow up. That feeling is cause or effect — I cannot tell which — of many minor disasters. As the day grows, annoyances increase and the feeling of shortness keeps pace. I am not a person of immoral days, disgraceful days, or of days of oppression. The tenor of my life is even enough for serenity and easy enough for peace. Why should my stature afflict me?

It seems that the first group of people I approach in the morning may determine the character of my day. They may make me feel taller than they by their actual size, or by their attitude toward me, or they may shrink me with a complex glare, crowd-fashioned and mob-inspired. The sort of group I meet first in the morning is a matter of accident, to be sure, but all moods of mine are accidental and none the less real for that.

Tall days surely are happiest, which again may be cause or effect. Perhaps saints and submissive women, if they share my sensitiveness in this regard, are happiest when they feel shortest. Perhaps they come up to the level of the eyes of the crowd reluctantly. For me, stature is happiness, although I cannot attain it at will nor hold the illusions which sometimes bless me.

I am sure Heaven is a place where every meek little angel feels taller than all the other little angels. It is not a heaven of strife because each angel is sure of his own stature, and there is never any argument about comparisons. I should strive earnestly to reach a heaven like that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED